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THE MOUSE

A SMALL THEATRICAL company out of New York City had wandered west across the continent; while playing in small cities to poor houses until the troupe came into the big town of Portland, Oregon where they met much encouragement--this so stimulated the manager Mr Jenks; consequently, ... concluded it may be well to continue playing in this thriving western town--the metropolis of the North West. During summer, business and port-commerce were at its peak; lumber and wheat; also, imports from the Orient...in these gay nineties there were great prosperity along the westcoast.

Mr Jenks, engaged the old Newmarket Theatre for the season; at that time there was being built a pretentious theater called the Marquam Grand Opera house, and at the close of Jenks' season, this magnificent playhouse, presented to the people its first performace, The Emma Juke Opera Company in Faust, Carmen and other grandopera's--it was a gala day in the Northwest--people, for miles round, attended this opening of exclusive musical art....well, The Jenks troupe, were not of high sounding order, but, its caste were composed of excellent young artists, whom had under-studied the great actors of those days, such as Fredrick Ward, James, and Henry Dixie...talented; these young performers surprised the townsmen....

The plays the Jenks company gave the Portlander's proved to be highly satisfactory; their repertoire was large and of splendid taste; the citizens responded. The artists were delighted with their new environment and, the grandeur round freshened the spirit of these young performers--they were college-men and attracted the attention of the young gentlemen of the city, because, for their splendid deportment--it was soon learned that the Jenks players were not of the general run of barnstormers: the society-people soom learned that they were missing splendid shows, and with much enjoyment, added to the nightly crowded houses.

The yound men of the town after becoming acquainted with the artist, in true western-spirit, entertained them by showing what was of interest round the environs and in particular the Old White House that was located up the Willamette river about six miles; where in the gay nineties were held horse racing and atheletic sports: the charm of this pretentious place, mostly was parade and vivacity that humans love to relax in, along with the hang-over ardor of the pioneeres who knew more about the blithesome manners than the selfishly stiff....

In Portland, so named The Rose City; these troupers had found the ideal climate, that caused the gorgeous profusion of roses that thrived through the metropolis--these blooms, astonished them almost as well as the success they met with since they left New York. These actors salaries were not fixed on a fundamental principle of good business, but, on the basis, if their audiences were large they likewise ate well and also got a bit of money; however, regardless of these requisites, they performed well because they were real artists. Singularly, in the Jenks' troupe, unknown to their Portland people were two members whom were Oregonians; the reason that this was not made known to the public was because these two actors may lose preatige--the average personaccepts without question, that talent comes only from afar--mediocrity, to many, is a matter of personal taste in judgment.

Of these two, one was born in Astoria and the other was but three

DAYS old, when the steamship Little California landed at the old O.R.&N., Wharf. Singularly, these two boys, when they left Astoria at the age of fifteen years were unacquainted nor had not ever met because, of the peculiar situation of the famous old town of sixteen-thousand souls. Astoria is built on a peninsula in the harbour of Columbta river bay, about twelve miles from the Pacific Ocean; the town is an ideal and interesting place. It was named after its founder, John Jacob Astor. Formerly it was a fur trading station--since, it is the important entrance for ocean-going shipping--important, in the salmon canning and deep-sea fishing; Astoria, from its earliest days has been the most productive town in the West--yearly, fishing has brought into the State, millions of dollars--the famous'Chinook' salmon is caught only in the waters of the Columbia.

The romantic Astoria,notorious in the early days as Liverpool, Valparaiso and Singapore, for its tough sailors--wild and wooly in times when men were 'really' free in all of the vulgar senses!...is built along the waterfront of this peninsula (a steep hill) thus making the town long and extremely narrow; the West End on the waterfront was as 'wide-open' as the portals of Hell--money circulated freely as if it were a mining-town ...'gilded-palaces of sin' and gambling along with shanghaing was par excellence, in all the manners of art--dirty as murder--greenhorns were sent out on ships, that either made sailors out of these unfortunates or food for sharks!...yet, the town in all of its sordid-atmosphere was far more respectable, morally, in its social environment than it is today--a young woman could walk at any hour of the night in perfect safty from molestation, because, in those days the habitues of 'swilltown' (the slums) respected the respectable--the 'sandwich-sisters' now, of course, belongs to our own times of uplifter's!

The town was four miles long and, these two boys lived at the extreme-ends--one was born in swilltown and the other came with his parents to reside in 'uppertown' (the East End), where his fishing paraphernalia and home was....In the slums, Mr Hugh Warde, was born--his parents were dive-keepers whom were successful in this profession. When Hugh was old enough for school; his brilliant mind and formative reasoning caused hin to advance in his studies--he was admired because he was handsome, also, for his splendid deportment; however, this charming boy became extremely unhappy as he grew older--he, realized the despicable part of town was his home--a chasm, seperated him from his schoolmates whom ostracised him from their nice homes--their parties, and those good things so dear to his young minds caused Hugh, while home much grief--the only pleasure he experienced was while in school; there, his delight was to excel; if he was socially unequal, mentally he held respect....He could not get any of his schoolmates to visit his upstairs-home over a saloon where pretty demimondes carrouseled with drunken sailors and fishermen--these reflections and sorrows caused him so much un-happiness that his parents, realizing the excellence of their fine boy, sent him off to Stanford when he became fifteen years of age....Mr Hugh Warde, graduated from Stanford University in his young manhood; while there his talent in amateur theatricals started him on into the serious study of the art of acting; later he became an under-study to the chief artists of the stage--intime became at the age of twenty-four rose to be the premier character actor in his profession.

Mr Hugh Warde and Mr Misha Moscovitz, the other Oregonian, became acquainted in the theatres of New York City....Mr Moscovitz's parents were Austrians and lived on the Sacramento River; his father was a fisherman who had learned that at Astoria there were a more profitable place to cast his net, so, sought greener-fields....

From San Francisco, The young fisherman and his wife set out on the Little California and steamed for the Columbia river and their voyage up the coast became an exceptionaly eventful journey; fogs, heavy seas caused them to experience a frightful trip--during the worst of it, some where off the Oregon coast, Mrs Moscovitz gave birth to their son Misha; just where this event happened the Captain of the steamer or themselves have no idea nor cared; because, the son and mother survived through this terrible ordeal--the pitching ship almost foundered and, such a thing occuring to a woman and child under such straits, became one of the romances this little vessel ever experienced in pioneer times; there were no doctor or one who knew the art of delivering a child under a more favorable circumstance; the Captain knew something about such affairs because he was a family-man, but, he could not leave his command in the pilot-house--the storm was terrific at the period the birth was expected and the ship may be lost; so, he sent the first Officer to go over the passenger list in search of some one who may have proper knowledge: consequently, he discovered a chinese on his way north with his wife and children, who said that he 'heap sabbied' the baby-business, hence, Misha, was brought into this world during hazardous seas by these two Celestials --this romantic entry, may in some psychological manner have predetermined the future of this handsome young artist.... to be born while a thunder storm is on, shows conclusively that the godds are heralding one of its own.....

The Moscovitz family made their home in the East end of the town, commonly called Upper Astoria where they lived for fifteen years and the father accumulated a small fortune--a fisher man in those days could make twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars in a season of three months, in the dangerous waters of the bay, but, as Mr Moscovitz tired with this risky work, moved from Astoria to New York, where he bought a dairy just out of Green Point. Misha's sister Sara, two years younger, assisted their parents for a period; however, these two seemingly had other callings--Misha studied art in New York City also studied in night-college; eventually he became a scene-painter after perfecting himself in portrait and landscape painting....Sara, went into the advertizing field on the New York Heral, later rising into a columfst, giving young girls advice on how to conduct their lives--became extremely successful.

Mr Misha Moscovitz, while traveling about the States with theatrical companies, preparing scenes and acting as property-man; would for amusement, take small-parts in the plays; in this way he discovered that he had an aptitude for histronics....his perspicacious nature taught him, so far, during his general experiences, that to advance successfully in life depended mainly upon one's mental vision as to the future; also, discovered that the average person he had social or business relations with were rarely satisfactory and, not wholly because of his own failings; but, because of the natural avericiousness within the nature of the human--to meet all this was to be suave, not in any apparent unctuousness to others, but to be sagacious with finesse, caused him in his deportment to be a 'life-work' in fine art--being what he was not!--patronized others in subtleness beyond least they may suspect--this aptitude fitted him well, both off an on the stage,in characterizing charming secretiveness....

Misha, had a splendid figure and, was one of those who had an active gracefulness--whether he was superficially amiable or objectively attractive would not ever enter one's thoughts; seemingly, almost all the things he did was charmingly done...probably, upermost in him was the aesthetic-effervescing the spirit of his artistry...by the time

the Jenks theatrical Company had returnad to New York City, Moscovitz became the foremost actor in characterizing the ideal stage villain; excelling Mr Hugh Warde, the character actor of the troupe; who to his fellow actors admitted what they all thought--Warde's real merit was in personating characters in the true resemblance of reality and, could cover the whole field of parts in a masterly manner...it was chance, one night when Hugh became too ill to go on in a play as the villain; so, Misha who had been under-studying, performed the part with such style that afterward, the management had Moscovitz play all parts of this character....

The leading actor of the Jenks theatrical troupe was, Mr Edwin Summerville, who was far more handsome on the stage that he appeared while off--a beau-ideal as a matinee-idol; on the street he had the 'looks' of an exquisit gentleman. Summerville, was a Harvard-man, also, a serious artist; he similar to Mr Hugh Warde, found his forte while playing in amateur theatricals--this form of art fascinated his aesthetic nature. In New York City he became an understudy of Henry E Dixie--a'heart-breaker'of bye-gone times: gaintn real stage experience, by playing the 'sticks' with small troups; prefecting himself; his handsome appearance on the stage attracted mMr Jenks, who engaged Edwin Summerville to premier in his company....

CHAPTER II

THE ACTOR ADDED romance to the pioneer days in the Northwest...in Astoria, almost one century ago, a celebrated Shakespearian actor of the name of John Jack with his wife Fanny Freeman, played in the old Liberty Hall on the corner of Seventh and Bond Sts., to fishermen and frontiersmen--such artists are lost in the memories of our times ....such adventure, as Minnie Hauk, a prima donna of the old Metropolitan Opera House in New York City; resided in Washington County Oregon on a road running between Cornelius and Centreville; with her uncle Colonel York of the U. S. A., on his farm--she was the first opera star to caste the role of Carmen in its American presentation; however, this took place in 1878--she retired way out here, unknown, to the western romantic-makers that adden a sheen to the forgotten lustrous days, now silent; to those who rode past the farm-home where glorious music astonished her hearers!

In Portland, the unremembered impresario John Cort gave the town in the extinct old 'Newmarket' plays that curdled blood and settled smoke of those now long in their graves--such thrillers as where the heroine swung on a rope across a gorge to rescue her father from being sawed in to something awful, also, sound the alarm of fire, that was to destroy the mill! then, onto the stage is driven old Charlie and Prinse who blink from the brilliant coal-oil-lights at the shouting audience who are thrilled in seeing the town fire-engine on the stage! even then, life was worth living!...Following Cort was 'Cordray' and he, held the attention of play-lovers on until our own George L Baker ruled in the last of the romantic figures of the playhouse....

Can it be that now, time has ran out of extravagant fancies that were radiating delightful beauty to the mind?--will it in the years hence for those of the pesent, look back to now, seemingly drab, and romance about our times? reminiscencing about scenes long ago that made Astoria so delightful--the scenic-grandeur...Indians crossing the bay from Astoria to Chinook in their beautiful canoes loaded down dangerously full of drunken natives of the past... glorious sailing-ships from world-ports; tugs and steamers plying the harbour and, at the river's mouth, in early morning sunlight a thousand fishing-boats in full-sail racing in mass loaded down with Chinook-salmon for the canneries--in the bright-distance the pretty boats appeared as if they were a swarm of butterflies...flying geese and ducks on their northern flight, at times resting on the quiet waters of the bay were so unafraid of man that one could kill them with a stone...fish so filled the harbour, one may at times safely walk on them!...vessels putting out to sea with unfurlling sails and singing sailors whos voices over the water reverberated in joyous beauty as if were aria's from an opera! ....no wonder that Samuel Simpson wrote:

"Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!"

Who could not create beauty when round all was the spirit of industry--the sounds of hammers building homes and the skeleton-frames of boats, colouring the shore in pale tints of newly sawed lumber ....all was joy in the activity of happy striving....

Jenks' theatrical company, surely was following the 'covered-wagon days' in venturing out so far into the West--the showman's life was hard, and living in cheap hotels became frightfully boresome: as the troupe was to remain all summer, until late September; the members of the company sought out rooms in private homes--such restfulness was necessary, because artists require quietude--their temperaments are not the prima donna order, however there is a simularity...noisy hotels and greasy food makes a poor actor, worse!

Mr Edwin Summerville, found a splendid room in a fine home a few blocks south of Washington St., away from the noisy business district, where he could sleep late in quietude: this well appointed residence was owned by Mrs Anna Brookfield, a refined gentlewoman, who had recently become a widow--her husband had, within the year been murdered by an insane client who fancied that Mr Brookfield had swindled him with some property investments.

Lawyer Brookfield was one of Portland's progressive citizens and esteemed for his many attainments; he had all of his fortune invested in a sawmill--he had induced his murderer to buy stock in this company --unfortunately, the plant burned; impoverished these two men--this great loss so distressed the weak-minded man whom lost his reason to the state that he shot Mr Brookfield down in a busy street to the horror of his townsmen near....Mrs Brookfield became almost penniless but for her home....This murderous demented-fool was brought before the court and found insane--the crazy client claimed that Mr Brookfield had prevented him from going to the North pole--unknown to the public, the fool was building a boat for this strange purpose....the insane man's wife told the court that for a great time her husband had, in many ways treated her in an inhumane manner--half starved her, needed all of his money for constructing this impractical vessel--kept her awake at nights talking about what he would discover at the pole; when he would reach there, he expected to discover unknown secrets left there by the Egyptians--'the long lost Ophir!'--the Pharaoh's miners had for centuries been chopping down this golden pole that he thinks has toppled over thus throwing the worlds axsis to the wobbling condition the scientists have failed to understand; nevertheles, he was going to load this gold-pole onto his ship, bring it home and break the fortune of the Rockefeller's....

The young actor was delighted with his fine room in a home surrounded with well kept gardens and orchard trees that shaded part of the grounds with the homey-feeling of friendliness....One afternoon, returning to his restful-room; the happening of pleasing-events brought Summerville into Mrs Brookfield's presence--he as yet has had no friendly speech with this extremely refined appearing woman, other than, she rented him a room and told him that he could come and go at all hours; however, he had informed her about his profession and, that he accordingly would be a late sleeper....as he came through the gate and up the garden walk, he saw Mrs Brookfield on her front porch crocheting; having not ever had occasion to address this woman in any friendly manner socially and, as he approached, he heard someone playing on a piano exceptionably beautiful--this excited Summerville, because of its excellence--he played this instrument extremely well himself; thus, his artistic-senses were aroused....gaining the porch which had the aspect of a stage-scene; the delightful afternoon-light--the restfulness,put him in mind of his dear mother who similarly did fancy-work as Mrs brookfield was doing--carried his mind way back to his own home in Green Point, New York; the sweet and peaceful woman looked at him friendlily as if it may be agreeably to her if he engaged her in a social manner; amiably, the artist politely remarked: "Why! Mrs Brookfield, you so

peacefully sitting here and the lovely music so reminds me of a stage setting when the curtain rises at the opening-scene of what may be the commencing of an interesting story...!"smiling delightfully while replying:"As an actor, you seemingly see round you pictures mirroring scenes applicable for the theatre!" during this friendly exchange of words; from the open parlor-windows came exquisit melodious music, the beauty of it Mrs Brookfield could observe, what held Mr Summerville's attention ; because he hesitantly paused as if undecided whether to remain; she quickly rejoined: "Will you not be seated?" taking a chair, while thanking his hostess, continued on by saying: "You are having a delightful concert Mrs Brookfield! may I ask who is it that performs with such splendid taste?" Mr Summerville was not aware that this widow had a daughter, because, his coming in and going out of the house had not brought him as yet into the presence of these two women.

Smiling with considerable hidden pride, she replied: "It is my daughter Jane!"

These charming surroundings--the gardens before him, the lazy afternoon and an atmospheric-restfulness brought into his thoughts, of his parents and his far off home; because Mrs Brookfield resembled in many ways the semblance of his own mother....

With much surprise the young actor replied: "Your daughter is exceptionally talented! must have had fine instructions!" the music now had ceased; "May I ask where?" Mrs Brookfield, laid her crocheting down and replied: "Jane majored in music in the Willamette University and now is studing for the concert-stage that she hopes to reach in the near future!"

"I am delighted to hear that you have children, also, have such an accomplished daughter; in truth, I was not aware of your good fortune in having a family--may I ask how many?" Summerville apparent sincerity and gentlemanly manner, caused Mrs Brookfield to take on a bit, the motherly attitude generally assumed where pride is the mother's privilege: "I have a daughter only!"

After a moment pause, again the music commenced and, to talk without listening to such splendid performing, seemed, bad taste; not until it became finished, did Summerville venture to address this rather sad faced widow...being fairly talented and played with much skill, naturally, he listened in a mental transport of an agreeable sort, because it had been some time since he had heard fine music...at times in the theatre when it is free from the public Summerville would practice and amuse his inner desire with this form of entertainment...for a few seconds the piano was silent and they quietly talked about nothing in particular. Mr SUmmerville would have invited Mrs Brookfield and her daughter to the theatre, but, thought it may be best not to because of the tragedy she and Miss Jane had experienced; however, as his company were to be in Portland until fall, later in the season, it may not be improper in offering such an approach to a more friendly relation with his new acquaintance...."I came home early from rehursal to write a letter to my dear mother whom you in a manner resemble and, being in the presence of another, you may inspire me to write to her with more devotion, than my tardines has no excuse for--truly, I am not an undutiful son, because, I send two letters to her one!"Summerville, with friendly humor quietly laughed.. "I hope that you do and, that you are what you claim, affectionately obedient!" replied Mrs Brookfield as she thought, while looking at this young artist,"What a handsome appearing gentleman, seemingly, he deports himself--surely, he in every sense, appears as if he were an actor or one that can do something out of the ways of common labour!"

Again the beautiful sounding quality of the piano reached them --Miss Brookfield was pouring forth with an 'etude' by France Lizst, which enraptured them into silence--further remarks were unthinkable till this lovely piece was concluded.

Mrs Brookfield observed, the insatiable love for music displayed by her guest--while he listened, she had a splendid opportunity to study this young man, who had a rather foreign-air, probably because of his profession or his eastern environment; anyway, she thought, "He is real nice!"....The music now had stopoed and Mrs Brookfield, enquired: "You have parents in the east?"

"Yes, my home is across from New York City, over in Green Point; and my father is in a pretty fresh business!" he smilingly, in friendly drollery exclaimed, continuing, "Father is in the salt business--has a salt-mine that has been in our family for two generations...it was too unromantic for me to grow up a saltminer; so I branched out into a field, that one in my short experience as an actor, cannot make 'my salt!" They burst out in rather friendly and somewhat mirthful laughter that was smoothing the way to a more intimate comradery--that friendliness, often rising, unconsciouslessly in a proper atmosphere...being a mother a nd realizing the feelings his mother must feel, having a son far from her--the union of souls universally, those sentiments pictured in all women's minds--that yearning to feel toward this stranger the kindliness only a woman senses....

"Yes, it is well, a splendid thing in you if you write often to one that loves you beyond all comparison!"

"I grasp all that you imply! my mother and I have always been the closest in loving understanding--infact, she mother's me too well; she would have ruined me if it were not and truly that is one reason why I became an actor, because it was possible for me to be out from under her wing--she constanty sends me cheques, fearing that I do not have enough to eat!"

At the moment, two sparrows flew down to a drinking-dish that was on the porch-banister; refreshing themselves, they hopped down to the floor jumpping about looking for crumbs; the cute rascals cocked their pretty heads while looking askance at this strange visitor with all of their panhandeling charm--instantly they took wing; for, at the moment, Miss Jane Brookfield appeared in the doorway; seeing a stranger with her mother; hesitating momentairly, as if th withdraw back into the hallway; her mother caught Miss Jane's eye and quickly called out; "Jane, please come here!"

Instantly rising, her guest with a friendly smile bowed, while Mrs Brookfield continued; "Jane, this is Mr Edwin Summerville,,,,"

Summerville, truly was pleased in seeing a handsome, nineteen years old young woman with deepset-eyes that portrayed a mind that a few moments ago was dramatically expressing music that had meaning--her playing was not of the kind that reads the stops--the mechanical symbols which tells the player, 'loud' now 'soft' but, her own interpretation of feeling in the realm of wandering-beauty! unconsciously, in a manner with charm which so pleases his audiences for the gracefulness a gentleman should bear his cultures on and off the stage--spontaeniously the actor at all times; however, at this period, he was not casting a scene, but, one in real life--to fall in love at first sight is as old as rivers! the many women he has met and delighted in the theatre and, to meet a young woman who yet he does not know, only, through the spirituality of her music in the hidden passion of her soul, those entrancing things that causes the man in discovering the 'one woman' whom fills an awakening desire! Summerville's opportunities, in meeting beautiful women, and here, unknowingly has had his

heart inflamed with the loveliest of all human emotions collectively; "A young woman who plays so profoundly entrancing, surely must have all moral values that makes excellence in her character!" thought, Summerville, while Miss Jane Brookfield smilingly acknowleged his introduction. Her new acquaintance quietly remarked; "These pleasant few minutes with your mother brings up into my mind, my own home--it may be a full year before I again see my parents and sister who is about your own age!"

"You have a sister?" questioned, Mrs Brookfield.

"Is she also an actress?" queried, Miss Brookfield

"Thank the Lord! Mary has no such desires for a theatrical life: it is too strenuous, also borders too near the 'muddy' for one so fine as she--she is the 'home-type' of a girl--fitted, more for what nature intended women...she and I are great pals...I will at your leisure, show you a photograph of my parents and Mary...."

This natural friendliness excited the interests of thes two women who, seemingly, had the feeling that they were making the acquaintance of a very fine young man....These two could perceive in this young actor something much different from their psychological gleamings of what stage-people were and what he appears to be--gentlemanly, unambiguous in his manner--to them, he seemed not one who lived in a world different from any other townsman...his slightly foreign-air radiated the atmosphere of some form of an artistic profession, that is as true to his individual nature as a saloon is to the barkeeper.

"Your piano-playing gave me the impression that you have had splendid training!"

"I am pleased that you cared for what you just heard! yes, I have had fine instructions from a great teacher--Professor Enna, a master pianist from Denmark...you should hear him performe!" exclaimed Miss Brookfield.

Probably, he is a master, however, he could not give you that inner feeling you so ably reveal in your playing...I have had some training at Harvard, but, to be a real musician one must have that unsatisfying love which urges one on an on--I realized eventually that the Muses had not bestowed on me that touch--the devine-gift...in the arts, if one does not show marked talent in receiving training, all the teaching in the world makes only a academic performer without soul: please pardon me for my blunt philosophical expressions--I as you may know, am working in a field of art and, acquainted with its limitations, I have seen those who love art and work at it for a time, then discover with all of their heart-breaking suffering that to go on means mediocrity!"

Admiring the frankness of this stranger who impressed her with his seriousness; Miss Brookfield smilingly replied: "It may be possible that I may be more in love with art than it is me!"

Rising from his chair while laughing quietly in a very delightful manner, said: "You have the very instinctive discernment in the spiritual realm of music, however, I hope it would not be asking too much if you will play for me at your leisure, some time...you will excuse me, I must writ a letter to my mother...."

Mrs Brookfield, interjected, "Jane will be pleased to play for you at any time, if you will set the afternoon?"

CHAPTER III

WHEN HE ENTERED his room, Mr Edwin Summerville, was as nervous as a school-boy who had been caught by his teacher for drawing big hearts with four initials within them. He walked to and fro, very similar to one who is quite undecided about what he intends to do...glancing out of his apartment-window, he saw down in the garden Mrs Brookfield and Miss Jane--they were examining their rose bushes and handling the beautiful blooms;(the profusion of gorgeous rose-bushes about Portland has entitled the town--The City of Roses;) he stood back from the open window and watched these two women--the refinement of the mother and the gentle attention of her daughter as they discussed their choice flowers.

"What a lovely young woman Miss Jane is!" he thought; in all of his life, he had not seen nor met a girl more ideal; cultured-appearing..."she looks as if she were 'somebody!'" admiringly, he thought; "her countenance reflect a fine mind; my, she is beautiful!"

Seating himself, he wrote: 'Dear Mother: This letter I am sure will astonish you; nevertheless, do not allow what I declare, shock you ...I am in love! I have met a young woman whom would please you, because she is of fine parentage, handsome, refined and a talented musician; the daughter of a lovely woman who puts me in mind of you; Mrs Brookfield, she was widowed the past year by a dreadful tragedy....I have a room in their home.'

'Mrs Brookfield is one that you would be delighted to know...you must trust me in my judgment in regard to character, those distinctive values fine people display in their appearance and manners; Miss Brookfield is Mary's build; she has brown hair and eyes, near to a rare quality of a golden cast--that have a flashing, dancing loveliness, expressing interesting attention, without vanity--free from coquetry, and as ladylike as you would wish a woman to be--it is difficult to picture or describe a woman--trust me for not being overhasty in my reflections, I rarely make adventurous statements...however, I am in love and, as yet, in no manner have I given this lovely young person any idea that I am infatuated with her!'

'Keep this a secret and by all means do not tell Aunt Ida, because she will worry into an illness--you know how I hate that Deborah she wishes me to marry!...I am sending this letter in care of Sara Moscovitz, so that she will hand it to you quite unknown to Auntie...!!'

'We are having splendid success in Portland. It is a beautiful situated town--the grandeur round, causes one to become intranced; from the hills one may view the snow capped mountains and looking down, it is delightful to see the silvery-river that threads it way through the town in a graceful curve and on its surface are ships at anchor awaiting cargo for the world ports...this place is alive with industry!'

Summerville, if he is an observer of women, surely he was one that looked at things which builds the solidity of the West!

'...speaking about ships at anchor, a few nights ago the 'stage-hand' pointed out to me through the 'peep-hole' in the curtain, the Larry Sullivan of the sailor-boarding-house gang, who shanghai the greenhorns --this Portland outfit are equal to Liverpool Jack that takes care of the 'hicks' in New York...do not fear for me--you know that I do not get drunk!'

'Our leading lady Miss Ashton, you so admire; well, she is extremely enraptured with this country--crazy about fishing; she was up the river with some important citizens and had caught two large salmon; she has not yet recovered her senses since--talks me almost insane about her marvelous adventure in this sport: ofcourse, Georhe L Baker the owner

the local theatrical stock company had got up this fishing trip, and while in his friendly intercourse he induced her to join his troupe of players, however, as she was not under any form of a contract with Jenks; this rascal made her a handsome offer to quit our company and, I have been unable to talk her out of leaving us--you know the nonsense one takes upon oneself in resoning with a woman...to lose her will be a great loss to me, personally, artistically; because, she and I work so well opposite each other--especially in 'love scenes'--Ashton is one of the foremost actresses in our country; anyhow, it will be just my luck for Jenks to hire some crow-bait to take her place--a new woman means, that it would take me days to become acquainted with a strange actress's-mannerisms...Have Mary hunt up Miss Paula Mayfair; find out if she is sufficiently recovered from sickness of typhoid; whether she she is engaged, if she is not, have her be subject to a hasty telegram--my, she is a darling--I would rather have Mayfair as a première in some measure than than Ashton, because, off-stage she does not talk one too sleep''

'Do not feel that I would ever think of marring any woman whom you would not care to take to your heart...this Miss Brookfield, you surely would love her on sight!'

'Try, if you can, talk Aunt Ida out of her lunacy about me marrying that Brown; her last letter had me married and, with children in school....!

' I am improving! I an going to make Broadway in the 'big-lights' or know the reason why, when our company get back by Christmas--what fun we will have!.,, me telling you of my barnstorming and stories one meets with?'

Finishing his letter; he went to The Portland Hotel for dinner, where he, Warde and Moscovitz generally had their dinners--these three young artists were the finest of friends; fotunately they were amiable --being thrown together as traveling actors; it was their good luck to have had previous experience in barn-storming the 'sticks,' Hard knocks takes the roughness off one's ill humor...Misha Moscovitz, really paid much attention to Summerville in a quiet patronizing manner, because, Edwin was an artistic-critic and was helpful in criticizing him in the art of acting--being the under-study of the troupe he was becoming capable of at a moments notice in filling any of the parts--he was anxious to get away from scene-painting, property-managing and doing 'super' characters.

Mr Hugh Warde was an exceptioably fine horseman and had interested Moscovitz and Summerville in the delightful sport of riding; in almost every town in which they played, when time would permit them, the three would go horseback riding...it was observable to these young gentlemen that in every town, where they took to riding, immediately, the country roads for some reason were lined with equestriennes who delighted in being headed in the same direction the strangers were traveling...how many hats and veils they retreived, also, the numbers of saddles they had to tighten--the strangeness, is not strange at all--their artfulness is as bizarre as the rouge on their cheeks; but, the young men had splendid fun becoming acquainted with the town-belles--the number of passes they gave out to these nice girls was noticable to old Jenks, who told them: "If you boys do not stop giving away seats, we will be playing to houses filled with 'deadheads!"'

The boys replied: "A full house, attracts! however, empty seats are depressing to us performers--where the girls are the boys will be there!"

CHAPTER IV

THE AGREEABLE arrangement of musical sounds in certain forms affects the inner senses with delight, and, harmonious attentions of a charming actor also enhances a pleasurable feeling in Miss Jane Brookfield whom has played a number of times for Mr Edwin Summerville. Mrs Brookfield and Jane have discovered in their new acquaintance the seriousness of mind also deportment of a gentleman; it is but natural that Miss Jane should feel in some manner those delicate emotions of friendship for him that could possibly, become easily enlarged into the grandest of passions when she finds that Summerville means that she is something more than a mere acquaintance....Mrs Brookfield in discussing their new friend said: "If you will observe Jane how congenial and pleasing he makes us feel toward his family--how delightfully he speaks of his sister; not at all in a lauditive manner; more in a homey thoughtfulness! if you will reflect about all this, when one speaks well of his relatives, displays fine breeding and a true expression of his own character!"

Does not the warm summer morning instill in the lark its lovely song--Jane had played her best for Summerville and while doing so, there was something prompting her with inspirations the like in her music she had not ever performed with such delightful esprit...they talked music; much about the manner it must be performed and, it astonished Miss Brookfield, the acquaintance Mr Summerville had; he told her that all the arts were parallel--realism is a tiresome form, it is the direct impressionism that expresses art in its finest phases--glance at the rising sun or its setting if one wishes to measure the spiritual with-in its significent-beauty--every thing about this scene is its simplicity of eveness in tonality--detail, in rendering all this or in any branche of art is not a true representation-- it is to present the spiritual, in its idea; those who do not grasp this, will, not arise above mediocrity!

The art of the theatre is all very splendid but, it is a crude manner of story telling--the artists are superior in talent to the artistry forms in whish they render their story; in general, the stage is a 'circus barkers art!' the story is so wedged--jammed together, it has no smoothness, as 'impressionism' it is more brief than impressionism in painting--the actor, in half representing the character he assumes, is not to be found in real life--the villain, he is laughable and the hero. well, he is charming beyond words; yet, the theatre is a vehicle of story telling during the ages: it cannot ever be improved, because as an art it is unnecessary to try what nature has fixed on it--the time limit; the play should be presented in twice its length, that is, the matinee then the evening continuance but, that creates expence, and, there is another factor, the spectators, whom may become bored....All of the artistic-cultures are forced on to the people and the remarkable thing is that we at all have pleasurale distractions...the philosophies, make us acquainted with our own strangeness or life--the world-environment in which we find ourselves! if man had started off in a civilization we may have not ever developed these art cultures, because the 'smart man' has since ever exploited his more simple minded fellow; therefore, our fine-arts are hangovers from primitive-people who in their freedom took pleasure in expressing their creative genius....Talk, these two were talking themselves closer into the realm where a language fails to radiate in sentiment what feelings warmly express....

Jane realized that her friend had two sides in his nature, the jolly chattering-fun and, the quiet argumentative-profoundness; nevertheless, his evenness, in being open-minded, desplayed without any manifestations of egotism, pleased her more than any other thing about

his personality....Miss Jane asked Summerville if he would not play something for her.

"You must remember that in music, for one to performe well it is necessary to be in practice and with me my opportunities in keeping up practicing is extremely limited--some times I play a bit in the theatre when no one is round; however, it is impossible to practice on a tin -pan; orchestra-pianos are drummed to a twanging flatness that takes away all of one's inspirations; I am very similar to all excuse-makers--'I am out of practice!!..an actor or a painter may be away from his work for months, yet, in a few minutes, can performe with no lack of artistry, whereas, an instrumentalist, one's skill dulls into a form of clumsiness...but, to please you for my love of comradry--do not be too critical to one whom has been opprobriously expressive!"" Summerville sat at the piano and performed far much better than Miss Brookfield had expected: Edwin started off in that joyous singing-tone, buoyant with spirit (for his soul was aflame) the care-free voyages so gaily in the ever ending predetermined course of all happy lovers! havin g finished this, he drifted into 'I Love You Truly' in a surprising delightful voice, with the pathos that would cause a lost calf to moo--not in sense with travesty, because, truly he felt all the tender senses inwardly he was emotionly expressing...Edwin was an actor and what he could not render in artistry off the stage would have made him a poor one while on!

Mrs Brookfield was on the front porch and heard him performing; "My, what charming person he is!" she thought, "and, it is reasonable that young women of the town flock to the theatre!"

Jane was astonished with his splendid playing...she saw in what at the moment thought; "No wonder that he is an actor--what must he be on the stage!" she nor her mother had as yet been to the Jenks' shows in the old Newmarket....

"What a pity you cannot keep up your music!" exclaimed Mrs Brookfield, for she had come into the music-room, because, she was growing as fond of his company as was her daughter....

Humorously, Summerville rejoined; "Yes, however you women forget, I am in a professional activity that requires all of my attention, to divide my art would result in failure...to be mediocre is the bane of all workers in art--I gave up all thoughts of being a musician Quite a while before I graduated from Harvard; there I became infatuated with acting in amateur theatricals...there are incidents in one's life that one previously does not ever dream about, which brings round a change that affects one's future--the stage became my passion! music, interests me personally as an avocation, a distraction, similar to the reading of a splendid book!...when one tries to be versatile and not having the genius nature gave Leonardo da Vinci; well, I discovered one must learn the fundimentals thouroughly when taking up any branch art...I found that out when playing in college amateur-theatricals--I spoke my part similar to a clerk selling a yard of calico; my voice was without volume and my gesticulations were awkward as an automaton ...one must specialize in any endeavour--' a shoemaker to his last!'"

"Mother is it not too bad that we cannot attend the theatre and see Mr Summerville perform his parts!" in a near sad voice remarked miss Brookfield.

Mrs Brookfield, was conventional in the manners of society; she knew in their circumstance of mourning that it would not appear well for them to be seen in places of gaiety; she made to Jane no signe of acquiescence.

Mr Summerville, fully comprehending their sad lot and their relation

to their community; gently said, "Would it be on my part an impertinency to suggest or offer you a way in which it is possible that you may have an evening of distraction without anybody knowing a thing about it!"

The women seemingly assented to hear what their friend had to proffer, with smiling expressions on their eager appearing faces.

"I can have a box at your disposal that you may enter from the side-street; reach it, and be screened from the public's view; I can have a person take care of this, all in secrecy, if you may wish to come....Tomorrow night, we are presenting 'East Lynn' and it may give you an evening of pleasure; surely, a good story may benefit your well being!"

"Why, mother!"exclaimed Jane, in a delighted manner: Where could there be any impropriety in such a suggestion as Mr Summerville offers ...I would love to go...I would give much to see how a person acts on the stage, when we are so well acquainted with him off...it would be strangely gratifying--how odd!"

CHAPTER V

INDIAN SUMMER WITH its softness was veiling all in a delicate bluish atmosphere; the distant mountains could be traced in the faintes outlines against the sky that met their gracefulness, melting in to them with greys that a painter only ponders over as he tries to put on to his canvas the ethereal- loveliness that words,similar to paint, fails to portray...the pleasing fragrance of burned grasses came into the senses with strange powers of calling up thoughts of the passed-delights....

"And I have burnt all I adored,
And now adore all that I burnt."

Such was the laziness that charms the thoughts of those, even, whom are not blessed with dreaming of the indescribable something so inspiring to the soul--the beauty round...the mutableness of natures constant mystery, in rising man from his barbarousness up into a state of cultural and gentler ways...the joyousness of summer slips gradually toward these the most of all--the beautiful drowsy days of Indian summer....

How glorious were the passionate musical sounds, harmoniously vibrating through the open windows into the orchard-garden; Miss Brookfield was in concord with the birds and insects that animated the stillness of garden-trees...also, at moments comes mellow notes, softly through all this scene, from distant river-boats whistling with the quality of an exquisit organ, harmonized by the faint hum of factories ...how wonderful nature makes the complexities into a loveluness.

Summerville, was moodily thinking as he was walking toward the Brookfield home...the fine afternoon seemed to him as if all this beauty of Indian summer was more drowsy with sadness than of exhibiting those in warmth of cordiality...because, he was to soon leave this fine western town and move on to other's as vagabonds move from fields to greener one's!

Walking in through the garden gate, he saw under a large cherry-tree, on a circular-bench round its trunk, seated, with her head bent over her crocheting , was Miss Brookfield in quiet meditation...what a lovely picture--the flickering sunspots dancing over her white dress and these illuminating spots moving over her brown hair in gleaming flashes of golden tints, as if nature was amusing Itself in beautifying one who had all the charms!...she had not as yet observed Me Summerville's coming, possibly, her thoughts were far into those melic-musings running similar as dreams that pictures our wishes....

Summerville, saw that he had not disturbed Miss Jane;pleasant ideas came into his mind: "a fine visit may be instore for me...." coming near, quietly, he spoke; "A pleasant afternoon to you Miss Brookfield!"

Instantly, Jane raised her head in delightful recognition of Edwin's salutation...."Mother is out visiting and I became bored with studying, so I am enjoying the laziness I feel through sheer dullness! will you not be seated!"

Instead of taking his place on the bench beside her, he sattdown in front of Jane on the grass, folding his limbs comfortable and placed his hat by his side, while saying: "You are a refreshing sight to me, after a hard bit of dialogue study in the theatre this afternoon--we are working on a new play--it is a very interesting plot and story... your mother and you should see this performance! could that be Possible?" he hopefully asked. For the first time he wished to impress his new friends with the seriousness of his professin as an actor...he feared that these fine people thought about 'players' as strolling barnstormers and as he had so far without any superficialities during his acquaintances did not with any emphasis pose as one radiating importance, personally.... He knew, if these two women saw his company presenting a play, they would realize that The Jenks Theatrical Company were artists

far above the general run of Ham-actors....

Putting forth her answer gently, Miss Brookfield said: "I believe mother will concent, accept your invitation, you offered some time ago!"

"My, how thrilled I am with pleasure, to think it possible; entertaining your dear mother and you! I will be an artist only for you two; just imagine me playing for you? tomorrow night, one of our finest plays is to be presented for the first time in this city--'Love Will Tell;' it is a perfectly ideal story--I must not tell you what it is about, because it would spoil your evening!

Sitting there, admiringly, looking up at her fine face, while her crocheting was lying carelessly about her lovely hands, her friendly attention, brought up in his mind; "I must win this lovely girl...."

Jane had at all times noticed Summerville's decorus ways; at no moments had he in any manner ever advanced himself with meriting a more intimate relationship with her during their two months acquaintance! always the gentleman: however, she sensed, that,"surely he cares for me more than just mere friendship--I can feel that he likes me!"

"When mother comes home I will tell her about this new play, and beg her to accept your proposal that no one may know that we are attending the theatre...."

Edwin listened, happily, he thought what an inner thrill it would be to make love to her...knowing such rudeness would violate the sanctity of their friendship while Miss Brookfield and her mother are sorrowing for her dead father....

"Do beg her for my friendship's sake...oh, but I will become inspired by your very presence!...So your inspirations for study dulled this afternoon? why should not your music, at times become irksome; remember you are in a small town where splendid musicians are few...you should be in a city, New York for instance, where there are masters in the art of piano playing; also, you could attend fine concerts!" Edwin, knew what he was driving at--he wished, by picturing the great cities as places she should be in; by alluring her toward himself who's home was more centred in the fields of culture...."

"I would give much to live in New York! however, that is one of the many things that clings to me in my dreams."

"Your cherished dreams may and will come true, if I have the power of winning this lovely girl's affections,"Summerville thought as he noticed Miss Brookfield smilingly looked at him and, then he saw her at the same moment peer at her parent whom was coming in through the back gate andhad reached the garden where they were without awareness of her presence; Mrs Brookfield had seen these two before being discovered; she was thinking,"what a charming scene her daughter and Mr Summerville made--what a fine husband he would be for Jane!"

"Mama, please come here!" as her mother drew near; Instantly, SUmmerville arose, while saying: "We have been having a tete-a-tete; something extraordinary has been going on!" he laughingly exclaimed; "Please Miss Brrookfield, out with it, the great question? I wish to know my fate...."

Such an expression and question rather startled Mrs Brookfield;"Can it be that in her absence, this young actor has proposed to her daughter!"she thought, as she closely examined their faces, her own had a rater pleasant symbolizing reflection of her own inner thoughts, that if it was so, not in the least would she be at all shocked...of course she was startled!

"Mother, Mr Sommmerville, just told me that tomorrow night his company is presenting for the first time in this city, their best play in all of their repertoire...."

Smiling sweetly, she replied, "Yes, we shall go; I just came from Mrs Smyths' whom I was discussing with, about this very subject, whether it would be verging in the realms of an impropriety, in us attending the theatre in secrecy!" Edwin became elated on hearing her favourable intentions while Mrs Brookfield, continued,"I had talked over the idea with my friend and, she said that it would not be unseemingly for us to go, infact, she became anxious to chaperon, so please expect the three of us there,tommorrow night!" she smiled a parting word to Summerville and walked to the house--whether she was disappointed with the 'great Question' was not discernable.

Edwin and Jane were pleased into a delightful state..."You have been so nice to me in playing the piano for my enjoyment, now it will be me that performes for you--my 'grand opportunity' to intrest your mother and you in what I can do in the art of acting...not to be too manifest! you will be surprised in witnesing a troupe of young and splendid artists...if I do say it with much pride, all of these young men and women in our company are first-rate performers: Mr Hugh Warde, is a character actor of the highest order--he will characterize an old gentleman, and Mr Misha Moscovitz performs the part of a villain--the equal of any artist in or off the stage--he is so charming, you will love this delightful fellow: Misha is a real artist! a painter and a musician--plays the violin with that mellow loveliness, which, at times causes gooseflesh...!" Miss Jane began to laugh in a delighted manner. ..."I hope his fiddling will not cause me to have blackheads--I have fortunately passed through that terrible stage!" Summerville, burst in with her in joyous laughter..."I would introduce Misha to you, but, to be frank(Idont like to say it) however, he irresistibly attracts and I would become frightfully jealous, for fear that he would break our splendid friendship!"

"No,"quickly rejoined Jane, "That could not ever happen, my regard for you is not so lightly placed in my affections that anybody could displace it--only you yourself, may, but I scarsely believe even that is very improbable!"

"Thank you, for the esteem you hold me in our delightful acquaintanceship!" Edwin, again seated himself on the grass and continued on, by saying: "Miss Ashton, our leading-lady, plays opposite to me--she is charming and a splendid actress--she will cause you as an artist, to be extremely enviable of one who has so achieved--she is a very remarkable singer, a comic-opera prima donna; one when there is no work in her musical activity, performes, equally as well on the legitimate-stage."

"It pleases me that you have such a fine estimation of your fellow-players!" rejoined Jane.

"Long ago I learned that it is propper to speak well of anybody who achieves in any particular field, whether, I personally like them or not, and, I do hope you may not misunderstand what may sound obviously something other than what I really mean..."'There is nothing more painful than the consciousness of having done something stupid!'"

Jane laughed outright: "You are an actor and forget that you are at the moment off the stage! remember, on the stage, a performer will talk 'aside!' while in the presence of others, about what he is thinking about! and now, you are consciously afraid that I may misunderstand your real meaning!"laughingly continuing, "I have accepted you as a gentleman...."

Summerville, joined in with merriment; "I understand you see, I became entangled with words that were exhibiting the 'cart before the horse!"in a more serious manner; "you may understand, today, my mind is somewhat in a confused state...just think of it! in two weeks, we will close our show and move on to towns in California and, from there

on through the southern states, then up the Mississippi Valley--from there work on toward New York City by Christmas."

"My, how fast the days have passed this summer: It does not seem possible that you have been here almost three months!" Miss Brookfield feelingly remarked.

"Yes, this season to me, has been one of the most delightful in all my life and, yet I was sad as I walked on my way home this afternoon; nevertheless, to console myself, I reasoned to my inner depression, I should be happy! because, I have had the pleasure of knowing two, whom are forever to me, priceless friends...." softly and sadly, without the superficialties intoned that an actor would know how to simulate....

Jane, fell into the mood Edwin pictured--her gaze, was not on him but, was afar; probably, she too was in a state of thoughtful musing....

CHAPTER VI

THE FOLLOWING morning, Mr Summerville wakened restlessly, exceptionally early. The soft morning air was swinging his bedrooms curtains lazily and through the open windows came the sounds of chirping birds, also, those familiar August reminders of its slight noises--the crackling sounds of the winging grasshoppers which are heralding the end of the most delightful season of all the year...looking through his window at the rose-garden that the house shaded cooly, this lovely scene stirred within his mind, a picture that would long remain a memory of indescrible pleasure--the fresh scented-air added its spiritual part to bringing back to him the first time he saw these women that he had grown to love--Jane and her mother were tending their flowers...he realized that within a few days this charming picture would be changed to newer one's...smelly Pullman's and the dull life in dingy hotels--the sensation of nostalgia came over him while he was dressing...."Would Miss Brookfield respond to his wooing if she were not in mourning?"

Actors when alone are as normal in manner as other men, but, on the stage before the evening curtain rises, they are as uneasy as caged-circus-animals...pacing round muttering their dialogues while slightly jestering--habitual with them to be moving about...Summerville was doing this very thing while he was dressing. Out of the corner of his eye, he happened to see a leter being slipped under his bedroom-door: "What may this be?" he thought; My mail is always delivered to me at the theatre!" picking the envelope up and withdrawing the enclosure from it; he read; "Dear Mr Summerville; Could you possibly breakfast with Mother and me? we would enjoy it very much! we are very late because of last night's dissipation...come when you are quite ready. Sincerely yours, Jane."

"My!" he kissed the signature, as excitedly as a schoolboy. Read it all over again with the same delight a boy does in admiring the hearts that he has been chalking on a wall...for a moment he could not button his shirt-collar. His mind was in a whirl...started whistling, but, his nervous lips would not pucker,then he started humming a love song wholy out of tune, flat as rushing air from a car-brake..."Oh lordy me, my ship has come in!"

Hurriedly he dressed; regaining his composure, he commenced singing;"I'll-Take You Back Cathleen.," with the pathos, choke one into a pathetic sensation sorrowing heartbreak--Cathleen's lover could not have felt love more sentimentally!...as he closed this endearing song, he heard from the garden, hand clapping under his window. Looking down, he saw Miss Jane..."A pleasant good morning to you Miss Brookfield!" Laughing up a reply; "I thank you' Good morning! I did not know that you had such a splendid voice--you did not ever sing so nice as that when you had our piano to accompany you!" Edwin rejoined, "Well, from now on I am taking up this art as my future-career...I will be right down --wait for me?"

When Summerville had reached the garden; unconsciously, he shook hands with Jane for the first time--with the delicate trembling-pressure, he would have enlarged with knowing warmth, if he were presumptuous. They chatted a moment about nothing in particular; then Miss Brookfield lead him through the side-garden on into the breakfast-room; her mother gave Edwin a merry good morning and then showed him to his seat at the table where an appetizing breakfast lay..."You may wish your coffee now! with your food--I enjoy mine that way!" exclaimed Jane, while she came from the kitchen with the steaming coffee-pot: "Thank you! I am surprised that you know what a hungry man delights in! the real old fashioned spirit; eating in the natural manner,"Edwin laughingly exclaimed.

"We hugely enjoyed your play! what a splendid assemblage of artists your theatrical troupe contains:"exclaimed Mrs Brookfield; while Miss Jane helped Summerville to the hot biscuits--"Mother allowed me to make these, just to show you that I can play'biscuits' as well as I do 'bake' the Piano!" giggled the proud young woman to the merriment of her mother and their guest..."You astonishe me, your pun is not quite the equal to your cooking, however, you surprise me by both! I did not ever realise that one so serious as yourself, could be a pianiste, baker and wit!...really, one must know you better in order to apprehend clearly the excellence you so far have concealed, your versatility...to be witty, is an accomplishment you should encourage yourself to be! with me, at times in trying to be amusing, I entangle myself in the most laughable embarrassments--boomerang myself!"

"Well, you amused your friends and that is commendable!" rejoined, Miss Brookfield.

While nicely getting started with his unexpected breakfast; Mrs Brookfield returned to her commendation of his fellow actors, by saying; "How in the world did a person with such an ugly name build around him so fine a group of players?"

Mr Summerville smilingly replied: "You are quite unacquainted with the theatrical-world: Mr Jenks, has from his boyhood been associated with players--he was a stage-hand, also, an performer of fair quality; knows the in's and out's of the stage and the public that supports the theatre--he is quite an impresario, also if I do say it, he knows talent...that is why you were very much surprised with our last nights production...it is too bad that you have been denied the pleasure of attending many of our plays, but, please do so, before we close!"

"May I help you to another cup of coffee? " questioned his hostess...Edwin, did not dreame that this morning would bring him the finest breakfast he has had since leaving his own home; as he listened to his friends while sipping his coffee; he thought, "What abominable food I have been eating in greasy-restaurants and drinking coffee about as appetizing in flavour as barberry-bark...!continuing aloud, " your delightful breakfast will about ruin me for any desire for food, until I reach my home; so do not judge me in the lack of tast by my complimentary expressions, however, you may imagine my feelings...!"

"Why we have not had you take all of your meals with us, is that you had not suggested such a propasal;also, we naturally supposed that you thought more about your own pleasure in suiting yourself about being disturbed in your work!" exclaimed this motherly woman.

"Thank you! that is really the loveliest expression I have heard, since I left my own dear Mother--she cautioned me about my health... am I not appearing well?" laughingly, I am thriving on skilliglue!"

"If your mother knew you were in such fine sprits also with new friends and are so robust--I am almost tempted in writing her about your welfare!"

"That would be a delightful surprise to my family--pray do!"

"Also, tell them what a splendid actor you have become!"

"Then, you were pleased with our show!...you found last night's entertainment to you liking?" Edwin was looking at Miss Brookfield's face; also glanced in Mrs Brookfield's direction; a preceptable smile glided over her lips and, she said: "We were astonished in finding your company composed of high class performers!"

Jane broke in; "I could scarcely believe it was you, as Mr Ames,, the hero of the story--seeing you on the stage and knowing you off, and realizing that you are an actor is strange indeed; you are so very different--your voice and manners!"

"Those things that you compare me by are the superficialities which

are essencial to the manner in which an artist has to acquire in order to create what is a picture told and seen by the viewer, similarly as if one were reading a story--imaginging the characters and what they are doing...you understand,if we spoke and acted as we do off the stage, there would not be anything but amateurism, a flatnes--we have to be apparently superficial in exaggerating our individual characters; however, the limit, is where the artistry arrives into what an ancient Greek said--'do nothing too much!'"

"So then, it is as in music, feeling, is what the performer expresses amd, without that, there is no such thing as spirituality!"Miss. Brookfield ejaculated.

"You have the correct idea--one without real talent, regardless of One's desires, could not ever learn to become a real artist; anybody may memorize the part in a play and recite this dialogue, but it would be soulless--hardly have any meaning...the only naturalness we may use on the stage, is, to be at ease while we are there!"

Mrs Brookfield, rejoined: "Then, you are not ever troubled with stage-fright?"

Bursting out in a pleasing laugh, Summerville, exclaimed: "I have unfortunately, a very poor memory for learning dialogues; of course, I know the story of the play...last night, in the beginning act, I was suffering the torments of all amateurs; I wished to create a fine impression with you; however, this horror, stage-fright came over me, I had forgot my lines; I made rediculous errors and, when I get into these categories, I make-up my own dialogue: if you will recall it! do you remember that Miss Ashton seemingly was laughing unusually much--well, she was laughing at me by poking this as fun at my mistakes by remarking about amnesia and thick-tongue when we were seated on the garden-bench; at the moment when Mr Hugh Warde, as her father, Mr Leverege, was walking up and down, soliloquizing...she was greatly perturbed at my nervousness...its unusual for one of my experience to become so disorganized with my character--she did not know that I was playing for friends and was making a sorry mess of my part....Did my two young friends, Mr Hugh Warde and Mr Misha Moscovitz interest you in their characterizations? both of these men are younger tham me, Warde is twenty-two, also, Moscovitz is about the same age!"

Miss Brookfield hurriedly spoke up: "My, how I would hate to meet that villain, Moscovitz--he is as repulsive as a snake!" Jane's voice while speaking, had a revulsive meaning; because, she pushed herself away from the breakfast table....

"If you were introduced to this young gentleman you would not recognize any similarity of personality...Misha is a remarkably versatile person--a real artist, paints and plays the violin, sings with delightful charm; tell exquisite stories and argue like a philosopher...he is one of my dear friendsand, if I like him, you may understand that he surely must have excellence...he is a-stage-villain, a 'chiller' who does not seek to win the hearts of the matinee-girls as my part in the drama!--his is a far more difficult character than the one that I portray!"

They had risen now and were moving on out into the garden; Edwin asked Miss Jane if she cared for the leading-lady Miss Ashton?

At times Miss Brookfield could without much effort, restrain her inner thoughts by her outward expressions--now she was at loss in disguising her feelings; Jane scarcely did so, her cheeks slightly rosed while taking command of herself...in truth, when watching this actress last night, she realized that she was commencing to feel frightfully jealous--Miss Ashton's love-making was entirely too realistic; she thought,"how could an actress make love so passionately to Edwin,

without feeling those tender emotions?" also, it caused her to squeamishly squirm inside, witnessing Summerville take the heroine in his arms so lover-like, fondly kiss Miss Ashton--she hated the woman....Jane replied: "She is exceptionally handsome on the stage--is she when off?" ignoring, whether she cared for the leading-woman's acting.

Facetiously, shrugging his shoulders to Miss Brookfield's question he nicely explained: "It is obviously not good form to discuss one's friends; however, as you question, I shall be candid; Miss Ashton is a frump, off! if she should have been handsome, she may not have become the splendid actress she is...a beautiful face rarely may be made to 'make-up' charmingly, before the foot-lights: a woman with much character in her features, with an emphasized nose, mouth and so forth and, knowing the art of painting her face, will, become exceptionally beautiful in stage-lighting...Miss Ashton is one of the finest women I have ever worked opposite to, and to my great loss, she is remaining here in Portland--has joined the George L Baker Stock Company: this man induced her, offering Miss Ashton a much higher salary--Jenks is almost ill about it! foolishly, he did not have her under contract....A Miss Mayfair, is to take her place--she meets our company when we reach Sacramento: this woman is equally almost as fine an artist as Ashton...."

Miss Brookfield reasoned, the leading-lady may be a frump, but, she would have tosee for herself, because, she thought; "When a woman can be so mavelous in attractiveness. idealy feminine as a lover...could it be possible that Mr Summerville is telling all the truth?" as these two walked along the row of rose bushes; Jane managed to in a manner, recover somewhat from her inner irritancy, by saying what had no relationship to the woman that she was jealous of, by remarking: "Surely, I would hate to have anybody introduce into my society a person oily-secretive as Mr Moscovitz!"

Summerville, knew that Jane was prejudiced in her judgment of a man, whom, if she knew him, and then saw him play the stage version of his character in the play, she would be utterly astonished that an artist may have such mastery of acting...Edwin was just as pleased, because, really, he had in ever manner avoided his two companions the pleasure of calling at his apartment--he was so afraid of the charming manner that Mr Warde and Moscovitz had when thay met women, especially so beautiful as Miss Brookfield....Jane, within herself, was not equally as free in her mind regarding rivals as was Edwin--she constantly remembered that the persom she was growing so fond of, almost everynight was holding an actres in his arms--how can a person do such things unfeelingly?

"Were you interested in MrWarde's interpretation of the heroine's father?" reflected Summerville, because he wished to get an understanding of his companion's ideas are in regard to stage-art.

"How realistic, seemingly, Mr Warde was, an old gentleman and, he held my attention, because, of his gentle and cosiderate way he affectionately spoke to(Jane hated the woman) his daughter!"

"How odd, you seemingly judge these two young men wholly by the appeance of their stage-characters! and, in reality, they are extremely similar in personality--morally they are much alike, neither drink or smoke, also, strangely, Mr Moscovitz attends church every Sunday if conditions permit;"(in truth if it were known, Misha Moscovitz's heart--in it was not indolence, that impassivity of feeling nor the absence of life; he was buoyant with spirit but, to anybody that should be a barrier to his wishes, his heart was cold as a frogs).

Hearing Mr Summerville remarke that Miss Ashton was not continuing on as a member of the Jenks theatrical troupe, also, that she was remaining here in Portland, greatly pleased Jane; caused her to feel

restful instantly...unknowingly, her claims on Mr Summerville had been growing strong in her heart...her attending the playhouse last evening and seeing Edwin in his real milieu, contrasted with her former acquaintance; Jane comprehended that Summerville was a talented gentleman--an actor of great merit; this strang artistic-animation, a radiant-breath of invisable something, now seemed to inflame her passion for him in a newer manner--he was a new personality....

As Mrs Brookfield, Jane and their breakfast-guest walked about the garden; Summerville remarked; "How beautiful roses grow here in Portland!" MrsBrookfield, was now showing Edwin her choicest blooms, while explaining, "It is the humidity!" she exclaimed; "The great Duglas firs in our northwest excell all other building timber...in Clatsop county, there is one tree standing two hundred feet in height and sisteen-feet through at its base--probably fifteen-hundred years old; indicating, recording that the present humidity and of the past are much the same...our weather here is not well liked by newcomers who prefer the toronados and bitter zero weather in the East: our winters are cold, but would be called comparatively mild with yours, although we have too much winter-rain: strangely, New York City and Portland have the same number of inches of rain through the year...."

Summerville, agreeably remarked: "To me, the West has fascinated me...!" whether it was his heart which was seeing all this grandeur or his agreeable nature? the arctic-circle would be to him possibly a delightful place if Miss Brookfield resided there!

....They could hear the front-door bell ringing; Mrs Brookfield excused herself and went into the house. Miss Brookfield and Summerville walked toward the orchard where the big cherrytree was and sat down on its circular-bench.

"Seemingly, to me, Mr Summerville,.." Summerville cut in: "Would it be too intimately-friendly, if you would call me Edwin!" he smilingly interposed... Jane, in a manner that showed her pleasure, replied, "Why! that is a delightful and kindly suggestion of you! also, it would be complementarily fine if you used my given name in the same manner!" ...however, what I was saying; it seems, that Mother and I have known you for a great while and the thoughts about your leaving Portland, (Jane, truly meant us,) at the end of the coming three weeks will cause us to experience the sensation of blankness in our society...."

Summerwille, nervously happy in receiving Jane's friendly expression, also, rejoined: "Your frankness in considering our comradery gives me more pleasure than you may imagine...my acquaintance with your Mother and yourself, will remain long within my thoughts as one of my cherished experiences Miss Mm Jane!" hesitantly, he laughed; "Oh, you delight me beyond all expectations, Mm M Jane! or plain Jane." these two burst out into joyous merriment, with friendly laughter....

Janes face revealed her inner feelings; she was delightfully animated, because she sensed now that she was especially held in his estimation far greater than a mere acquaintance; but, yet lingered in her mind what she saw last night, stirred in her heart the continual picture of that Ashton-woman who brought to the surface, the adolescent thoughts, her budding love for Summerville...she must hide her tender secret, she must restrain her flaming emotions; because, it is he, to be the first in disclosing these the most beautiful of all passions!

"I know that you have had the happy achievement in making Mother and me your friends, also, very much may miss the agreeable times you have spent in our home and in our city!...it has been a constant pleasure to us in having you experience a small bit of home-life with Mother and I since you have been away from your dear parents...." Jane was exhausting her superlatives with tender awkwardness of a schoolgirl and

was beginning to feel as if she were troubled as was Mr Summerville last night with stage-fright....

"Jane, the amiableness of your mother and the kindly manner you have shown me, by making me feel very much at home; is a friendliness that I seldom meet with during my theatrical trouping...it must be the 'Western-spirit' left over from the pioneers!"

Miss Brookfield laughed as if she questioned the Pioneers whom have been over-glamourized; "The western-spirit does not exist! the early people when they arrived here had to be helpful to one another, because of necessity and, this was noticable to visitors who were received with elaborate-attention in feasting was because, anything became a change in their monotony--their personalities were not in the least changed by their environment--their 'wooly' vulgar hilarity, seemingly was mistaken for goodfellowship...nice people are always fine, whereever they may be!" Jane, sensed that she was getting into an endless entanglement, continued by saying: "We took a liking to you from the very beginning of our acquaintance; you were a showman, and, they in general are fairly well understood as rather foreward--circusmen rob henroosts!" she gaily laughed, and went on;"As we had no chickens, we became assured that you would have to prey on our neighbour's--we were safe!"

Joyously they laughed at the unexpected humor; "You are revealing a sense of jolity which I did not ever think could be possible from one who in all apperances display staidness of the old school!" rejoined Summerville.

"Why, Edwin! and you judged me as one sedate!...well, I am not different from others--I enjoy being jolly; it is you who are dull in the manner of what is amusingly good fun!"

"Well, the reason that I have not been filching the roosts about, has been from my casual observations--there are not any available.... And from now on I am more happy than a sailor on shore-leave!"

How these tow grew intimately friendly; they became more understanding of eachother in the past hour than in the whole period of their acquaintance...."You permitting me the privilege of addressing you by your given-name, causes me to think what a splendid name Jane is!" nicele put it; how charmingly charmed is a lover with the sound of his sweethearts name! "My name, how I hate it! why my parents gave me such an appellative has caused many half-griefs!"

"Well, many kings have borne that distinction, however, would it not be fine to shorten it somewhat, by calling you 'Win,' if 'Ed' is not pleasing...." "Oh, that is great! but, Ed, what a splendid name for a dog-catcher! But do not ever call me Winnie, because, I hated a schoolmate bearing that name--she, poor thing had awful buck-teeth...is it not stange how we at times dislike a person because of an afflition--this young woman could play a violin dreamingly-beautiful! also, when she closed her mouth, even she was good to look at...a cabbage, would not be 'more sweet' if it were called rhubarb...."

Clapping her hands quietly, Jane exclaimed: "'Win' is your title!" she laughed pleasently.

"When a schoolboy I took my parents to task about the name they gave me, nevertheless, they let me know that it was them that was to be pleased and that I should like it...I told them that I did not! why, not! Wellington, Washington or some other high sounding name as Jefferson!" Father rejoined, how would you enjoy being nicked with Well, Wash or Jeff, the hash-slinger--if you deport youself propper as a gentleman, your appellation will take on a substantial tome! I submitted, and since, have not ever liked the sound of it; but, as you suggested Win--it is almost as sweet and high-sounding, as Jane!"

Summerville's humourous anicdotal account of his boyhood; delightfully amused Miss Brookfield...."My, but I must leave you for my work at the theatre...I have enjoyed this morning and your exquisite breakfast more than I may express with many usless words!" Edwin was rising reluctantly, also, braving himself for a request which would mean much to his future happiness, he asked: "May I ask, please, would your mother think it unseeming in me, asking her permission to permit me the privilege of writing to you and her? goodness, the thoughts of being without your mother's and especially your company give me unpleasant feelings, Miss Jane!"

"Mother, I am very sure would be delighted in keeping up your acquaintance! positively, for myself it would mean much to me, are we not friends!"

CHAPTER VII

THE JENKS THEATRICAL COMPANY had been gone from Portland about three weeks; the Brookfield home was as near the indefinable in words as the onward moving days that were heading toward winter--Fall's, drowsy atmosphere may be painted in in colour-words that gives one the aspect of its beauty; However, to describe the blankness in Janes heart, her home, the goneness of things....even her music, echoed in her music-room in sympatetic sadness to the voiceless-thoughts seemingly reflected from everything....The postman had sounded the bell, and, in their mail-box were two letters, both were postmarked Los Angles, also, the hand-writing was unfamiliar--one was for Mrs Brookfield and the other was addressed to Jane...with a pounding heart, nervously she ran into the kitchen and gave Mrs Brookfield her's; without a word, ran upstairs to her old room that had been blessed by the man she passionately loved --there yet, was a faint odour of tobacco and man-smell permeating the atmosphere--to her this scent, was a fragrance delightfully exciting to her senses....

Miss Brookfield's hands trembled much and, at last she scaned the letter that was to cause her much happiness.

'Dear Jane: Honestly, my Dear, should be more truthful--you may have surmised my irresistible passion for you all the while I have been in your company, but, to be candidly outspoken...I love you so much that my mind is in a dazed but pleasurable feeling; could this mean psychicly, that your heart is harmonously in tune with my own? to have told you this long ago was my greatest desire, however, to be forward in showing you my profound affections, possibly, may have caused me to appear in your eyes extremely presumptuous; nevertheless, you know now what is the most charming experience I have ever been thrilled with...I love you! is not these the grandest three words you have ever read or heard? the happiness of my future, seemingly, tells me you will write a letter to me more beautiful than your music is in sound and, charming as your own lovely self!'

'In my letter to your Dear Mother I am asking her permission in seeking you as my future wife and yet, it is you who will help me persuade your lovely Mother that I will become a fine son to her--the hidden-powers--those mysterious agencies that carries the radiating forces of my love, tells me, that you are as happy about all this blessed event as if we could hear the church-bells calling us to the altar on our wedding-day....'

'I am so thrilled with love for you, truly my mind is in such an excess of stupefying lightness that I can hardly play my 'part's' as I should. the other night, Miss Mayfair said: (aside) "What in the world has come over you--In New York, you used to be the finest sort of an actor and now you are returning into a perfect amateur!" is not that the sign that I am in need of a psychiatrist? or you, to place me again in equilibrium!'

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'Since our troupe left Portland, we have been as prosperous as we were while there--is not this remarkable!'

'One week from the day you receive this letter, we will move eastward down through Texas and on to New Orleans; then, north up the Mississippi valley to Saint Louis, from there, slowly playing the towns until we reach New York City by Christmas....'

'With the profoundest love for your dear Mother and your sweet self; forever 'Win.' P. S. win it must be!'

Tears of joy were wetting Miss Brookfield's lashes. Hearing her mother ascending the stairs, she hurriedly brushed away the emotional evidence of her inner joy.

Mrs Brookfield was carring in her hand the open letter that she had just read; her face indicated the appearance that she had learned something of a very pleasing nature. Exceptionally delighted, she said to her daughter: "Had you any idea that Mr Summerville was in love with you? did you encourage him in any manner?" she smilingly enquired....Jane did not need too. Her natural allure, soulfulness, the spiritualities of her superlative qualities--her delghtful manner of rendering the beauty in musical compositions, were enough in encouraging almost any male who is physically able to speak purposely ....Jane was not differant from all young persons who love to be admired, but she ____ instinctively-well-knew that it was the man's prerogative in exciting love...."Not in the least, Mother! we became such good acquaintances that I permitted him the privilege of using my given-name and, he the same with me! why?" Miss Brookfield now was visibly nervous and her mother could discern her daughter's emotions in her awakening-love for their departed guest.

"Mr Summerville has asked me for your hand in marriage!" the reality of this thought spoken aloud caused Jane to fall into her mother's arms and, they, in this astonishing-scene had a joyous, tearful cry....

Recovering, somewhat, this beautiful morning was about the most joyous of Autumns delightful days--the birds were caroling in harmony with the sentiments evoked by this startling change in these two women's remarkable experience--the aspect of all romance for Jane.

"We must answer Edwin's letter immediately! so that it will reach him upon his arrival in Dallas, Texas." said Mrs Brookfield.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DELIGHTFUL DAYS were rapidly passing to these happy women; Jane and her mother were having something interesting to talk about; how they examined the many fine qualities Mr Summerville seemingly was endowed with; his lack of posing--his gentlemanly manners were spread out in various ways denoting that he had been reared well in his home-life or all of this in him was innate; he had told the Brookfield's about the character of his father and the loveliness of his mother, also, that his sister and he had from their childhood grown up great pals ...."I heard Father at one time reminiscencing about his college-days, in which he told about a young students delightfulness; however, within one weeks acquaintance, the young fellow commenced telling Father that his brothers were despicabl double-crossing cheats; also, that his father was mean in common ways...Father thought, how strange of this chap to be telling him what was of no concern of his--reflecting on all this he concluded, if this young man holds his relatives in such low esteem, it is evident, that for nothing at all he may think and speak ill of me!...I shall not ever for-get this because, Mother, he continued, when ever you hear anybody speaking mean about his own people, rest assured, that person will become injurious to you!" Jane was growing quite out of breath; she was helping her mother in the kitchen-garden and had rested from spading up potatoes..."Win told me that his sister and mother would enjoy us as sincerely as much as he did!..also saying that you were very similar to his parent in disposition! how pleasurable it will be when we meet his family...his Aunt Ida, he went on in a kindly manner by saying that she was the dearest one of all, but for one reason; she wants him to marry a girl that he would not have for a housemaid! when we are married and he finds that I am not fit for such domestic-slavery, Win may wish that he had taken the rich girl who Aunt Ida selected!"

Mrs Brookfield smiled at her daughter while rejoining: "Do not give the thought, concern; Edwin, without any question, I am sure is far more a better judge of what kind of a woman is suitable for his life-mate than anybody may suggest...."

How anxious these women were, as they awaited Mr Summerville's next letter. Jane was happily aroused--her mind was wandering in a world of fanciful hopes;"'T is strange, love, and marriage so changes the even ways formerly, I was living through...soon I will be a wife--experiencing what all married women have longed for! and I, feel, as if it were all a dream, myself, a character in a novel that has transformed into reality--a passion that has awakened, by coming into being as Galatea who finds herself in the strangeness--the world of idea!" she thought...she knew no leisure; every moment had its cramping in a continuity endlessly confusing..'will Win's parents like me and, will his sister Mary regard me favorably--sister-in-laws are rarely cared for!" musingly studied Jane.

Mrs Brookfield, was seated in her usual place on the front-porch crocheting; musing about her happy girlhood, also, the struggling period of her life with her pioneering parents...then came on the great joy of her own marriage;the mean conditions under which she and Mr Brookfield had to manage through--patching his clothes; the miserably poor pay he received from his clients, and then joyous categories came on, a fine home and Jane came; now the moving cycles are renewing newer events for her offspring who knows not what hardships are--the rich clothes and necessities Mr Summerville had, and Jane is to marry in to a comfortable station of....Mrs Brookfield saw The Wells & Fargo Express driver stop his wagon at their front-gate, get down and with a small package and book, enter, approach her, saying: "A package for MIss Jane Brookfield."

Jane was playing the piano more leisurely than with her usual spirit: she must have heard the expressman walking on the porch or his shaddow flicking pass the parlor windows--anything to kill the boredom of her studying, she came out and MrsBrookfield gave her daughter the package while she signed for it...tearing the paper from off it disclosed a man's collar-box; lifting the lid, there came into view, two letters and, under these was a small velvet covered ring-box; Jane sprung the the lid and adazzling diamond ring sparckled gaily as light could glitter from a stone, large, almost as a dime.... ah's and oh's gasped these two startled and delighted women...."Jane, Edwin, truly must be rich! that diamond is larger than Mary Failing's!"

Hastily they opened their letters....'My Dear Jane: For you to realize now, that I am in a mental state, nervous, nervous as I will be when I slip the band over your precious finger on our wedding-day! so, now, I wish that your Dear Mother will place this Engagement-ring on your finger and kiss you for me, because, Mother will know happy I would feel if I were there,holding you in my arms,that means for eternity!'

'It was love at first sight, the June afternoon you appeared on the porch when I saw you for the first time; and, blissful dreams of you which are scened in your orchard under the cherrytree...I, voicelessly pleading what you may have seen that were expressions of my heart, only to be read from my eyes: seemingly, you uncomprehendingly, showed not the least recognition that my passion for you was radiant with vivacity, caused by the warming beauty of yourself!and to think I was so unfortunate at the time, not to have taken you in my arms and breathed words of my undying love for you...however, I have joyous thoughts dwelling about those summer days, the real enjoyable one's of my life....'

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'We are playing the towns as we travel slowly, move onward; we have left Dallas and will reach New Orleans by the time this reaches you....I am playing my 'parts' not well...Miss Mayfair tells me that, "You are a manikin that walks and talks,..."'

Win, was an ideal lover; because, he did not ever run out of superlatives... .

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October and November wore into December and, Mr Summerville wrote that they were a month ahead of schedual; they arrived in the great city--the grand event came to Summerville; he wrote, that Hugh Warde, Misha Moscovitz and he were engaged to play on 'Broadway' with his name in flaming gas-lights...he was given the privilege of selecting his 'leading-woman'--he was sending west for Miss Ashton,..Miss Mayfair was too gushy at times, also over-played her characters--had no sense of impressionism and lacked much those spiritual qualities, that are the same in all branches of the fine arts....

This good news pleased the happy women; nevertheless, it overwhelmed Jane, engulfed her back into that state of jealousy--she hated 'that' woman...Mrs Brookfield and Jane had in company with Mrs Smythe gone to one of the George L Baker Stock Co., performances and, seeing Miss Ashton again, caused within her to arise the same old jealousies; however to learn that this actress was to be Win's leading woman, was one of things that no doubt, the wives of actors have to bear--if Miss Brookfield knew the mechanical experiences artists on the stage went through--their hugs with kisses without feeling, she may not take the stage-scenes as they appear!

"Jane, imagine you becoming the wife of a celebrated stage-star! How envied will women feel about you being the loved one of a matinee idol..,!"

This success of her fiance gave Jane a pleasing sense of delight,

but, to live in a constant category of doubts, intolerant of rivalry! whether it may be Ashton or another actress was not a pleasing aspect, being the wife of a Broadway artist..."Win said that Miss Ashton was a frump!" she remembered, "Nevertheless, it could not be possible for all actresses who are beautiful to be free from dowdiness!"

Gloomy winter with incessant rains commenced the beginning of December; however, this did not depress the joyousness that was unfolding in Janes heart; Win had to attend a meeting with his managers about the contract he was to sign, before he could set the period in which they could be married; that is, suitable to Jane s wishes--notwithstanding, theirs was to be a hurried wedding; these were many of the excitable things pertaining to this glorious event that was to hasten the comimg year, changes, arousing a medley of disjointed anticipatory reveries....

A few days before Christmas, a number of boxes cameand, how tempting were the Brookfield's to open what was marked plainly--open on Christmas morn ing....

The weather had changed toward a white Christmas; Portland became mantled in snow--it was not cold, because there was not a bit of wind. Sleigh-bells were jingling and, merriment was to be seen round the town; numbers of pretty sleighs were driving everywhere with joyous rose-faced girls and boys gleefully revealing that life is all happiness....why this cold substance is so gay, probably is because to the eye, before, the usual was unconsciously a monotony--the trasnformation excites wonder into gaity....

Christmas morning came with the sky over-cast, being filled delightfully with great flakes that were wiggling down delicately without sound; it was impossible to see clearly much over a few yards...Brookfield's orchard and garden was a fairy-land of exciting beauty....Mother and Jane were late in rising; they had been to the Church Christmas Eve and had retired late--they concluded that they would have their breakfast before the exciting experience examining what was instore for them, in their Christmas-boxes...nervously happy, and just as they were to sit down to their breakfast, the door-bell began ringing frightfully; Jane rushed to the front door, as she was unboalting it, she could hear someone stompping snow from off his boots; swinging the door open she saw Santa Claus standing there with his masque, red as his coat , also his long and full beard covered with snow...mirthfully in glee, Jane laughingly exclaimed: How do you do Santa Claus, are you belated? has your raindeer ran away?"

In a squeaky, peculiar falsetto, Santa replied: just at the moment Mrs Brookfield appeared walking down the hall and joined her daughter in the pleasing merriment: thinking what what a surprising scene; also Santa saluted Jane's mother: "Yes, my raindeer ran away, bumped me out right at your gate--they for the first time refused to obey my commands! I smelled the fragrance of your coffee and thought it may be possible that you folks may refresh me for I am frightfully hungry, tired from my long journey--now I have no place to go!"

"So you have lost your dears!

"No indeed not, my dears are hear! I came to give you an everlasting present!..."

Mrs Brookfield and Jane by now became excitedly interested; Santa Claus took from off his back a big bag from which he took out some packages and handed them to Jane and her mother...Jane hastily unwrapped her's, opened a jewel case and it contained a beautiful emerald ring encrusted with rubbies, also the case Mrs Brookfield had opened held a lovely neckless...they both gasped out: "Who in the world has given us such lovely things?"

"From me!" half squeaking with merry laughter--then his voice broke into sounds Jane well knew; off came his false-face and there was Summerville who took her in his arms; Jane became faint with joy

for a long moment; after her limpness had passed and, being smothered with kisses; then Edwin pushed her off gently, held her at arms length, beaming at his darling with [illegible] love-lit eyes, again crushed Jane affectioately as her lovely face cuddled against his: "How I have longed for this moment!" Then he gave Mrs Brookfield hugs of tenderness with a warm kiss....A moment after, he exclaimed: "I am burning up in these arctic-flannels--I must remove them; how Santa stands them, is beyond me!...no wonder his face is so rosey!" Win backed through the door on to the porch and removed all the reality Santa Claus ever had, his whiskers and red coat....The Smythe children were passing by the front gate and saw Santa taking off his clothes--they did not wonder much, they acted....

"My, how good it feels to be with you again! the snow has changed the landscape into a scene of beauty and, even you with all variety have grown more beautiful--can it be that time improves you...."

Mrs Brookfield cut in: "Breakfast will 'improve' us all!.we were just sitting down to it and your astonishing, pleasing surprise has caused us to forget our hunger! you will breakfast with us will you not?""

"With the greatest pleasure!" rejoined Edwin, "it is not more than one hour ago that I got off the train, I have been so eager to be with you; to find a place where I could transform into Santa that I had not time to think about refreshment...memories of my first breakfast with you has remained a delightful picture in my mind and, to have a Christmas-breakfast, will not in the least blot out the former with all of the present breakfast with its coming delights! what a fine present it will be!"

"Presents! yours were sent off many days ago to your home in Green Point--how far is that suburb out from New YorkCity?" Mrs Brookfield remarked.

"How fine of you, thank you! my Sister Mary will take care of them. Green Point, is just across the East River; its about an hours ride from Forty-fifth street.

Having finished their breakfact, they were just rising from the table when the door-bell rang; Jane ran to the door; Mother and Win heard Jane exclaim: "Well of all things, Santa Claus has returmed...you are rather small!" Santa's coat was flapping on a little fellow who asked: "May we have Santa's suit to play with?" Jane knew this voice all too well; gleefully she laughed, while replying: "Surely you may, our Santa Claus is through with it for this year! however, you must bring it back before the next Christmas!" Mother and Summerville heard the fun, came to the door and saw the little chap toilsomely push himself through the deep snow across the garden to where his companions were waiting--what joy these youngsters were having with a falseface and a red coat....

Mrs Brookfield and Jane were now opening their presents fron New York. More jewelry of various kinds, furs, from Mr and Mrs Summerville and, from Mary to Jane were those dainty feminine-things that women so love...."My, what a grand Christmas!" thought Miss Brookfield and her mother.

"My parents with Mary are leaving for Florada during the second week in January, to winter! they are delaying their journey in order for the pleasure of meeting their new relatives...does not that sound delightful!"exclaimed Edwin enthusiastically. "The winters are too severe on Father--he suffers much with rheumatism...it only them and Mary whom know why I am out West and, for what purpose--they are waiting, anxiously, to see the bride and daughter-in-law."

Mrs Brookfield broke in: "So soon!"

Win rejoined: "But, think of me! have not I been waiting since the first of July...?" Miss Jane broke into peals of joyous laughter.

"Nobody is to know that I am in Portland--my mission here is in secrecy--I am known to many in the town--Miss Ashton is yet in the city; she is to be in New York City by the first of Febuary where we open in our Broadway shows...If it were known that I am here and to be married, it would raise the duce...my contract implicitly states that I am to remain a bachelor--a matinee-idol is a flop if he is a married man; so, no one is to have knowledge that I have a wife: in thw show-world, the people who fill the house are almost composed of young women; because, it is they who are so greatly interested in love problems, also, these love-sick one's, make the star a Broadway-success....So you see, I have come here to claim my bride--we must be married secretely--not a soul is to know this but you two and my parents!"

Jane and her mother gaped in surprised wonder, utterly blank with astonishment.

Summerville, continued: "Theatrical people here would learn all this if it is not a hidden matter--such makes theatrical-news--it would be published in the 'Mirror' a publication that is wholly printed for the interests of actors...I would be ruined, because, as I stated, my contract precludes me the privilege of getting married during its length...."

The astonished Mrs Brookfield, enquired: "How may such a thing be done and, not become known? also, It will be a somewhat embarrassing matter for us to arrange our social status without creating a very condition of mystery...?

Summerville interjected: "Allow me the pleasurable-privilage of making all this perfectly obvious; that is, you have relatives in New york City whom wish you to visit them, also, that Miss Jane is to perfect her musical studies--we can make all this a very likely story in such a manner that it may create interesting pleasure with your friends! we will find a propper solution, so, we will not worry about this part of the matter....The important thing is to arrange about our preperations for leaving Portland--I have not a day that I can spare...you are to close up your house: we will go to Vancouver; Jane and I will be married; you will start East; we will honeymoon in Seattle; from there, we will join you in Ogden and thence on to my home where you will meet my parents; they are awaiting the pleasure of seeing you before going to Florida...is not that delightfully simple...."

"Simple!" reiterated Mrs Brookfield,"my dear Win, what you mean call simple, is merely the idea, anybody may plan but, to act becomes a very complicated problem--the work and worry of a woman you do not quite understand; all that you ask will create mystery--astonish my closest friends...they all know that I am without resources and that I have no rich relatives!"

Summerville laughed heartily and Jane joined in the humor of laughable situation. "You see Mother, in stage-plays and novels there are climactic surprises!..."the long-lost heir!"..."the rich uncle!"... you surely have one of my letters not yet a week old, the envelope, I may use by placing a letter that I will compose--dicovering you, from, a distant relative...having learned of your misfortune and so forth; this you may show to some of your intimate friends...."

"Well if you think it possible we will have our first adventure!" exclaimed Mrs Brookfield.

"Tonight, I will go to some second-rate hotel; from there I will communicate with you by telephone."

Happy Jane enjoyed this hugely: "This is our first 'family-controversy--I am not contumacious!...I am going to look at my presents ....when you are redy to marry, I will be there!" gleefully laughing as she kissed Win, before leaving his side....

CHAPTER IX

AWAITING IN THE Grand Central Station in New York City, was Miss Mary Summerville; anybody knowing Edwin Summerville would recognize Mary as Edwin's sister. They appeared so much alike, as if they were twins; of course, Miss Mary was femininely the handsomer in the manner of womenliness; her good fortune endowed her with a loveable disposition--how she worshiped her brother....To Mary this was an anxious hour, eagerly, she was waiting to see her sister-in-law...she knew that her brother had met and married into an excellent family--to her, her brother the prince, cannot do wrong; Edwin, in her judgment was always agreeably correct she thought: "My, what a lovely woman Jane must be!" As she walked about the Waiting-room, where, at moments she could see the onrushing trains thundering into the station: Mary thought,"How strange, of all the splendid girl friends of her's whom have in proper womanly alluring ways tried to become her brother's sweetheart and, now he is married to a Western-girl; surely, Miss Brookfield must have had an excellence, surpassing those qualities of my dear friends!"

"There they are!" she exclaimed; for, she saw Edwin with a very aristocratic gentlewoman on his arm and, with them, was, just about the handsomest young woman imaginable!

Beaming with delight she rushed up to Jane and took her in her hugging clasp, that astonished her sister-in-law for one second--instantly shè knew Mary, because , she looked so familiar--she had seen photographs of Summerville's family...."I knew you would be in appearance the very image, Brother described and, I love you with all of my heart!"

Jane was made speechless, by such a warm welcoming: kissed her new sister lovingly: then, Mrs Brookfield was also as delighted as a woman may feel in meeting a member of Summerville's family..."Hurry, old Dan has been as anxious to see his new friends as I have been and, the horses are as nervous as we have been, too!--they know something is up!" laughed Mary.

"And, who is Dan?" questioned Mrs Brookfield. In the usual pleasing manner Win replied: "Old Dan is one of the family, he has been with us since I was a baby--he is Father's hostler....In their family-carriage they drove to Summerville's home, across the East River to Green Point.

If a daughter-in-law ever came into a home more joyously received --Jane was the 'premiere!' Her new relatives recognized the Brookfield's as excellent appearing persons and received Jane and herMother graciously--the two mother's were exquisitely kind in their warmth...Mary could not hug Jane and her brother enough, while repeating over and again: "I knew Edwin that you found the right girl to fall in love with!"

Aunt Ida was somewhat crestfallen, to think with all of her planning it had come to nought; however, after seeing the Brookfield's she recognized that Her nephew had really married a gentlewoman....

The home-coming dinner was a happy affair;the event commenced with 'a toast to the bride,' whom was accepted joyously as a new member of the Summerville society...after this delightful dinner they returned to the sitting room where they spent a restful evening, becoming acquainted with their new relations...exchanging anicdotal experiences--the ways of the western country; its customs and climate: Father Summerville inquired about the commercial industries; also, if there were indians yet to be seen, if the 'outlaws' were as precarious as the general news depicted so vividly....

"Our town is as free of indians and crime, probably much more peaceful than your own New York; the people are so occupied in making fortunes that it is rare that men resort to chriminal measures!" informingly replied Mrs Brookfield.

Mary was anxious to show Jane their home; she took her away from the older one's who were conversing about matters that she was sure would not interest her: Jane was surprised when entering the large music-room and library...on the grand piano lay a beautiful violin, which held Jane's attention: "Who of the family plays this instrument?" as she touched the taut-strings of the violin..."Father was a fair performer until his arthritis came upon him; however, one of Win's actor-friends plays with marvelous skill; occasionally he comes in and plays for Father and me; Misha Moscovitz is his name--he is a delightful gentleman!" this name, Jane recalled, must be the actor who performed the part of the villain with such character that he gave her the 'creeps;' causing her to think that she'would hate to know such a man.'

From the musicroom they walked through the diningroom into the kitchen where the soiled dishes lay; Mary remarked: "We do not keep any servants but old Dan...Mother is old fashioned; thinks, where there are so many women in the house they should be able to care for its needs, and, to make this obvious, she feels that one has no privacy with maids and cooks; so we are all servants to ourselves!" laughingly Mary exclaimed.."Aunt Ida is a marvelous houskeeper with our assistance! Me! I can boil water prety well and I suppose you can burn and boil pots over as delightful as I!" Jane, joined in by remarking that she had made her first bicuits one morning when they had Win for breakfast: "Your Brother thought they were delicious!"

"Brides biscuits are always just that," however, I made some and, Win thought that they would be splendid for throwing at cats!"

From the kitchen, Jane was shown into Edwin's bedroom, where she and Edwin were to stay; it was a large room,, well -appointed with two beds: the windows faced the back-garden; these held Jane's attention, because she could see through them the fine grounds in the waning-light; looking around the room she saw a splendid painting of Summerville; it excited her attention ; "My, what a remarkable likness!" "Yes, we all think it is wonderful; Mr Moscovitz executed it about one month before Win went out west with the Jenks Theatrical troupe." "And he paints so well as this portrait appears? Why, he truly is extremely versatile--violinist, painter and actor--I saw him on the stage and I thought him horrible, he was as despicable as the character he represented!"exclaimed Jane. Mary, rejoined: "When you meet Misha, you will marvel about how you judged the man by his art and not the talent he was realistically portraying: Edwin recognizes Moscovitz as a remarkable genius!" eulogized Mary. "We all are delighted with his companionship--he has the run of the house, and Father enjoys Misha ever so much, because, he can do many clever things one would least suspect his aptitudes may lead--one night he had been performing on the violin and then told Father a story in broken-English about a German musician; it so excited my parents humor, that it caused Misha to carry on farther in horse-play; he whispered to me that when he called out to me from the kitchen to commence playing a lively Jig for his entree on the stage; well, he left the room for a short moment; while gone, he turned his coat wrongside out, pulled his 'dicer' down over his ears, took some catsup and reddened his nose; as I started my lively tune, he came in, astonishingly changed--he soliloquized remarkably funny in the regular vaudeville-manner, also danced a jig with the artistry of a professional...this sort of fun one would scarcely believe him capable of doing, because he is so refined in his appearance--however, he looks as if he were endowed with uncommon talents!"

"I have not yet been free from my first impressions of this actor! Mother, many times, has told me not to judge a person too critically by their appearance, but, from their acts!" casually remarked Jane.

"I thing he is wonderful--I could have fallen in love with Misha, if he should have paid me those little attentions that has meaning; however he is delicately amiable; but, good-naturedly amicable."

rejoined Mary; "Misha is frightfully magnetic, seemingly, at all times knows just how to be propper--not at all superficial ..." By this time they had reached the upstairs, viewed the whole house..."Mr Hugh Warde and Misha Moscovitz will be coming in during the week and you will have an excellent opportunity for changing your ugly first impressions of him!"

Jane's intuition in regart to Mr Moscovitz may be dispelled; however, her innate instinctiveness, those elaborate subtleties of thought that move like shaddows over one's mind as strangely as dreams--at times with much meaning and, at other moments are metaphysical abstractions of nonsense....Nevertheless, Mr Moscovitz, knew about himself what no one could know--his experiences in life had taught him the strangeness of the imponderables--how to meet the world--its shams, the insincerities of friendship...the dollar, the foremost of all things that speaks, with more power than a volume of good-will. From youth till the present, he has practiced every form of conventional demeanor, because, from his obsevations; reality at times round him are noticable superficialities--the bishop dressed in his gorgeous regalia, symbolizing, himself as a disciple of Crist, emblemizes more the pomp and paraphernalia of kings than the humble Saviour Who wore nothing more than a bed-sheet--whom do these apostles impress in all of this 'reality' of the superficial--the washerwoman, the stupid ; also, the academic, who accept this as an art-form for the purpose of awing the multitude whom furnish this wealth, without receiving in returne a peaceful environment; because, the bishop similar to the politician must have salaries that do not recompense those taxed! Urbanity, to Misha was a gift, not different than the hundreds of other talents man is endowed --the arts shine out, but, are are of no more special energy-forces of the mind than a cooks...the stupid-mind requires the quantity of calories equal to an intellectual....Moscovitz knew this world thoroughly in his adulthood--his superficial-polish and outer warmth covered a heart that had no feeling but the thing affected--what was good for himself--his artistry, suavity, were one thing and his inner-nature only himself knew....To his friends he showed the feeling of great warmth; if they responded not, it was no concern--indifferent as if he were a fish; showing outwardly not a bit of ill-will....

Mary and Jane had come down-stairs and entered the musicroom; Mary had asked her sister-in-law if she were too tired to play something on the piano; so Jane sat at the instrument and played quietly; without the forcefulness some performers do in order to draw attention to their artistry....in a few moments the family came in and manifested much pleasure, especially Mr Summerville who was a lover of music--the old gentleman recognize that they had another artist in their family...enjoying Jane's playing for a time; also, congratulating her for her fine taste and talent which pleased Jane very much; later, they all returned to the sittingroom where Father Summerville, returned his thoughts to the former matter that they had been discussing, that had been interrupted by the music coming from the musicroom.

What was uppermost in the old gentleman's mind astonished Mrs Brookfield very much; also held Jane's attention, because it concerned her future happiness; however, she was entering a new world, seemingly it so far was filled with romance--meeting and marrying an important personage in the theatrical profession and romantically, secretly becoming his wife, hence it was to remain a hidden matter for an indefinate period. Jane was so over-joyed in what young women experience within the aspects of love--the delights of being free from maidenhood, this milieu with its thrills; what was before her at the present, was not much that should disturbe the continuation of her now existing happiness, she was reasoning, while listening to the old gentlemans temperate haranguing

about Edwin's getting married secretly and, to keep it from the knowledge of his friends also the public....Jane did not reason about the conventions having those common turns which are natural one's; however, to chance the uncommon, toward the unpredictable things unforeseeable is not chance at all, it is inviting complications that will surely come--to be a wife and this cognizance a hidden matter from one's social acquaintances., arises not comedy fit for the stage, but, setting a stage that no fortune-teller can prophesy the denoument....Father Summerville expounded about the dignity of honesty..."Edwin has done just what I had advised him not to do; that is, he entered in a contract with his company, as a 'Broadway star,' then he secretly, without his theatrical managers knowledge, took a wife...such an act is to me a very ignoble thing to do! what he should have done was, gone to his company and made arrangements about a secret marrage, also, if it became revealed to the theatre-public, he could justify them with proper damages; because they are parties to the building-up of his fame: as it is, he is in an inextricable or bewildering state of errors, hence will, I am afraid embarrass all of us...in my business-life, such conduct I have shunned, because, to any one's nature It's detrimental to character and good business...how in the world can this all be carried on?" the old gentleman exclaimed.

"Why, by telling no body about it!" grinned his son.

"You are mistaken Edwin; we have neighbours whom we owe conventional respect; also, our Dan, he has friends, unfortunately, Dan makes errors that are human!"

"Our old hostler is much too dumb probably to bother his head about such matters...." laughed Edwin.

"How may we keep servants?"

Aunt Ida, now, entered the controversy; she became so pleased with the loveliness of her nephew's wife and the aristocratic appearance of (Auntie was a stickler about the gentry) the Brookfield's that she said: "Edwin has made no mistake in his secret marriage; who is to know about it, if we do not reveal the matter; Mre Brookfield can be presented to our acquaintances as Win's and Mary's Aunt from out West, hence, of course, Jane naturally would be their cousin; is not that simple!"

"Yes it is, it is simmilar to the 'perfect crime!' however, many of our intimate friend's will be somewhat surprised when they learn that I or Mother had sister that they did not ever hear us mention--that may involve us into a heap of explaining...."

Mary, in a jocular manner exclaimed: "Aunt Annie, could be possibly the 'black sheep' that many families have--the 'runaway-sister' who married, repented, hence restored back into the fold!"

"Oh well, I judge we will have to make the best out of the situation." worried the old gentleman.

"Well, we will get used to it will we not, Aunt Annie!" Win chuckled; "and, what do you think about all this Cousin Jane?" enquired Summerville. "I think it will be jolly fun!" replied his delighted wife.

Jane, but little realized the imponderables that would arise, following this situation when it commences--how different she will have to treat her husband while they are in the presence of others; to be the wife in private with all of its delights and to be a Miss in public, she will find it after a while frightfully boresome...having a husband so attractive in society whereas she may not shine enviously in the eyes of his feminine admirers...how strangely, in this world, is, foresight that invariably results in hindsight....

Mother Summerville sat quietly during this whole controversy without suggesting her opinion, however she closed the subject, by remarking: "Such am innocent fraud will not if found out ostracise us and, if it is, it's about time society had a good old fashioned piece of scandal!"

"Do not be sure, something may come of this far more reaching than scandal!" exclaimed Mr summerville.

"I do not know what may become of this or what to think, but, I do know that Win must have his stage-success assured, also, nothing more feasible is possible; as far as it being a disgraceful piece of deception--we are not injuring the morals of society!"

"Good for you Mother dear! you are a brick, such solidity of substantiveness is, what will help to line the box-office in my favor...." exclaimed her son.

CHAPTER X

DURING THE WEEK before the departure of Mr and Mrs Summerville with Mary for the winter in Florida; the Brookfield's were shown the interesting sights and cultural institutions of New York City; to these strangers from the West, it gave them wonder and delight; the prodigy of learning; its schools of medicine, music, painting and the great Metropolitan Museum...of course, the familiar things were the shop-windows and these are much alike in all towns the world over; its noises, poverty and general ugliness--the city's size and mentality of its people are in proportion quite equal--the taller the city structures the shorter the minds that are awed...these distractions, were pleasurably interesting as a change from the ramshackle clapboard buildings that were usual in Portland.

The Brookfield's were bringing themselves into there proper relative position as new members of the Summerville household and their delightful surroundings; as woman-like, were additional houskeepers--their splendid manners and tastes would not permit themselves to be lady-drones in so well-appointed a home...they passed their evenings in restful conversations with their new relatives; becoming better acquainted with the background of the society they found themselves cast in. The winter coolness prevented them from walking around the neighbourhood, which may interest them, because they were living in a district of splendid residences.... As Edwin Summerville's theatrical engagement would commence soon; Win was at home charmingly interesting--played duets with Jane, and at other periods of his time was spent in studying his play-dialogues; to Jane this was interesting, watching Edwin walking about, at moments assuming postures intended to express or emphasise something belonging to his 'character-part' on the stage; all the while speaking sotto voce; how handsomely-distinguished he appeared; he was naturally graceful with an ease that anyone may acquire with practice--that is, about as easy to learn as the art of a charming ballet-dancer....Jane, thought at times: "My, I woul d like to study the art of acting!" when she saw her husband practicing; she reasoned, "Acting, surely is far easier than endlessly pounding a piano!" --Strangely, one's aptitude in any branche of labour, contrasts the other person's art much less laborious--yes, house-painting requires stronger muscles than one engaged in easel-painting, while they both require the attention of a mental attitude the end result means that one's profession is not more or less tiresome than another....

The evening just before Mary and her parents were to leave for Florida; they all reviewed the unusual situation of Edwin and his secret marriage: to Jane, being married so short a while, she had not as yet become accustomed to her marital name and, now to be Cousin Jane to her husband while in the presence of those whom know not anything of this hidden matter, creats a rather awkward circumstance...Aunt Ida thinks it all so very jolly! the fact of the matter, Aunt Ida, now begins to feel that she must carefully guard her forgetfulness, because what seemingly is simple, may become frightfully disasterous in deceiving their acquaintances....Happily, Janedid not worry at all about it; romance to one with an artistic-nature, atmospherically, was delightful.

The family now fully understood the complex relation they were to assume while in the presence of strangers externally to their family-secret--it all was very similar to a plot in a 'society-drama;' just what and how the denouement will reveal; is very similar to all conditions that rattle the bones of a family-skeleton--nature eventually unveils all ordinary mysteries....

Cousin Jane and Win, having been all through with this boresome subject about their hidden-marriage for the second time; got up and left the sittingroom for the inviting musicroom where they started playing duets on the piano: this refreshing pleasure carried them on into into vocal-music...they had, both of them a very similar discriminating taste for the finest in music....Jane was accompaning Win who had about reached the end of Hahn's, "Were My Song With Wings Provided:" to the enjoyment of his mother and father, Mrs Brookfield, also Aunt Ida, whom were yet seated round the fireplace in the reception-room,listening to this splendid entertainment; to the parents, it brought back into their minds, their own youthful, loveliest days of their life...this reverie became interrupted by the ringing of the front-door bell. Mary arose and went to receive whom may be calling.

Their guests as they entered could hear the nice singing of one who's voice was familiarly well known, because, of long associations; Cousin Jane and Win, were so profoundly in their music that they had not heard their guests being let into the musicroom; however, Cousin Jane, as she was closing the last few notes of their piece, had glanced up to Win who was finishing beautifully the long last note; saw their company whom momentarily had been listening....while turning on the music-bench to rise, her gaze lingered on one of the gentlemen much longer that seeming was nessessary--the young man was handsome; strangely, he appeared so unusually different from the general run of attractive men; "Any one could tell that this person is an artist!"thought Jane.

As this young man's eyes rested on Jane's momentarily; her natural charm and, above all, her piano playing with the perfect touch of a true musician; these two elements so abstract, really sent something through his soul like a shooting-star that flashes in the heavens, then, hidden for ever, as if it were to remain like a jewel too precious to be revealed.

Mary introduced these family friends; Miss Sara Moscovitz, her Brother Misha, Mr Hugh Warde and Mr Mark Morgan; this gentleman was a member of the management whom conducted the Broadway Theatre that had engaged Mr Edwin Summerville as the leading-star.

While Jane was shaking hands with Mr Misha Moscovitz whose manner in meeting a stranger and, especially so attractive as Miss Jane Brookfield; knew the refinements exquisitly--not to be too amiable; (long ago he discovered that in meeting some persons whom resented anything in the way of friendlines; unles they knew one as being in an esoteric sense of their sect); he was a master in reading the mental attitudes--in the presence of others they must show him that tiny sign of warmth. Jane was properly gracious....She thought; while Misha had expressed some nice little affable courtesy of no moment..."May this young man be that despicable person who played the villainous-character-part in the show out in Portland last summer, who so repelled me into thinking, 'I should hate to meet that man!'--my, what an artist he must be--it does not seem possible that he could cause in the minds of his audience such disfavor!"

Mr and Mrs Summerville, with Aunt Ida, whom were old friends of these young men, had come into the room, accompanied with Aunt Annie Brookfield who was made acquainted immediately to these friends.

Misha Moscovitz and his sister Sara, lived about four squares away, and Mr Hugh Warde in company with Mr Mark Morgan had been visiting them; they had called on the Summerville's to enquire if Edwin had returned from from the Silurian Seas Salt Mining property, that he was supposed to have been on a mission for his father....

Jokingly, Mark Morgan asked Mr Summerville if Eswin 'was worth his salt' while inspecting the family property...? the old gentleman laughing repl ied: "If Edwin were as poor an actor as he is an executant of mining,

your company probably would have him employed in scene-shifting when not engaged in carrying spears!"

Mr Hugh Warde joined in by remarking:"You must remember when Win and I started out with the Genks troupe you told me that Edwin would have to walk back! that it would be useless for him to send for fare; your prognostications did not take into consideration about him walking on to 'Broadway' herald, the coming-star! ---almost every parent wishes his son to be a business man: now you will have to admit your boy, with all of the dicouragement you have pictured for him has come to nought...my parents wished me to be a civil engineer; when my gaduation took place I was a much better amateur actor than an engineer...Misha's father wished him to follow the dairy business--why in the world do not fathers' consult with astrologers or pray directly to theGiver of All Things for the kind of a son they wish, instead of trying to force their child into ways unsuited to its temperament...."

"What is going on here?" Win enquired, when he came up to this 'aside' conversation..."Your father and Mark were strongly discussing in commendation of your praise!" replied Hugh. "Father is a delightful old dear when he talks about anything but me--I wish you could persuade Mother and He to remain over until we 'premiere' in our Broadway show?"

Misha was as usual the the interesting one with Aunt Ida, Aunt Annie, his sister and Cousin Jane, whom were discussing 'Emily Post's 'Flight of a Moth.' Moscovitz had not ever read it; however, one may think he had: because ambiguity with him at moments were delightful fun--he gave Aunt Ida the impression, while they were talking about this 'startling' work, that it was he who gave 'Emily' the notion of creating the 'Volume' that eventually made her famous; Misha at times was a very charming small-talk conversationalist, especially, if he is not exposed by Win or Hugh...his sister Sara who is a 'newspaper' woman fills Misha on all sorts of socities short-talk, because, as a very devoted brother, he must be interested in what pleases her; truly Misha's mental attitude is of things worthy a man above the general chattering nonentities, but, while in the company with a groupe of women he is extremely engaging to their delight.

As they were standing near the piano he could not keep his itching fingers off from thumbing the beautiful violin lying there; Mary had observed Misha's somewhat distracted manner; that is, she knew he would rather be playing music or entertaining with some form of artistry in order to be interestingly pleasing, than so idly pretending to be concerned: however, as Misha prefers women's company to men, there are times when he finds himself in vexatious predicaments...Mary was just going to have him play something on the violin, but Aunt Ida, broke in by asking Moscovitz if Mrs Balsh had seen him about playing for the womens' bazaar: laughingly he replied: "'That woman!' she has worked me for the last time--she reminds me of experiences my Mother used to jokingly tell me about when we lived in Astoria, Oregon. This busy-body was a Mrs Riggs, she was one of those persons whom obligate all other women by taking charge of fete-affairs--gave the others' jobs decorating the room where the festivities were held, also, different groupes were to supply and cook the eatables--my Mother usually was requested to make two dozen pies--no little task! to me my day was spoiled, because, I had to be on hand to wheel these pies in a barrow to the fete-place...Mrs Riggs always went into rapturs ecstasy about Mother's pie making--that was all that she ever received for her labours-work but compliments; while Mrs Riggs in her Sunday-best gaily enjoyed the compliments from the town's aristocrats about the success of the bazaar...seemingly, my Mother's fate has been passed on to me by the Riggs-Balsh complex!"

Misha's detached incident of his youth delighted the women and, Jane all the while thought as she listened: "How could I have had such horrid ideas about one so extremely charming as Mr Moscovitz...." If Jane could have foreseen the future mirroring from then back the shapes of extraneous forces that will change the happiness of their lives--but fate, is as unmindful of coming events as....

Instead of Mary asking Misha to play someting on the violin, it was the old gentleman who was hungering for music that Moscovitz so at times delighted him with:--"Misha, will you not play! and you Edwin accompany him;' requested Mr Summerville.

How delightfully he executed the 'Tales from Vienna Woods,' by Strauss...this so charmed the young people, that Mark Morgan invited Miss Sara to dance, also, Mr Warde begged 'Cousin Jane' to whirl with him to the strains of this exquisit waltz...the spirited gayety thrilled his listeners as it did the dancers....The social-atmosphere now warmed delightfully...Misha, having finished this piece, and, it caused him to fall into a musical mood--he took from the violin-case a piece of rosin and worked it well over the violin-bow, then, nodded to Win and commenced playing the beautiful aria from 'Louise,' 'Dupuis le jour.' ....Followed it with the 'Mad Scene' from 'Lucia.'

Mentally, Jane became transported into exquisite appreciation of musical musing as she listened to the fine quality of Misha's spiritual tone--his notes were as singing as a lovely voice...this young gentleman now fascinated her in magnitude so much as he formerally did, in rendering what a villain should be in despicable vileness..."My, I must become better acquainted with so talented a person! goodness, but how I would love to play accompaniments for....With Hugh, they came up to the piano while Misha was retuning his instrument...broke inviluntarily from her tongue:"Cousin Win and you play as if you both were concert-masters...." We are," jocularly replied Summerville. "we played for Mrs Balsh's bazaar, and that gave us full professional standing!" Misha, heartily enjoyed Edwin's good humor by laughing: "We though, have decided that we did not care for our hearers--we wish an audience of young women; the bazaar was made up of old women and children...what we are in need of is delightful flattery and the finest compliments are from causeless blandishment--gush from those who have ceased from being what they are not, is insipidly trite! we want our own age...."

"Do not believe them Miss Brookfield, Win and Misha would play for washer-womem, anybody, merely to attract attention!" exclaimed Mr Warde;"why, they wiil play to their ego, psychologically, for the purpose of transport --Win and Misha are music-mad!"

"What a delightful extravagant delusion of intellectual charm; how I wish that I may become mislead by such mental extravagance!" replied Jane.

"You no doubt have studied the violin with a splendid master, have you not?"

"No Miss Brookfield, I just picked it up for my own amusement; I have not ever taken music lessons; all that I know about music, I learned from instruction books, when a boy, out in Astoria."

This so interested Jane that she asked: "How could you develope the fine touch--the fine tonal-qualityyou display?"

"Thank you," laughingly replying, "that that you refer to was all produced or acquired from playing on a ten-dollar fiddle, which, I yet play on--fortunately, by mere chance it is one violin in thousands that just happened to have the right construction; it is not so beautifully made as Mr Summerville's instrument, but almost as exquisite in its tone!"

"How very extraordinary, seemingly, you play with the skill of A conservatory student...."

"However, anything we do, if we have the nerve, that is to try, it

is very possible, that achievement of our desires may follow...." he thought as he gazed at this lovely young woman, "you from this hour are to be my greatest desire!" Misha, has had in his adulthood, very few affairs with girls without any consequence...to him, a woman must have a natural endowment of a superlative degree, in order to arrouse his indifferent-heart that is inclined to the left; so far, his love-desires have been more of an order of the natural appetite--truly, his heart was as cold as a frog's; outwardly, Moscovitz, in appearance was a creature representing ever form of delightful animation--in reality, he was a subject fit for psychological abstraction--he knew people, also, gave them superficialties greater than their own...."--an old boat-puller who fished with my Father played the fiddle by ear fairly well; this aroused my musical aptitude--my desire to have an instument was no easy matter--My Father, after I requested him to give me one, told me that he was not fishing at the risk of his life in the treacherous waters the Bay for money to buy fiddles. As I was only twelve at that time; my boyhood companions and I used to fish about the canneries for suckers, that we sold to the Chinese who were labours in these packing plants: in time, I saved up fifteen-dollars and bought a ten-dollar violin, also the rest went for books of instructions--in two years I could play like any amateur...a celebrated virtuoso by the name of Musan came to play in the old Ross Opera House: hearing him was a revelation--music, I had not ever dreamed could be so entrancing--the tones that he produced from his instrument, to this day, I can clearly hear their loveliness--they so inspired me that I went home that night and took my violin out to the woodshed and practiced imitating their beauty: my playing awakened my Mother who got out of bed, came out and exclaimed: "Are you stark-mad? you go to bed! it is almost daylight--I must have rest!" Mother was angry, yet she was the gentlest person a boy ever had--I almost drove my parents insane with my incessant sawing...that is the way I learned to play the fiddle--rough work with my hands at all time has ruined all possibilities of being anything but an average performer!"

"Until I hear a master on the violin, it's impossible for me to form any comparison of your fine playing!"...Misha, knew that he had made a very favorable impression on Win's cousin.

That night, before sleep came to Jane, she analytically reasoned why Win during last summer did not introduce Mr Warde and Mr Moscovitz into their company--such exquisite young gentlemen she sensed: "May have caused Win to feel that they may become his rivals; well, I think it was very selfish of him!"

CHAPTER XI

TO BE AN ANGEL-CHILD and escape the evil influences that usually are heaped on a pretty boy, with his long curls and Fontleroy-clothes; also, to out-live such harmful rearing and, now be a matinee-idol--not just because he was handsome, but, Mr Edwin Summerville was talented--his impersonation of what a delightful gentleman should be; his dramatic representation of graceful manners--his ease so free from being conscious of his importance as a Broadway-star who was charming the young women of the city; to be all this, also, be a good lover at home; gave Jane a happy love-life, but constrained; she was not known to the theatre-public, to cause envy to the discontented desires of dreaming girls... to be in the background, hidden, even to their most intimate family friends; these growing experiences could not but cause thought to rise in her mind: when will this all end? to be Cousin Jane and, only at night a wife rather dulls her so far, romantic-dreams.....

When a new play was to be produced, Aunt Ida, Mrs Brookfield and Jane attended through sheer delight--to Aunt Ida, Win was the darling of her life; of all the smart things that he did as a child, the repertory of these precocities were unending--imagine her pleasure in seeing him the centre of theatrical stage-life...Mother Brookfield experienced a great thrill: to Jane, her feelings were growing in a sense, a half-realization of something very similar to one up early during the commencing of dawn ...the strange spiritual-feeling that awes one in solemn wonder, the first golden flash of the shining thing that is the supporter of all infinite, animation--the joys or sorrows to come...as she sees her beloved the actor, playing a part in a story and, living with him as a character in a real life-drama, gave her the sensation as if a veil was curtaining something that had no sensible meaning....As she sits in the audience, thinking, "that man is my husband and I have no delightful experience of sharing any of his public society--not even so much as a mistress shares with her lover's boon companions...." Audient to his beautiful toned stage-voice, the ease with which he performs the character--"he is as natural as if he were at home attending to the needs of guests..." but, the leading woman, Miss Ashton, in her actress -manner is every bit Win's equale in this fine art; paying attention to this heroine, could not ever restrain her her first experiences, when out in Portland, it dawned on her that Mr Summerville was her beloved and, this charming actress caused her real jealousy--all women are alike under the brestbone; nevertheles, Jane, now hates the woman worse...to observe her husband while enfolding Miss Ashton in his arms and make passionate love; will she ever become yielding to the thought, that she is a spectator, who is not living in the atmosphere of drama-story, but one disposed to distrust--intolerant of rivalry...? may not a doctor's wife live under the same constrained feeling--her husband, in his professional-status so intimately close in viewing the secret-loveliness of young patients--such intimacies may lead on to suspicions that can destroy the grandest of marital happiness. Is it possible for a woman to live contentedly with a matinee-idol? a man that thousands of young women would love to possess....?

The real society of the '400' are now interested in Mr Edwin Summerville since it had learned through reading the dramatic-news-column that this splendid young artist is the son of an old New York family--the invitation to the first-homes of the dowagers were very disturbing to Jane, who was a wife 'in secret-only!

The musicroom, gave Jane her fullness of distraction in her study of music; the sympathetically resounding room gave out a resonance of delight--if she had not such mental occupation, what could have kept her from pondering on her unusual marital state.

Jane's lovely home was to her a sense of profound pleasure--the grounds were beautiful even in winter; the raspberry and blackberry vines quite hid the stables, where she at times went to visit old Dan and talk about the fine horses...Dan showed her the two sleighs--a two seater and a four that he had been cleaning up, because at anytime now the winter snows would give the family the fullness of this exhilerating sport....occasionally, on mornings, she would walk down the street to where the Moscovitz's lived in there old home that their parents bought when they retired from their dairy-farm that was just out of Green Point. Jane was very much taken with Miss Sara Moscovitz who was about her own age. Sara was handsome and extremely interesting--her life had been so different to Jane's; she, had got out in the world and had accomplished much--earned a spledid salery, also, was her own boss--did much of her 'columnist' work at home; went to the Times offices only to put in her copy. Miss Sara, whispered to Jane on one of these visits that she soon was to marry Mr Mark Morgan; this was a delightful subject...it brought them into a more intimate acquaintance....

These two got into the philosophical side of introspective analyzing; thoughts of love is as easy to realm in as waltzing to fine music. Sara enjoyed romancing as her new friend....Musingly, Sara, in a half-listles manner exclaimed: "Love, what a delightfully big word-thought that is so short in sound also so full of meaning and at times so lacking in any sense...."

"What sort of love are you conveying into being--there all kinds of love--those secret one's the..." smilingly, Jane implied most anything; "why, I enjoy all of them!"

"Why Jane, some of them are ruinous--those that evoke jealousy or eventually causes one to require the services of a questionable-practitioner of surgery!" laughed Sara: "you should read some of the letters that young girls write me in confidence--these would fill the devil with mirth!"

"My love-life has been secret and it now is not so pleasurable as was its exquisit beginning...."

Sara rejoined,"Anyhow, I am to be married and if I should meet with the sad adventure that young woman write me about....there is no 'columnist' who I could call on for advice...."

"Why ever be so dumb as to need it!" Rejoined Jane in a very understanding manner.

"What is love! it surely is not hunger, because, one can half-satisfy that?"

"That is quite true; hunger is very similar to a cake, one may cut it in two; however love is Nature!..."

"No Jane, it not Nature, that thought is too cold; it is an inner desire...."

"So has an empty stomach, but a thing with urgent desires...it is something that causes a woman with strong desires to hold a man's hand or to be taken into his arms--is not that Nature?..."

"I have it! love is unsatisfied desires...."

"If it were that, at times, any man one meets in the street may satisfy one's desires....it must be a home--a nest!"

"Oh well, what ever it is, it is truly delightful!""

Miss Sara and her new friend remained silent for a few moments.

"Have you and Mr Morgan decided just when you will be married?"

"Mark has some business deal that must be completely settled and, then we can get married not any too quick for us--there is to be no fuss, I have selected you as my brides maid and Mark has hoped that Win may stand up with us--your Cousin is one of my dearest friends--I have been sweet on him for years; nevertheless, letting him know in all the artful ways we women may. Win was not ever responsive,..."

Jane was not at all surprised a bit in hearing that Sara was in love--the thing that they were analyzing--'unsatisfied-desires!' she thought, "If Sara was as delightful as Misha, surely, Win, must have had some moments exceptionally trying...If I were a man, my, but would not I have taken her on, with some dangling promises of a sort!"

Casually remarking: "You may not know it Sara, you are the voluptuous-type; no doubt that my Cousin did not wish to involve himself into a breach of promise suit!"

"From me!" exclaimed Sara delightedly, "if he did not care to marry me, should that have prevented me from enjoying an exquisit Thrill!"

"Yes, you can say that now; nevertheless, you may have become saddened, realizing that you were not fine enough to be his wife after your tremulous emotion!"

"Ah, Jane, you do not know what a crush is, I had it on Win, I would have suffered anything to have completed it--how I encouraged your Cousin --he could have done anything with me; however, it may have been that charming Miss Ashton--I sometimes think that she was the negative magnet...." Jane, instantly become constrained; inwardly, she felt a sort of chilliness...."she is awfully nice, I enjoy her so much, but, withal I envied her for what I should have wished....I even hinted to my Brother if there were not something of an intimate-nature existing between Win and her. As you have no brother, you may not know what brother's are. He gave me a look, 'see here!what are you talking about! men do not talk about men! if I knew anything about his private affairs, a woman would be the last person with whom I should speak to about such affairs--women are all gossips...' also, farther, if he suspicioned that I was in a manner, free with men, he would poison me...men will not tolerate their sister's being strumpets or swell mistresses--freedom, one has about as much as a girl in a convent!....Misha is the finest Brother a sister ever had; we have been comrades since our childhood--he does not ever quarrel with me nor dominate in any manner--he is the ideal brother and, the woman that marries him will have a charming lover and husband .. .."

It pleased Jane to hear Sara speak so well of her brother Misha, who was interesting her because of his musical talent; he with his sister frequently came in and Misha and Jane enjoyed playing duets; also, he sang almost as well as Summerville and, at moments better, because he could put in his singing at times little bits of superficial flourishes of a creative touch exquisitly charming--Jane recognized in this talented person one the very equal of her husband...socially,Moscovitz was a great distraction; infact the only one among the few that so pleased her she and he, being artists, with a fellow understanding esotericly...Misha while in Jane's company could not but help impressing her, because, his gentlemanly joyous-manner of presenting agreeable thoughts...in truth, Misha was in love with her--he was as gentle in hiding his sentiments as a boy venturing in a strange temptation of delightful love...he could excite a woman, who would feel the fullest assurance, it was her inner being that was aware only of this pleasurable sentient receptive thing that he was radiating....He fell in love with Miss Brookfield at the time he first met her....

As a pianist, Jane had very little training or experience as an accompanist, and, to have somebody to play with inspired her exhilerative spirits.The Moscovitz's came to the Summerville home as if they were 'next door' neighbour's....Misha, was not constantly playing parts in the theatre; because, he would only characterize a villains part in the plays, so there were many evenings that he was not engaged--he specialized in this particular character and was an absolute necessity in this splendid group of performers--this gave him much leisure to paint and,study the violin.

The Moscovitz, in the Summerville home, in a degree, grew more interesting as time went by, their frequent visits at any hour and casual manner of making themselves at home; gave Jane real pleasure; Sara, became far more intimete with Cousin Jane than with Win's sister Mary; Jane loved Mary just about as much as a sister-in-law possibly could, but there were those little things that caused her those experiences that all feel--with Sara, she could chat about those hidden thoughts one will not freely exchange...Sara was as open as a book around psychological idiosyncrasies...diverting as it may seem, analysis of one's opinion causes such friends to grow closer in friendship...Sara delighted in talking about her brother. She had told Jane that so far Misha had not had a real love affair; however all the affections that he had in the common way given to young women were the kind that you of course, may well know--those young and frivolous soubrettes about the theatre: how Sara learned much about these trifles, occasionally letters came that he was not careful to burn--carelessly left open, on his dresser, and, one night she had heard some girl crying under his bedroom window that had not awakened him--it so disturbed her and, of course she being a 'columnist' that dealt with the heart-affairs of the budding'young*crushers;' got up, went out and questioned the silly girl about her lamentations; Misha had been amusing himself and, the poor thing had taken it seriously--of course the soubrette was not experienced: Sara sent the young woman home to cry on her mother's shoulder..."This kind of girls that my Brother has played with were of no concern to him! he told me the only woman that he could ever fall in love with would first, be a gentlewoman, next, one possessing talents agreeable to his tastes...." Sara reflected to Jane...the fact of the matter was that Sara wanted a sister-in-law and Miss Brookfield would be ideal in both incidental, also, fortuitous; she dared not to be importunate about this dearest desire, because, there are many turns the wheel of fortune rotates before double O designates the capital prize.

Sara had not the least idea that her brother was infatuated deeply, to the point of a love the like he had not ever experienced before for their new friend; however, it may be well that Misha had not taken his sister into his confidence, because, if he had revealed the mood that he found himself in, Sara, may in a way, have disclosed in an unguarded moment what would have put Jane into a state unreceptive to Misha's extremely careful manner of advancing his excellence in her favour.

Misha knew how to be interesting and, how not to be too forward in gaining opportunities for furthering situations where he could be near Miss Brookfield: on Sara's and his visit to the Summerville's, he told Jane he would enjoy practicing duets with her...she graciously consented, approved of his suggestion, because, she herself had had no experience in performing accompaniments..."Have you music for violin and the piano? if you have bring it over soon so that I may study the works before we try them!"

"Have you people a wheel-barrow? I have enough to fill one--it is 'heavy-music!'" he laughingly exclaimed.

"Surely that is 'heavy-Music' you play!" humorously joined in Jane with pleasantry.

"Sometimes I play 'Turkey In The Straw' to lighten the classical strain!"..Misha to be delightfully amusing, took up Mr Summerville's violin and while fiddling this rustic piece, jiged in a rhythm of comical movements, that caused Jane to burst out in hilarious laughter at his grotesque and clever gyrations...how easy it was for this young man to change quiet conventions into lighter senses of friendliness.

CHAPTER XII

THE THEATRICAL SEASON was at it height during the winter and, Mr Edwin Summerville became the popular actor of Broadway. His managers were very pleased with his success; also, Summerville enjoyed his achievement hugely because he had worked hard for this end, and his fellow actors Mr Hugh Warde and Mr Misha Moscovitz were just as delighted as himself--these three, in their different fields of art in characterization of their drama-parts worked exceptionally harmonious together--fast friends...these associations were well tested during their western tour. Warde and Summerville had while out on this theatrical circuit so coached and schooled Moscovitz in the art of acting, that Misha had arrived in his particular part as the finest artist in characterizing the villain, the American stage possessed...Misha's versatility--painting and music, excited Edwin's friendship for this unusual person; because, Edwin was passionately fond of music and, he with Moscovitz played to their hearts content, when occasion permitted them --these two hit it off well, because, Moscovitz was one of those extreme individuals--knew the art of patronizing any person who may be useful to his future welfare...he was blessed with the most perfect sense of self-control; anybody could have the best of him where it did not cost any skin or thought--in the end, he had the other's respect, and his own exemption from evil....Psychopathic!--not Misha, he had no extreme susceptibility of conscientious doubts and fears nor had he any troubles with hallucinatory evils--a psychopathist would find him impossible of fathoming, because he was a master in knowing himself...by his observance in his experiences--heed, and follow what sufficed the conditions he thinks will arrive to the end of his objective...expressing the nature of reality as it is, apart from self-consciousness; anything that was good for him is good regardless what it may cost other's....The singular personality possessed by this young gentleman is the manner in which he deports himself--the spiritual beauty he puts into his music, painting and acting--as a villain, he causes one to feel that he is a real deceiver of women and swindler of men...how one may be exteriorly so charming and at heart, unfeeling as a frog, Makes Moscovitz a very rare person, seemingly, as unideal as the famous character in in 'Faust..! His sister Sara knows as little about his real personality as those he associates with--is it possible that he is a mystery to himself?

Jane learned soon that Moscovitz was a splendid musician; technically, he was skillful on the violin--his tones of a velvety loveliness seemingly were thoughts without words--passionate as a lover's to his beloved.

Mrs Brookfield became fond of the Moscovitz's, especially of Sara, who enlivened her much about the woman's world; her newspaper experiences and the letters she receives from unhappy young women....While Misha, plays duets with Jane and, if he is not so engaged, he would be discussing, analysing in a discrimitive sense what makes the essentials of solidity in music...his talks caused Jane to realize that she was in the company of one who was not at all superfluous; learning many things paralleling what her feelings and tastes unconsciously did not bring up out into the open--th e factual acquaintance with the philosophy of music....these discussions gave her a keener insight, to the artistic natureeof her new friend....Moscovitz, on two occasions took Mrs Brookfield and Jane to the Metropolitan Opera, also, delighted them with criticisms and small lectures about painting while they visited the great exhibitation of art in the Metropolitan Museum....

Misha was putting his violin back into its case. They had played

themselves musically bare; yet they remained in the musicroom....Sara was being entertained by Aunt Ida and Mrs Brookfield in the sittingroom; however, they had been so enthused with their musical-thoughts, lingered on....

"Miss Brookfield, from now on," said Misha, "there is one thing you must not do--the thing that I could not avoid doing, that is, doing many forms of labour with my hands: you must not do any housework, because it will ruin your fingering-skill....if my parents had been wise they should have made me a violinist--they did not realize that I had the aptitude nor had I fully known in my boyhood that I was qualified with the capability of being a far better performer than I am at the present. You see, I did all forms of rough work, making now, it impossible for me in the future, becoming skillful as I should have been but for this...." Jane, with close attention, listened to this very interesting young man; as he spoke, she thought, "he is almost as charming when he is serious as when he is delightlully amiable with casual chatter...."

"Music is a splendid profession if one understands how to make it a business! I had an acquaintance, who had a real musical-voice--the quality possessing loveliness...three years ago, he managed to rent a Hall, also, got some newspaper advertizing and, then gave a concert; this entertainment, after his expences were all paid, netted him just fifteen-dollars; However, a musical critic gave him a fine write-up, fortunately, with this encouragement, he followed with another in a few months; this gave him a reputation--this renown, started him off teaching--now he is earning about thirteen-thousand-dollars a year....You play with great beauty; you should do as Mr Hathaway did, give a concert! if you will, I will solo with you, just to give your entertainment diversity." Jane, now, became astonished with Misha's suggestive proposal..."Me, perform well enough to give a concert!"

"Yes, how may one build a reputation--Try! I can get the advertizing and hire the Hall; your recital will make you widely and favorably known...your technique, spiritual and melodious performing will bring you many students....In our lives, Miss Brookfield, there is one thing that we are always seeking, that is to be independent; to be free from another's domination or support; and, a woman, independent is the happiest person of all!"

"This may be but wishful thinking;" thought Jane as she sensed Misha's purposely picturing a very ideal thing that she ought to try; she followed by replying: "Nevertheless, your astonishing proposal has attracted my mind, more and more! I will consider the matter!"

"Study over this idea of mine; also, do not discuss this with anybody, because, they may discourage you...remember, I am a pretty fair judge of your musical accomplishment, and if you will go into it with fervour; in after years, you may look back to all this as being one of the most delightful periods of your, I hope, joyous career!"

"What shall we play now?" laughingly exclaimed Jane, "to our unhearing-audience...."

Misha's keennes in his observations had taught him how to hold a woman's esteem, was to refrain from obstrusive blandishments. To win Jane's friendship would be the first step toward a more intimate state and, that may lead to winning her love; but, to show Jane that he has a 'crush' on her would be the methods of a 'ladie's-man'; however, to reveal in the slightest way that he is trying to advance himself into her favour may build a barrier impossible to surmount--her love must be unconsciously awakened, if at all...Misha has not ever seen nor met a woman that so inflamed him with such profound admiration....

Instead of continuing playing, Mr Moscovitz asked: "when you finished your studies in college, have you had occasion to read much?"

Jane replied, "No, I cannot say that I have; nevertheless, I read some of the German philosopher's--without comprehending a fraction of what they were lecturing about...."

"Well, Miss Brookfield, what they were talking about, most, was a propaganda, and the other was nothing but speculative rot; up until our modern age, there has been many men whom assumed to be one's of merit, however, their merit rested wholly upon who could talk the loudest... as those that acclaimed them with their applause--their'masterpieces' now are but museum-pieces along with the fossils! so, after all you were not at at all deficient mentally, but those who caused you to waste your time in reading works created by fogged minds whom were beclouding the world are yet with us--do not ever read psychological works--read the fundamentals of physiology that deals with the biological aspects of life; in this you will get an understanding of the soul, that is, a practicalview point and not a thoretical bit of fiction--do not read ~~read~~ philosophical lectures unless they are created by such geniuses as physicists,,,,"

"My, Mr Moscovitz, do you expect me to study a philosophy? I merely was reading because it was good form to know when a person mentioned Descartes, Hegel and Locke, was to know that they were speaking of men whom influenced thinking, during their times and after!"

"Well, I am delighted in knowing that you were observing distinctions....but, fiction, are you interested in this fine art of diverting one's thoughts?"

"Yes, I am interested with the novels by Mc Cracken, and I think he is one of our coming artists...his 'The Heroine's Ego' is a real thriller, an American masterpiece." Jane went on after seeing that Misha was listening with interest. "The heroine was wooed by a Lord, who courted her beautifully; however, her importunat self-esteem, caused her to reject this splendid gentleman...the heroine was somewhat inclined to the cultural attainments to be had in the company of artists or those who moved in the circle of those who talked in an esoteric manner...she in converversational moments spoke with a show of profoundness that fit well into this social groupe that she mistook their exclusiveness which was delightfully superficial--this elegance the heroine could well afford because she had fallen heiress to much wealth. well, an effeminate soft-voiced sickening artistic-type went to work on her and won her love with his wandering talks about the spiritual slop he had acquired--a lot of old tapetries and sculptures along with some icons that appeared much similar to smoked herrings,,,her marriage lasted about two months--her aesthetic husband went into an artistic-spree with her money--it was not long till he abused her for her low tastes because she did not understand the philosophy of the beautiful...she divorced both her husband and art that had no refining influence on men; so she came down to levels where the 'real thing' is activly at large--this prince, sold himself with charming skill; what he did not know about economics--the ways of the market,also, big-busines...with her money; simply, it would be an easy matter doubling it, but, before her weddingday, the police closed in on him with a bigamist and bouncing cheque charge...."

Misha smiled weakly;could it be, that Miss Brookfield's study of fiction may be a more profound bit of philosophy than her readings of the German masters of profundity...he finally laughed."I must read McCracken!" he remarked; while he thought,"I should like to see the kind of a man Miss Brookfield marries if she does not become my wife,,,,"

Jane continued on with her literary views; how boresome some writers are with plots about as mysterious asthe 'bear stories' we tell children and with a dullness some person delights in--the unending

harmonizing of chords... ."

"You understand, Miss Brookfield, that, that you have spoken about, agrees in a manner paralleling with some musical writers who compose stave after staves of nonsense that sandwitch a few real beautiful bars of well-meaning music--such creations to my notions are but finger-exercises...boresome as persons whom you speak about that spend much time in playing chords!"

The picture that Misha portrayed, delighted Jane with soft laughter..."How is it that you express my own ideas! may it be that you are a 'mind-reader?'"

Moscovitz, to be amusing; in a showman-manner, in mimickery, with exagerated gestures, assumed the part of a mesmoriser charming his subject...."I not only read the mind, but, prognosticate--know what will happen to other's; however, I am unable to know at what hour the police will tap me on the shoulder...." while this was very funny, he later lingered in his thoughts about his crudeness--rarely he does not refer about himself in any manner that fate will not bestow anything but good fortune--infact he never awaits fortune, but, makes it.

Such balderdash so delightedly put Jane in a buoyant mirth: "You should go on the stage!" giggled his now more interesting friend. "Why, I have been all my life, an actor, playing a part!" again, Misha was revealing unintentionally the hidden that nested in his heart; when he walked home with his siater, his reflections came over him with a gloomy sadness, because. he alone, knew his own superficial nature--why had he spoken of himself in a manner the significence of which he so carefully conceals....

With surprised, questioning faces; Sara and Mrs Brookfield came into the musicroom: "Why in the world are you two so hilarious?" enquired Sara, as Mrs Brookfield chimed in: "Tell us what may be so amusing!"

That evening, while the Moscovitz's walked homeward, both silent, with thoughts about their enjoyable evening in the Summerville home; after a while, Misha reflectively remarked to his sister in a very soft voice as if solemnity, in reverence to what he was to disclose to Sara, what she knew would be eventually revealed, because with a woman's intuition she saw that her dearly loved brother had found a woman who would impress him with thoughts of deep love... .Misha said: "Miss Brookfield is truly the finest young woman I have ever known!" infinitely, amiable now, Misha, wished to share his thoughts with his sister; he realy loved Sara as much as a brother could and he desired to be intimate with her about the greates hope that so filled his soul with a longing he had not ever previously experienced.... Misha's shallow nature rarely revealed even to Sara his surreptitious thoughts that lay in him below the surface.

"Yes, Miss Jane is a lovely girl...I have not ever wished so greatly for any woman to be my sister-in-law as Miss Brookfield!"Sara replied in a hopeful sounding tone of voice, and, "I think Mrs Brookfield and Jane like you very much...."

"You must be extremely cautious with them Sara; Your newspaper work--reading the experiences of young women in their letters to you, makes you much qualified in knowing the psychology of women, also, if you ever have occasion to discuss me, be frightfully guarded about what it may be--'do nothing too much!' as the Greeks said!

CHAPTER XIII

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW about in our acquaintance, with the inner-mind; why Nature evolutionized a thing so marvelous as man; also, bestowing on him an intellect--embodying the power to reason; apart from the general senses of feeling and, seeking for sustenance: yet this precious power or faculty of knowing, (precious as it is), it is measured hopelessly, in three values--the weak, indifferent and strong and these factors have similar talents in the manner of disharmony....of course, man has not 'free will,' in the mistaken consequence of 'beliefs that he has; through his desires are man's greatest failure--his craving to deceive, creates a constant atmosphere of deception in his laws, his business and love affairs....if he makes a contract, he wants no equal in measures but superiority.

Moscovitz, has many affairs with women that are commont to all men; however, not of the heart; can he shape his manner of life different from what his personality directs--his longings have no moral power over what he desires--to achieve is his method...he is aware of all the demeanors of society--these amenities is what makes his superficialities so agreeable commonally with his friends--his friendship is just as good as another's ordinarily, but, now, his entire being is aflame with loves desire....As he walked homeward with his sister, he spoke freely about his love for Miss Brookfield; also, made it obvious to Sara that he had a feeling that Jane will be a very difficult person to interest in thoughs above a splendid friendship for him.

"You understand Sister it is very easy to make known one's feelings to a woman, and the object of one's fine intentions also are easily read and, a woman would have to be pretty dumb who could not comprehend any open artfulness; my difficulty is how to hide my love for her, but, all the while gain her admiration--impress her with my worth....she is a character who would resist a too ardent a lover--to make the gross error that I am advancing up to the time that I will be familiar above friendship...she is the one that must display her passion for me in some slight manner; not before then shall I feel safe in stirring farther her warm affections....you be cautious, you may greatly aid me!"

"It pleases me greatly Misha that your affections are centered on a young woman so exquisite as Jane; she is a person who has fine training, also, posseses an ideal mind--I have talked much with her and the more I become acquainted with her, the fonder I grow in having a warm liking for Jane; how I hope that you succeed in winning her for your wife!...you are making no mistake in your manner in seeking her affections; also, be not afraid that I will make any errors in stimulating her thoughts toward you!"

"Jane has not those common weaknesses so usual with her sex--she is deep; her warm nature is under a perfect control and for a person trying a 'whirlwind' love affair with Miss Brookfield most likely would find himsel vaguely rotating in a chill...intuitively, she is aware of all the things that pertain to the alluring of men; especially those little dainty picturesquess coquetry commonly alluring--not she! Miss Brookfield, to one not so discerning as I claim myself to be, would find her as cool as a marble-statue....if you will listen carefully the next time you hear her play on the piano; unconsciously, you will, as I am calling your attention to this fact, you will hear the warm spiritual depth of her soul coming up through her music...."

Before Miss Sara and her brother had reached home, Misha continued to declare his profound admiration for the Brookfield's. His delight in his love for Jane; also his approbation of her mother.."Mrs Brookfied is a very perspicatious person--she is a real lady, a gentlewoman, who knows when and, nodoubt how to distinguish those qualities that are suitable in men--I also must above all meet with her approval, her sanction as one worthy of her daughter...I must know as I progress along with my careful manner in my admiration for Miss Brookfield, that her mother likes me--I must know this, and it is not easy in my admiration for Miss Brookfield to conduct my deportment so that it redounds to my favour...I am going to win Miss Brookfield if adroit care will permit me...one of the most difficult things I must practice is to be restrained in my actions--cautions in communicating thoughts free from exhibiting my desires; act more as a social acquaintance....Sara, your womanly aptitude may discover how soundly I am progressing...."

"I am certain, Misha, that Edwin's cousin admires you and Mrs Brookfield I am surely convinced that she regards you favourably!" after a moment of silence Sara resumed: "Why is it and how is it, that you became so very infatuated with Jame?"

They had just reached their home as Misha replied to his sister's querry..."Miss Brookfield, is joyous in a very refined way and causes me the feeling of being restfully refreshed while in her company...she is serious, and happy, to the point of not being constrained with the lack of natural vivacity--seemingly loveable while radiating all those womanly qualities of excellence...to win her I must...to win her I would stoop to any means to achieve my object--to possess her, no longing, has so ever been my wish!..."

For a full week Mr Moscovitz had been so engaged at the theatre during the afternoons, directing the scene-painters about some new scenes in preparation for a coming play; also at night playing his part as the villain, that he had not any time to visit the Summerville's, but Sara had her customary meetings with the family; of course, Moscovitz was much in the company of Win at the theatre in their usual manner. The theatre was becoming extremely popular with the theatre-public and Edwin Summerville's success as a woman's ideal as a hero in their Broadway-plays caused the managers of his company much pleasure--the box-office, many times posted notices that there was standing-room only!

When the elite became aware that Mr Summerville the actor was not only a Harvard man, but was of an old New York family, the upper fringes of society were claiming his attention--invitations to teas and dinners were giving him much concern; because, after finding himself in his achievement the lion of the hour; he found that his success was something in this end a matter that gave him trouble that he could not lightly put aside; how not to offend those whom were giving him his riches....Win not to accept these numerous invitations would on his part, be boorish indeed...."You, in every manner possible, must enhance your social-position along with your artistic-career!" declared his Aunt Ida; because, she was a stickler in refference to the privilaged class--old families; whether they manufactured 'coffinvarnish' or recieved rentals from brothels--the foundation of their fortunes did not prevent them from being 'exclusive' in the degree of nobility....With reluctance, Win did in a manner attend to these solicitations without any show of inurbanity; he knew that not to practice the 'virtues'for virtues sake would mean a loss at the box-office; however, he became extremely popular with the 'chosen-few!''

Poor Jane, became one in a quandary--to be a wife and not bask in in company with her husband in the society she is well fitted to illuminate with her refined manners and musical talent; also, the pride

Jane would experience in being the wife of so popular an actor as Mr Edwin Summerville--the envy other young women may feel; her intesified, prideful thrill, that weakness commonly the privilege of women who delight in having a husband that is handsome.

This strange marriage situation was becoming with its vexatious thoughts rising within Jane's mind, even troubled her in her dreams which at times held her in amusing embarrassments--having Win in the company of a young woman who gives her a 'look' and a laugh that implies --"go find a fellow for yourself!"....What may Jane do? is this to be endless? Jane hungers for the proper place that belongs to a young wife; as it is, she is just Cousin Jane and, her famous husband is as free as a Mohammadan with a well filled harem...this situation that she entered so romantically ceases to give her any delight...she struggles with constraint in her social life with Win and at moments finds herself petulent, capriciously petty in fault finding....Win has a wife, loves her, much as if she were a bird in a cage--chirruping her into song of teasing....she has no escort but her mother and her most pleasurable hours are being in the company of amiable Misha whose music and delightful conversations is her greatest pleasure ....many times she has thought, "my, how nice it would have been if I had married a man so companionable as Misha!" Jane's thoughts have extended pleasurably toward the days that Moscovitz is not engaged at the theatre--the present week has given her the feeling of dullness...with her practicing, she delights in having Misha criticize her playing; his discriptions about her work are artistically agreeable because he analyzes with splendid comparisons; Misha does not in any manner patronize Jane with soft compliments--they are so excellently made obvious that she really enjoys their fine meanings also to her own advantage: her admiration for him grows with thoughts inwardly that at times she does not like herself for her perfidious desires--may it be that Jane's hidden sexy nature is asserting a freedom usually practiced by men? her indelicate musings dreamily wanders in many surprising ways--can it be because she is living under an atmosphere that is unwholesome to her moral-being? Jane, in a manner delights in meditating extravagantly in fantasia....Her life with her husband seemingly is arrangements of curcumstances--even the wife of a business man is more social in common, than her's; the wife of a lighthouse keeper could not be more boring--the only time Win is home are the unheard hours round one O'clock in the morning, which are too late for visiting and, at his meals; again he is off for the theatre or out to some dowagers teas and on Sundays he must rest his fatigued body by sleeping most of his time; he does not ever have time to take her anywhere....if her husband were in the penitentiary, he would not be more useless? is this insufferable situation not ever to end?,..to be alone with her men friends she has to constantly be upon her guard in refusing those nice invitations to spend delightful hours anywhere that may be attracive--how may she keep this position without being looked upon as one with strange notions! Jane cannot continually be trite toward the friendly attentions Warde, Misha and other's attend her with--to accept, mother has to be squeezed in or Aunt Ida and, if it is she, she will talk about the very boreing things that causes them all to laugh through sheer weakness of low spirits...Aunt Ida is the dearest of all Aunts; withal, she at moments becomes exasperating--talks about things of fifty years ago and at one time ran into a labyrinth of words about when she was a girl attending school and the teacher would not let her 'go out,' when in truth she meant to go out to get a drink of water....Jane's position was much similar to the kings mistress with a social-standing of a housemaids!

At night, when love was joyously young she would stay up until Win finished at the theatre; delighting in serving him a late snack to eat

but, finding such late hours ruinous to her health and piano studying, that she had to give up this affectionate manner of making Win's late arrival a reception she nightly prepares--a splendid made sandwich with a bottle of beer that refreshes him delightfully--Summerville is not at all a drinking-man, nevertheless he enjoys in modest amounts a cool bottle of this sparkling beverage....,Jane had to give it up waiting for Win at night, she practiced on the piano untill it almost drove her people into a state of displeasure; then, she tried reading, that became utterly a failure--she would fall asleep; so, Win begged her not to think of wearing herself out, because, he became aware that when Jane was up, his conversations extended long after a proper hour to retire

In Jane's commencing staying up for her husband, its beginning was delightful fun; however, she discovered that Win was a frightful talker; he became wound up as the common thought obviously expresses the idea: Jane enjoyed his talking because it astounded her, the realization that her husband was so versatile--the ease in which he could talk about the various subjects...he would analyze politicts, religion and the sciences exquisitely interesting, however, these subjects rather after a time palled her...one night he began talking geology, how the earth in its evolution, until this day, was yet in a constant mutating thing, endless in earthquaking changes....well, she discovered that she had been asleep much as an hour and upon awaking he yet was in the midst of the erosion that gave us the awe inspiring Grand Canon....her love-life for Edwin also was suffering through this period with erosion: Edwin's incessant talking was becoming much of a bore a times; Jane would not mind all this if his thoughts dwelled on the lighter veins of frolicing chatter--in this manner, his too serious nature causes him to appear a dull person....she often tries getting Win into subjects about the theatre--the gossip and amusing things may occur...anything that may cause Win to laugh once, is, forgotten as far as making such an amusing story for others.

Strangely, if it were not for Jane's acquaintance with Mr Moscovitz and his charming manners, music and critical Knowledge of art, she may have been a more bored person--her romance, to keep it alive is without any foundation, because of her own esthetic temperment...if she had been just a little housewife, how delightful all this would be--the duties and cares of their love-nest--the bliss in having a husband and to fulfill these domestic requirements is natures extreme martial essential ....how is all this to end.

CHAPTER XIV

A BITTER WIND BLEW steadily all afternoon and this raw air herald more severe days would follow; after dinner when Edwin Summerville was leaving his home for the theatre, snow began to fall; bundled up well in his winter clothes, he kissed Jane good night while on the front porch and trudged off in the swirling flakes that were merrily dancing in the light from the opendoorway; shivering, in this chilling blast, Jane rushed back into the warm receptionroon...all during the night the snowing continued and the wind must have ceased during the early morning, because when Jane arose and looked out through the windows onto a scene of fairyland-beauty--the back-garden with its bushes and barn were transformed into an entirely different picture--the sunrise was tinting all this in loveliness; its warm colouring and contrasting shaddows of gray-blue, enhanced, delightfully the scene before her that stirred within her mind a silent harmonious symphony....bringing back memories of last Christmas-morning when Santy Claus turned out to be the man she loved--snow, no doubt, always will symbolize the great joy that at the moment gave Jane her first blissful thrill...at their Christmas-morning breakfast with Win, she told him that snow was to her, something pretty in its mantling things, also, it caused her a bit of fun with her companions in sleighing even if its coldness chilled, but, she did enjoy the delight her friends found in their hilarious laughter as they sleighed down the roads; however, "its the summer-sunshine that gives me that feeling of wordless-music--imagine the opening prelude in 'Lohengrin'...the wandering in unexplainable ecstacy so ethereally beautiful--the trilling lark causes me this same feeling of joy...it is summer...this cold stuff is for the mountains that holds it in storage to be released in the warm days for watering the verdure--snow delights children and from now on me!"....Win laughed at Jane lovingly while replying: "I am astonished at your philosophical reflections and I am surprised that you knew what Nature made snow for, if its frigid aspect is unpleasing, nevertheles, you understand Nature's husbandry; how did you come by this physical bit of phenomena and, all this wisdom coming out of your pretty head?" "I had not ever thought about such a thing--infact, I wish I could when I am in company!" smilingly exclaimed Jane, as she continued; " to be so bombastic, by blowing off some such heavy stuff as that--people would think, possibly, that I had a heavy mind!"

Summerville roared with hearty laughter; however, realizing that Miss Brookfield was not a common young woman..."You must have had a splendid professor at the University of Oregon?"

"Well, you see, in our college they teach many physical truths ...may it bethat Harvard is only a name!" giggled Jane.

"You hit the nail on its head! I did not learn anything after leaving highschool...no, Harvard, is only a school for gentlemen--they turn out splendid oarsmen and football players...."

"I surely would not have wished to become your wife, if you had not have come out of that famous college!" replied his joyous sweetheart.

"And why? Pray!"

"Because, because you are a gentleman!"Win jumped up from the breakfast table and gave Jane a smacking kiss while mother Brookfield shook with merriment.

How well this winter morning Jane recalls those happy moments of last Christmas and, now, how dull were her thoughts about the romance that now has been growing listless, with, but few delights....

By mid-day, the wind started to come up, also, the air became filled with fine snow and several bitter days followed--the beauty of this white mantle ceased to charm; it was winter; Jane could not venture

out of the house--it was frigid, the like she had not ever experienced in Oregon....by luncheon-hour,(which was Summerville's time for having his breakfast), and the family had just finished, when, the telophone rang; (very few residences in these early days had such instruments of communication), and Jane went to receive the call; it was from Mr Misha Moscovitz.

"Hello, how do you do Miss Brookfield! is your Mother there? May I speak to her--this is a secret!"humorously, Misha enquired.

"Mother, a call for you!" as Jane laid down the receiver.

Mrs Brookfield, a few minutes after told Jane that Mr Moscovitz was coming over with a big sleigh for to take us all on a ride: tell Win to get ready--he has time for a bit of sleighing before he goes to the theatre; it will do him a world of good.

The many roads running out of GreenPoint were a merry sight, to see the rosey jolly faces and the sounds of jingling sleighbells would enspirit the dullest minds....as they drove alongand had got out well on the country-road, Misha asked Jane if she would not care to drive; she was seated beside him in the driver's seat; Aunt Ida and Mrs Brookfield were in the back-seat with Edwin. Miss Brookfield, with delight, took the reins,--clucking, while rattling the reins on the horse's back, also, saying, "Get up Robin!"...Misha burst out in good humor by exclaiming: "Why, Miss Brookfield, you are calling the chicken! a horse only knows horse-talk!""Jane laughed out: "To admit the truth, I, have not ever driven a horse in all my life--chickens are the only domestic animals that I ever called; I hope Robin will not be offended?" she gleefully replied, to the merriment of their jolly party.

Aunt Ida, after hearing Jane make it known that she did not know how to drive, Exclaimed with nervous fear:"Misha, take the reins before Jane overturns us into the snow--I am chilley enough with out wallowing about in that cold stuff!"

"How is Miss Brookfield ever going to learn driving if she does not start now!" rejoined Moscovitz--"I will direct her carefully, please be patient!"

"Do not worry Auntie!" jocundly remarked Edwin; "Cousin Jane calls the horse Robin, robin's have wings and Misha's Dobbin has but only a tail,so we are safe with old Pegasus!"

"Why, Cousin Win! Dobbin may be a recarnation and is looking for Bellerophon...'get ep' Pegasus, show us you wings!" giggled Jane.

Misha jocularly joined in: "I will have to brush up my Greek to understand your fun...old Dobbin no doubt is not more dumb about mythology than I am...."

Jane was doing splendid; it gave her much pleasure, feeling she was directing the sleigh over this frictionless surface so smooth that it seemed to her that they were standing still and everything was rolling toward them noiselessly...turning to Misha she gleefully exclaimed: "Is it not delightful sleigh-riding--I am so pleased that you were so thoughtful in inviting us out...." at the moment the sleigh runner struck a hard bit of something that made the sleigh lursh violently and, AuntIda gave out a frightful scream; also, shrilly ordering Moscovitz to take management of the driving into his hands..."Inviting us out! Well you almost had us out into the snow!" nevously exclaimed Auntie.

While they were gaily gliding along, Moscovitz told them that in a few moments they would come to his parents old milk-ranch, where Sara and he lived for a few years--"When we lived here, I helped Father with milking the cows; also, delivered the milk during the early hour of the morning and in the afternoon, went into the city where I attended an art class--those were strenuous days for me; however, boys are really tough--I could not do so much work now! Sister and I became so sick of

being farm-hands; Sara concluded that a milkmaids life was good enough for country clods; however, after talking about our boresome lot, we went on to the war-path...with luck, she got a job in the advertizing department on the 'Times'...you may not know it, but, Sara was cut out to be what is called 'an independent woman'--one with the push of originality! she, while in this department, inserted an ad, asking young girls to send to her their misadventures, their unhappy-love affairs...that she would give them propper advice; brought Sara numerous letters from simple minded young women--so many of these letters that she showed the Editor what she was doing--showed him letters and their answers; these were so philosophically answered; the managing-editor gave her a column. Fortunately my Sister had read greatly, Psycology and general philosophy to the extent she became capable of giving the unfortunates wholesome advice--her popularity with the readers has become a valuable feature to the Sunday issue...."

By this time the old ranch had come into view--the scene was a perfect'snow-landscape' and, ready'made' for an artist's canvas. Misha, pointed out the charms, talked about the large trees; also, just behind them was a lake where Sara and he bathed in the summer and skated during the freezing periods--"It was delightful when the delight was on, however, the aspects of the future was anything but stagnation!"

After satisfying their curiosity for a few minutes, they turned and, gaily drove back by another very interesting driveway; the sun caused the landscape to appear, as it was lowering in the west; to take a sparkling, similar to the pretty scenes one receive during the holidays, on frosted Christmas cards....this joyous atmosphere and the merry riders they met and passed caused Win to commence singing "Jinggle Bells, Jinggle bells!" in tempo to old Dobbins patient trotting.

When they had worn this amusement out, Misha, to keep his friends from falling into a state of quietude....and being a natural entertainer, Said: "One of the strangest bit of experience happened to me night before last, and I am sure that it will astonish you as much as it has me--it is almost as good as a bedtime ghost story; also just as thrilling--one of those believe it or not tales...." "Say, Misha! are you making up something just to put us to sleep?" jocurly exclaimed Summerville. "Cousin Win! do be patient, Mr Moscovitz has something interesting, I am sure--please do not make a joke to laugh at until it occurs, please." One may understand that Jane was solicitous in some manner for Misha's good favour; may it be that she now regards him so well that it now is unplesant to her for anybody to imposture her friend lightly.

"Remember Misha when you made me thoroughly drowsy while we were riding home on the cars--telling me how you won the prize in the art academy by painting the girl model more handsome than she appeared?"

"You just wait Mr Edwin, this will startle you, because it shocked me...I am yet nervous, as I am recalling it!"

"It was a bitter night night before last if you will recall it! in my bedroom the floor is bare but for one scatter-rug by my bedside...the room was icy; it was so cold for me that while propped up in bed where I was reading, I had put on a pair of mittens; the window-blinds were up and through them I could see the swirlling snow-flakes and without sound they struck the panes...it was strangely beautiful these flashing flakes against the blackness--entrancing as Wordsworth's, "'Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.'"

"As I was profoundly interested in what I was reading; you know, as it were, in harmony with the atmosphere of this play....(strangely wonderful is the eye--how it will grasp, noticably, anything moving; how its senses will call into being one's nervous apprehension--gooseflesh!) ...out of the corner of my eye I saw something that arrested my attention; without moving a muscle other than those of my eyes, I saw a

little fuzzy mouse moving about on my floor, here and there it stopped to pick up crumbs; I have a habit of munching cracker before I get into bed to entertain myself before preparing for the night--crackers are messy things! however, the cold room, the icy-floor and that poor lonely little mouse struggling to exist--pity stirred within me: it sat up, a bit of gray-fuzz with its tail wrapped about its formless appearing self! well in my musing I thought: "Do not be afraid, you are welcome to what you may find and, if your little bare tail gets cold as my toe's do, at times during winter, what a big ache it must be for an animal so small as you are!?"

Old Dobbin had been trotting almost all the time that they had been on this joyful sleigh-ride, so he had decided to walk for a bit.

"We had not noticed any mice about our home and I thought, well, I am not going to put you out into such winter weather as this, so I moved my head freely, also, raised my hand while observing my new friend and he did not show the slightest sign of fright--how fearless you are...I turned to my reading without more thought about the mouse." ...."I had just reached the place in my play where Cleopatra, said: 'Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir if idle talk will once be necessary, I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin. Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I will not wait pinion'd at your master's court; Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye Of dull Octavia....'"

"At this moment, in the full glare of my reading lamp, on the right side of my bed at its foot, my eye caught sight of the moving mouse, for he was climbing up the beadclothes: he then went a cross my shins, turned, walked boldly up my left side; mind you all this in the full glare of my light...my nerves were taut and, my heart was pounding because of this astounding experience--who ever heard of such nerve a little animal must have? that little rascal kept on coming until it reached my pillow that was behind me, climbed it and walked around my armbehind, then, pushed his way between it and my side, snuggled there for some time; but, must have decided that it was not quite warm enough; so, it then marched down under the covers by my side until it come to my knees, stopped where it was suitably warm--I could feel its soft fur as it nestled against my leg. By this time my heart was racing --I could scarcely believe all this as true; excited, my reasoning was incapable of adjusting itself. ...Imagine the worlds smallest mammel; braving a giant....It now became perfectly Quiet; what could so flustrated a person as myself do?"....Jane interposed; "Why did you not scream! I should have, before it got on the bed...I would have cleared out of that Room!" Win shrieked with laughter at Cousin Jane's feminine abhorrence--the natural tendancy women exhibit under certain states.

"Yes, you may, however, would you Cousin Win be as brave as Misha?

This brought peals of laughter from both of the gentlemen, and at the moment old Dobbin snorted while Misha flapped the reins in merriment...."You see, Cousin, the horse humoursly knows a joke...!"

"Misha, I have heard bear-stories, nevertheless, your fiction is the equal of 'the big fish that got away!'"

Rejoined Misha, "Well, if you wish to see the little rascal, come over at your convenience and you will see the cute little fellow who I have now Quartered in a cardboard shoe-box that is filled with cotton. However, the more that I have studied this strange matter, the idea is this; the mouse, knew all the while that I was his friend and, unthinkingly walked about with the utmost freedom, not knowing I was unaware of his presance at any previous time--I have not and Sara also has not been cognizant about mice in our house....You may readily understand by now, that this mouse has been sleeping with me for quite a while and, supposed that I was bunk-mate to it! is this not a feasible solution of the matter?"

Scoffingly, Summerville replied: "Your solution is a very perfect bit of analyzing about your tale; however, that does not make your story ring true--in the first place, a mouse starts out with a nest and it after having found food in your room would naturally return to its nest after being satisfied!" jocurly, Edwin replied.

Jane cut in in defence of Moscovitz's interesting story, by saying: "Yes, Cousin Win, but what if Mr Moscovitz unwittingly had closed his bedroom door so that the little fellow was unable to get out, naturally, in a cold place it would seek a warmth; when he fell asleep, it crawled in by him--on top of the covers would be almost as cold as on the floor--is not this reasonable?"

Misha burst out in merriment: "By jove! Miss Brookfield, you have found the correct manner in which the mouse got its idea of making me its bed-fellow and my bed its home--this has puzzled me; obviously, you have solved the matter, regardless of Win's sneering...when he gets set, it becomes short of a lot of talking--he convinced me that the moon is made out of the same eatable stuff many of us like!"

"Do you mean cheese, Misha?" exclaimed Aunt Ida.

"No! Auntie, he means words....they now, all commenced laughing about Win's gay repartee to Aunt Ida's amusing question.

"Well! that is the biggest little animal story that I ever heard!" exclaimed Aunt Ida.

"Auntie, Misha is filled with 'cock and Bull stories;' at one time in Astoria, Oregon, he saw a one hundred pound salmon; the largest fish of that specie ever to be caught; so he told me...truly, Misha delights in being 'specious!'"

Jane again came to Misha's defence by claiming that large salmon are common in the Columbia river; also, sturgeons. one was caught there that I remember reading about in The Oregonian; it weighed eight hundred pounds; the reason why I recollect this was because my Father called Mother and my attention to this news while he was reading it!"

" Aunt Ida! what do you think about that?" as Edwin turned to her for relief.

"Well, I saw 'Jumbo!"

(over)

CHAPTER XV

Similar in custom with next door neighbours whom drop in on one another as they do in small towns; Miss Sara Moscovitz and Misha had become so intimate with the Summerville's that these two called at any hour as they pleased; living so near, some four blocks away along Ash street;and, since the Brookfield's came, it grew much more interesting--these delightful visits. Mr and Mrs Summerville with Mary, now sojourning in Florida, did not at all lessen these pleasent calls; because Mrs Brookfield and Jane added much social atmosphere to AUnt Ida who was one of these charming old maids whom somebody made a great mistake by not marrying--one particular gentleman who went to California for the purpose of making his fortune, either found it or a facsimile-Ida--anyhow, he may have hurt Miss Ida Summerville, but, did not wreck a joyous spirit nor an extremely splendid mind.

Miss Moscovitz did enjoy talking with Aunt Ida and since the Brookfields came into the scene, they marvelously added more interest in a social manner, because Mrs Brookfield was the equal of Auntie in a philosophical way--infact, Mrs Brookfield had passed through a much fuller life--a mother and, misfortune: of course, Auntie may have had those delights that married experience, without having any of the fruitage; neverthelesss, triteness did not ever mar her exquisit life--everbody loves her because she knows just the right thoughts to use for all subjects...to talk her down would be about as easy, well a bit easier than a senator--not that she is arguementative, but, for the unfailing factual knowledge Auntie has, also, the kindliness in how to express it with.

Mrs Brookfield, Aunt Ida and Sara were extremely interested in modern questions about the customs--the deportment of the then rising generation--their shocking fashions that were causing young women to appear very much as if they may be actresses on the stage or those fancy-women that good women look at out of the corner of their eyes; the home-sickness these three good women felt--especially, Auntie and Mrs Brookfield; the fashion in wearing bustles and padding where the busts should sufficiently be enough and above all, the use of 'poudre de riz'and a bit of tint on the cheeks where nature gave women in a delicate way the propper colouring--Auntie, thought it was strange that young women wished to look as if they were a gamblers mistress or seeking the stage....Sara, being but a girl herself, rather hankered the coming delight in the newer women who she thought were the arbiters of freedom in clothes, also, the carefree manners; b^ecause, the young period is all too short--if they err in the virtues, that does not signify that they will not rise out of their mistakes, profit, above those who mentally are only fit for'concert-halls' along easy-street--just because a woman was a wife and many women who are, have not more the privilegeto fall probably the second time..."No," Sara said, "women now are more in a transition th^an they ever were, it is only the aspect...to enjoy this, our lives, one must be born with the talent, those th^at are quite similar to the factors that cause some personalities to become distinctive--weakness is atalent just as much as the talent that makes one a poet--morals, one should strive for, but, you must remember Nature gave us consciousness for the purpose in which we may practice conscientiousness--how in the world is one able to rise a bove the sordidness that so crowds in about us....?"

AuntIda interjected:"We must suppress sin through every means by laws and the church--better stan^dards may best be obtained by such measures...!"

Replying Sara continued: "Yes, such standards are truly obvious, they have been in force since the beginning of civilation; however, it has had no impression on human nature--man is not more virtueous nor ruthless--the wars expose all this, also, our courts daily treats this matter....people are always talking about the social-environment--the popular orators; the demagogic-uplifters of freedom, the champions of the common people--who are the common people? if one is so, why be concerned about those whom are unable to rise above their lowly level ...character starts anywhere in the hunman family: out of the rifraf rises a splendid mind; popping up into the stratas with the cultures of the manner-born; yet these refining cultures that we have cannot be forced upon many whom have the appearances of polish, and if not for the fortunes of their parents that supports their comforts, possibly, these offspring may be as common as the barkeepers or swampers whom they mingle among....the upper-crust, at times ridicule with laughter the misfortunes of the unsophisticated; such are unaware of the fact that they did not make themselves; biologically, it was but mere chance that placed them on a social plane above the gullable...an egoest had published a letter in the newspaper, making light of an unfortunat and simple old woman who worked all week making butter and saving eggs for the markets in town; after disposing of her produce the pitiful old thing would buy whiskey and get gloriously drunk--this is supposed to be funny--who could be amused but a 'common' egoist...if it were not for the simples, we all would be undesigning..."

Aunt Ida interjected: "Yes, your philosophy, seemingly sounds somewhat true; nevertheless, young girls must be protected from the evil of prostitution!"

"Do not be truly mistaken about what you mean Auntie! it is Nature that endowed them with unbearable passions calling on them to mate--this is one of Natures terrible bits of ruthlessness; It cares not a wit, but, for the fruitage....If you read some of the letters that I receive and, answer; your thoughts may change somewhat--if you knew the numbers of young married women that are as loose as a string of suckers, it would astonish your moral ideas--this is a tough world!...One young girl wrote me that she was terribly troubled with licentious dreams: if I told her to go to her minister; who knows, this may be the very man she is hungering for, and if I have made any error, she by this time has profited, because, the physician knows all the psychologies and medicines for one with over-wrought nerves...sheltered women know but little about the seething life round them...."

"You are quite right about how little we know about those outside of our close friends; imoral women sometimes rise out of their sordidness through character or by the chance of good fortune!"exclaimed Mrs Brookfield, "I know of a young and beautiful whore who was taken out of a house of prostitution by a bishop's son, who fell inlove with this lewd thing and married her--of course, she was not accepted in the society he was accustomed with; however, she made him a faithful wife, the last account that I heard about this unusual marriage...."

"Of course, she was a commendable case;" replied Sara, but, outside of the pale....nevertheless, the common people are noticed for their weaknesses; but, the deficiencies of those on the higher plane is just as derisive--of course it is much more refined for the elegant, those of great estate and the visiting Lords, Dukes, Duchesses, Princes, Counts and their consorts from Europe who spend their idle hours in Florida, eating, dancing, gambling, flirting between cocktails and another dinner, cocktails and more dancing, whoring and gambling--are they to be laughed at along with the poor butter and egg woman-- more ignoble than those who smell fresher...life is to be enjoyed as one may! however, it is a very difficult thing for the common (poor) people to indulge in

the higher cultures of refining evils....to criticise the sociological manners of the people is endless nonsense...show me the person who made him or herself? also, Grandma's times, again, is ennui of the highest order--the only thing in their day that were truly romantic was, the plain old shotgun; the brothers or the old man used it if the women of the family slipped; which, ofcourse now days is a thing of the past--there would not be any women left if there were not legislative-law prohibiting the keeping of guns!"

Auntie and Mrs Brookfield could not restrain their mirth, in hearing one so young as Sara speak with the ease of a sage.

No wonder Miss Jane delighted being in company with this young newspaper woman....Jane had just come into the sitting room and heard Sara finishing her philosophical harangue.

"It is somewhat amusing, but, mostly, the letters that I receive are generally of a sad nature; seemingly, fashions are not the rising generations worry, it is wedlock, the broken promises and pregnant girl who face degradation or the river...if you knew what occurs in the hospitals, the numbers of nameless unwanted children...these young women that the social organism since the beginning has not ever been capable of protecting--religion, can reach only those whom have a talent or temperament disposed for the recognition of a god, and at times the Redeemer is all too slow...the ruthlessness of Nature makes our environment just what it is--it is a personal matter, individually, that causes us to be just what we are--if we are blessed with equipoise, fate has been more than kind...."

"Then, Nature, should have made numerous 'freemartins' for the males!" exclaimed Miss Brookfield.

"No!..." Sara and Auntie laughed, while Mrs Brookfield, horrified, looked at her daughter, as Sara continued:"the freemartins are biological freeks and belong in the scheme of things--the human-family possesses an equal number of these, also, many overly wise yong girls who know how to take proper precaution....one of the greatest faults with the human is that the male is by his very nature, endowed with the tendency to polygyny--Nature made him that way...as long as he could support his progeny...then the economic laws intervened along with the social; with these he could beat the many wives by having one and on the side, he could amorously ogle--if he could get away with it; the youths could obviously beat the family-man....pouf! such subjects are not worth bothering one's thoughts with...."

"Then," interposed Jane, "marriage is the only propper solution?"

Sara replied, "Yes and also a new manner of marriage...man is a natural born dictator, always will be thus, and the only manner by which he may be checkmated is by changing the marriage laws; as it is, he possesses the woman at the instant of marriage--she the 'tender' thing is only too glad to be his simple slave, because love causes this union universally so...all through this is, simply, it is nothing but a civil contract as anyother contract is--the spacific time element is not mentioned--this new idea is not the 'free-love' or trial marriage which is just another form of deceiving the woman, but, this new form is a contract for five years and the man by law must support his children or be jailed--in this the woman does not have to employ a lawyer or a preacher thus freeing her from these two whom are tax eating parasites who reap but do not sow....if the foundation is based on love these who enter it will remarry at the expiration of the first five years--does this not stablize the woman with more security?"

**Aunt Ida exclaimed:"Such a law could not be made! "

"Of course it could not! the church and the men want no changes under the present circumstances; also, women are too stupid...."

"Naturally, Sara, there are boys an girls that would go wrong under all circumstances within the perfect environment, because they have not the mental equipoise!" rejoined Auntie.

"Yes, you are definitely correct; however, these are the characters I am warning the young women whom write me; not marry--the swell dressers and dancers; not to trust too much their hearts, but, more their heads in analyzing...." cutting in Aunt Ida enquired: "Are you when you marry Mr Morgan, going to have a civil-contract fiveyear plan?"

"Goodness no! I love John and if I proposed such a thing, he may think that I was seeking a personal convenience....Ours is based on the 'ideal-plan!" delightfully laughed Sara, while the others joined her in merriment.

With all of his genius, Misha was taxed to the utmost; he was growing madly in love with Jane. In all of his good fellowship with her he could not form any conclusion at all whether she was more close in a warmer friendship toward him--there was not a glimmer of being requited; nevertheless, in their comradery these two got on handsomely --Jane really enjoyed this clever young gentleman; he delighted her in such thoughtful ways-- he brought her interesting books upon the subject of philosophy and novels that he thought that were real literature. ...also talked splendidly about the fine arts.

One evening Moscovitz brought with him a score of the opera Carmen....as they both were splendid sight-readers, they played through the entire opera...fairly well Jane would sing the arias with Misha hummed wordlessly with her as he played the violin score....it was one of their jolliest evenings....Moscovitz promised Jane that he would be delighted to restudy the work at another time. Misha was exceptiomally careful, never to over stay in his visits; promptly by ten o'clock he prepared to leave....Jane asked him if he would have a glass of beer? my, the delight that surged through him; he thought: "Can it be that Jane cares for me so much that she will offer me such a special favour?"

They went out through the dinning-room into the kitchen; Miss Brookfield got from the backporch two bottles of cold beer and a roast of ham from which she cut slices and made sandwiches; having prepered these she poured out the beer and Moscovitz gave Jane a friendly toast while clinking glasses; from her glass, she took two sips only--she disliked alcohol in all of its phases, and drank this much in order to be social.

While they ate, drank and talked; Jane, the while began preparing a huge ham sandwich for Edwin Summerville-- this was loaded with gobs of mustard. "Every night, I always prepare a big sandwich with beer for CousinWWin--he enjoys a bite to eat when he comes home from the theatre; he hardly gets home before one o'clock!"

As they had finished their treat, Jane took up the tray on which Win's luncheon was placed and they walked out into the dinning-room where Jane placed it on the table.

"How well Win must appreciate your thoughtfulness!" exclaimed Misha;"I wish that I had someone like you to fix me such a treat every night such as that...!" Jane smiled without replying at his well meanin compliment; probably, it would have given her more pleasure than Moscovitz little dreamed....Jane's vanity at times somewhat troubled her; Misha, she thought: "What a delightful flirt this attractive artist could be if he were not the gentleman that he appears?" she was growing rather tired of the reticent manner in which she lived.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DAYS WERE lengthening and, the sun's rays were warming once more what winter had made so bleek-- in the shade it was yet a chilly reminder to one that spring had its wintery-days to shed. It was far too cold yet for Mr Summerville and his family to think of leaving Florida for home... his age would not permit him to risk the extremes of New York weather that occurs during the months of spring.

The family-letters during the winter were filled with good news about their father and mother's health; also, the enjoyable spirit Sister Mary was spending her days in--she had met a man that she was dearly in love with...mother had written, expatiating the charm of this gentleman, a Mr Vivian Bell who had expatriated himself in Paris since his boyhood; having lived so many years in Europe, his appearance and manner's were noticably different from those in the land of his birth: he in temperament was of an aesthetic inclination,an artist, a jack of all trades; extremely versitile: when he met Mary, he became delighted in knowing that she was Mr Edwin Summerville's sister; he had read considerable about this brilliant star in the theatrical-news, because he was himself a student of acting.

Mr Vivian Bell, was naturally born talented--the Muse at times bestows lavishly that deceiving touch on so many; but, her'wand' not having supreme power rarely brings those so blessed with this thrilling attention much more than just plane amateurism: Bell could do a little in many fields of art; worked in Julian's Academie studying painting, could sing and play the piano; all these accomplishments without merit, so he had taken up the art of acting in which made Vivian a speaking automaton fit for a splendid super...with all of the Muse's neglect, Fortuna, got in her work and blessed him with a father who had the good sense of leaving his son a fortune in a manner in which he could not waste it if he studied all the cultures in the world--his greatest talent was, 'he was awfully good to his mother!' also, the sort of a man that would suit any person so good as Mary...fashionably correct, Mr Bell dressed in striped-trousers, topped with a silk-hat he could deport himself with Mary in propper 'Postonian' style to teas and parties of tone; however, society-men are hardly over burdened with cash and, Mary's fortune could not add much to Vivian's; nevertheless, Bell, seemingly spent money with the ease of a rich man...being a lover of the refining cultures did not detract in the least Mr Bell's mental qualities, he was well edcated and could discourse intelligently with Father Summerville about Europen politics and commerce with considerable intelligence; however, he could not talk long until he drifted into what pleased him most--the glories of architecture, the grandeur of Paris, the fame of those that made science of medicine, the achievements of the French men of letters, music, sculpture and painting; of course, art, to Mr Summerville's experiences within his family were extremely trying--having a son that had started out barnstorming as an actor; naturally his boy achieved, but, if his Edwin had put as much effort in studying the the commercial possibilities of making 'The Silurian Seas Salt Company' a greater business; all of the 'Broadway' fame in the theatrical life in New York could not have made the old gentleman half so happy.

Vivian Bell'S courtship of Mary was the whirlwind ardour--he surely for once proved that he was an artist, the equal of greater well known hero's--in this form of culture he did not have to take academic instructions in how to make love...,from now on their is going to be a noticable slowing down in the sale of artist-materials, Vivian is not sculpturing or painting--the manufacturers lost an extravagant user of their products.

Mary's wedding date had been set, and Father Summerville had written to his sister that they all must come down to attend the marriage--the old gentleman was not wholly disconsolate about Mary in marrying Vivian Bell, but felt that it was his daughter that was tying herself to Vivian and as she was accordingly pleased, he had no objection; nevertheless, he thought it exceptionally strange that his whole family had gone in for art...he questioned the biological law of the transmission of the psychological characters of the parents to their offspring--he believed now in the old beliefs, the law of spontaneous generation--Edwin and Mary, both marrying artists....his greatest longing was that either Mary or Win may become the president of The Silurian Seas Salt Company; however, his newer hopes is, that the art-group will bring forth grandchildren whom will have brains enough to stick to salt, because, salt is the stuff that corns beef and makes 'ham' possible for Ham-artists....He had not worried very much about Mary's future, but, Edwin was utterly impossible, also, why he did not go where those whom are lacking in foresight; rather galls his egotism, because, the salery that his boy is now drawing and, if it continues on, the 'Salt' he earns, and not having any property-taxes, makes the salt-works a business care not worth bothering with.

This gladdening news of Mary's wedding coming in May: thrilled Aunt Annie, Ida and Cousin Jane; also, customarily, universally, the feelings of Mary's friends....a wedding, to all the world is reaching the zenith of romantic delights and, to those who have washed their's out; yet, in reverie, over again in their thoughts, feel that to them it was a dip into a sea of blissful reality not ever to be enjoyed again...hoping and feeling this new arrangement of cupid escaping the burning of love that so often goes up in flames!

Aunt Ida to Mrs Brookfield said:"I feared that Mary would not ever find a husband, because, a man would have to be a pretty fine fellow, and what Brother impresses me with, is that Mr Bell was just what Emily Post conciders a gentleman should appear--just a male!...nevertheless, it gives me that feeling, the cozy one that I have experienced when a child...during winter when it was bed-time, when the room was growing chilly; Mother, with me in front of the fireplace would undress me, then, before the glooing coals would warm my nightgown--you can recall the very same delight, when our Mother's would slip the warmed nightgowns over our bodies! that is the impression I get about Mary's and Vivian's marriage will be--a warm and wholesome union...."

Jane had to burst out in childish laughter while hearing her description about the warmed nightgown--how she well remembered this very delightful feeling, and out loud exclaimed:"Auntie, how in the world did you ever think of it--I have not ever heard anybody mention this delightful experience nor thought about it until you brought it into being; what a good subject for a poet!"

"Why Jane, all mother's have been doing that through-out the ages, and, the poets were too sleepy to remember the thousand and one things their mother's did for them--poets are not more tender toward their mother's than the common run of men-- with them they must have inspiration, subject then, becomes a secondary matter, similar to a song--it is the music, the words commonly are rhythmic, jingling love-thoughts!"

CHAPTER XVII

MISS SARA MOSCOVITZ had been over to the Summerville's home and heard the surprising news about Mary's coming marriage in May; also, that the Brookfield's with Aunt Ida were going down to attend this delightful ceremony; probably would be away the greater part of a month; hence, Edwin will have to employ a housemaid or have somebody come to straighten up the house--the secrecy of his marriage has obviously made it the reason why the women of his family have been doing their own housework and now it is imperative that he will have to get a women to come and make up his bed--when he was a barnstorming actor, surely, he knew the art of batching: of course, Edwin's secret marriage was unknown to his intimate friends; however, it will appear rather odd to Misha when he drops in on Win and finds the house in a condition of bachelor's carelessness; nevertheless, similar to all matters of small importance, Win may mannage--probably take an apartment in the city.

When Sara brought this news about the approaching nuptials it purturbed Misha--the thoughts that Jane would be away, disrupt his enjoyable playing of music with her and, above all, to interfere with his progress in his conquest of Jane's love--the gentle manner, its slowness, well, there was not one thing that he could do about it; seemingly, the things one wishes for are to be obtained in the usual manner as if time itself were stretched, purposely, to exasperate the hopeful; purplexing Misha, unhappily; when Sara related it.

"Gosh, if it is not one thing, there are unpleasing one's that I were not expecting; to be delayed in making myself interesting to Jane, and to have this interuption come up at the time when I do not really know if I have advanced at all into her affections!" he remarked to his sister, after hearing this startling information: "now, when she returns from Florida, I will have to commence all over again--yet, who knows, but, when she comes back she may see me with more favourable eyes --absence, may stimulate within her more rapidly than my methodical slow approach...."

His sympathetic sister replied:"Jane does not receive you cooly, nor has she shown any likelihood of not being responsive....However, be not impatiend when you next are in her company--do nothing hasty before she leaves; in some manner you may best know, introduce the idea about her permitting you the pleasure of writing to her--in a letter one may in an ambiguous manner create an atmosphere with more meaning than one may dare in a vocal sense....anyhow, I know that she warmly regards you, and with a woman's intuition, I could tell by her reactions when I was very carefully discussing you; she revealed emotionaly her inner pleasure, when I told her that when you expressed yourself about her talents to me, that you exalted her with the appellative, Jane the Magnificent!...you should have seen the delicate rose that tinted her cheeks! there are less venturesome ways of showing her that you love her without being at all uncouth...."

Mr Edwin Summerville was ascending rapidly in the eyes of the theatre going public; his artistic-zenith charmed the young women and, in the hearts of the older generation renewed within their souls the past, those breathless delights which are not ever to come, but, only in dreams....the world over, a good love story on the stage, entrances women especially the most...reading a story is a silent approach to a make-believe in a trivial picture without a comparrison of the real actor--handsome, delightful, in his lovemaking with portrayal of realism before one's eyes....the stage means so much to whom are poor readers, because, many are without much imagination; also it is difficult to stimulate the faculty that creates fancy, that the theatre does.

The friendliness of association did not ever wane between Moscovitz and Edwin; these two and with Mr Hugh Warde enjoyed the jollities of school-boys while about the theatre; seemingly, they at at no time experience any form of profes^sional jealousy--if the play that was cast did not require the character of a villain, Misha would not perform; however, if Hugh or Win were to fall ill, Moscovitz would in a moments notice step into character for either of his associate companions--on one occasion he substituted for Win, and, aside, while out on the stage with Miss Ashton, Misha, sotto voce said, "The only time that I ever get the chance of kissing you causes me to wonder if a 'substitute-kiss' at all dulls your ardour for Win!" Miss Ashton is easily provocative toward laughter, and Misha's small talk incited within this delightful actress the animation that inspired her to greater height: such kidding was observed by the other members of the cast, that at times Miss Ashton excelled her performing with Win, whom, she was passionately in love with--Summerville fairly thought she was a frightful frump while off the stage; however he regarded her while on, one of America's finest actresses--his great success was advanced through her splendid artistry--she, Misha and Win had delightful mucicals together when on the 'road,' when the theatre was free from spectators--Win at the piano, Misha with his violin and Miss Ashton singing--she was an opera bouffe star of the finest order; having given up the opera comique stage because it was seldom constant work; also' traveling, to an artist is weary and wearing.

Summerville and Warde to Misha were of inestimable value to him, because, these two comrades criticized Moscovitz artistically while he was passing through his amateur period of acting--in the manner of friendship he was earnest in his association as a friend to these young gentlemen; however, in his heart, he was utterly devoid of the senses that means those warm affections of nobleness of soul that dominated the sacred fellowship of 'Damon and Pythias;' Misha's gentle deportment, not at any time, ever disclosed customary meannesses, always conducted those nicest forms of unselfishnes, because, secretively, he knew that in the long run it would be to his own advantage; but at heart he was as lacking in compassionate feeling as a frog--how one can be so superficially counterfeit in personality and it to not be read by his companions is what makes him one of the finest villains on the theatrical stage, inasmuch, as in character on the stage he could reveal his inner nature without a semblance of it in his association in real-life,...no wonder that Miss Brookfield passed judgment on him 'as a person whom she would hate to know!' but, when she discovered in her acquaintence with Misha that he was exceptionally talented, her former thoughts faded from her mind.... what Moscovitz would do to a person who opposed the longing of his heart would make the 'perfect crime' appear a very simple matter that has been accomplished often, however, not because it was beautifully planned, but for the laws of the average causes at times things to occur because of chance, as something unsolveable.

Misha was as ever, paying court to Miss Brookfield in an effective manner--even Jane was unaware of her unguided control of her own conscious feeling toward Misha--these delightful sensations no doubt are those delicate passons that many handsome women experience more through their dreamy-ego than through an open mirror-like analysis; what kind of a woman one may be that is cast in a atmosphere the like she found herself in with a talented, handsome and charming man and not become close to those near-breathless feelings of delight--Jane got so accustomed to Moscovitz's coming to play duets with her, that during the period that he was engaged at the theatre, she found it

tiresomely dull, playing by herself: Misha had been drilling Jane with a repertoire of musical pieces suitable for a concert that he wanted her to give at some time during the spring: Misha was extremely engaging in his manner of criticizing her playing--enlarging her ideas about bringing out the utmost, interpreting the spiritusl qualities profoundly that so enthralls the listener--he at moments would direct Jane's performing as a maestro conducts an orchestra...how she delighted hearing his splendid arguements: if Jane had not an 'open-mind' she surely may not have tolerated Misha's dictitorial, but delicatly insisting way of bring out tonicity of her music in a manner at times that surprised her by the sheer difference of her own interpretation.

For a whole weeks time Misha had not seen Jane, because he had been closely engaged at the theatre, and when he thought about her and the family going south soon for to attend Mary's wedding; also, the distress he was in, worrying about his profound love for Jane; though he knew she seemingly enjoyed his company, yet, he had no knowledge that she cared more for him than when Miss Brookfield first met him; could anything become more annoying--having no control over what he wants to shape...Moscovitz's mind was terribly disquieted; he possessed no care for the secrets about such things beyond human comprehension as the fortune-teller asserts, however, for some reason he had while on his way home from the matinee-performence for his dinner, an extremely disquieting feeling, miserable, as if he were troubled with nostalgia that he at times experienced while on the road trouping; how anxious was he for Sunday to come, because, Sara and he would spend the afternoon or evening over at Summerville's.

Sara who did most of her newspaper work at home, invariably had a splendid dinner for her brother when he got in from his work--Misha was the darling of her heart, and strangely a slave for his comforts; in truth, Sara was about the only person Misha ever loved; if he had, as a brother been selfish or ill-tempered to her; probably Sara may have been precisely the same loving sister, but, as it were, they were great comrades. Their mother was one of those old fashioned women, who had been brought up in her girlhood in Austria, and was a natural-borned mother--she had taught Misha and Sara the loveliest deportment, which had carried on up with them to the present; when either of them came home after being away for the day; they always salute each other with a Jolly hello and a peck of a kiss: noticeably, Misha saw that his sister was very dull, but having his own troubles did not bother much about his sister's rather dull acting--this unusual quietness finally become noticeable; "What is the matter? has Morgan been disapointing you in some manner?" asked her brother. They had finished their dinner and Sara's somewhat nervous manner now was gently relieving her; what was uppermost in her mind, she had held back because she knew that what she must tell Misha would surely have spoiled his dinner--she knew that men should be made to eat first before giving them distressing news--startling things must be told and how to tell Misha, was not an easy matter, because, it was of a delicate nature, also, a subject about things thet she and her brother did not ever talk about--things that men can talk to men and women may freely discuss with women.

What Sara revealed, would make Misha as secretive in his conduct off the stage as he in his villainy while on; nevertheless, what Sara told, shocked, as if it were an icicle pushed into his heart! it could not have chilled him more thoroughly; as he listened to the revelation Sara was making, seemingly, Sara was very perturbed,

"This after noon while visiting the Summerville's, Aunt Ida was away attending some affairs at the chursh about charity-work; so I spent several hours with Mrsbrookfield; Jane was in the musicroom

Practing most all the while I was there; it was near tea time and Mrs Brookfield got up while saying that she would go into the kitchen and prepare for tea; I had been lying down on the sofa; observing the teatable that was littered up with papers, books and crocheting, I got up and began straightening the things on it so we would have room for our tea; while moving thing in order, I saw a letter adressed to Mrs Jane Summerville, post marked , Tampa, Florida: astonished, I thought, what may this mean?--Jane is supposed to be a cousin, yet, there it was; well, hastily I shoved this envelope under the papers, then returned to the sofa and lay down, closed my eyes and assumed that I had dozed off--allthe while I was pondering about this surprising discovery--I was shocked: Mrs Brookfield came back into the room with the tea and returned to the kitchen for something else....Jane had finished a piece of music that she had been playing and was crossing tha wide hall to come into where we were in the sittingroom; at that moment when she had entered the hall, Win had let himself in through the front door--I did not hear him unlatch the door; however, I heard his voice call to Jane with these words: 'I just came from Dr Tomlinson's, he told me to tell you not be alarmed! you are not pregnant--many newly-married women experience these lapses--their 'times' becomes frequently disorganized...instantly, as if he had been warned, his voice stoppwd...Jane, changed the atmosphere, by loudly remarking:"You must have finished your rehersal early!' in a moment, they came into the room at the instant that Mrs Brookfield returned with the things which she had gone after: all this while I was assuming that I were asleep: cheerily, Mrs Brookfield sang out: "You are just in time for tea! sit down! I will pour...."

"What a mess I was in--seeing what I saw, and hearing what I did not ever expect, Jane was Summerville's wife--if I were an actor as you are Misha, the part that I had to play would have been much more simple: I was dreadfully nervous, shocked with this confusing revelation; the best I could, I sat up as if startled, fluttered my eyes and, in a cracked-voice, exclaimed, 'hello!' softly laughed, then joined in as if I were unaware of anything that may have gone on--the tea was as flat as if had been made yesterday--our talk became similarly as insipid--no doubt the tea was all right, but, my nervous system was quite unstrung...."

Misha became aghast, while his sister was revealing this shocking revelation--Sara had not ever seen such a satanic expression on her brother's face before--he was boiling with rage.

"Cousin's do not ever speak in privacy about such indelicate subjects to each other...do you know, at one time I thought it rather strange that his attentions toward Jane were exceptionally sweet--too sweet for a relationship so close; such priggery, damn him! I will make him pay for this! beguiling the public and his friends with his bachelorhood--posing as a single man! why, I saw him sign his contract with his managers which stipulated that it becomes void if he should marry; making a fool of me, me playing duets with his wife as I have, and she supposed to be all this while a single woman: damn him! in all of our acquaintance I have been the finest friend in all honesty; now, delude Warde and me by not allowing us to know about this secret affair." tiraded Misha; his appearence was evil looking.

Sara was very alarmed about how her brother was carrying on; she knew that what he had learned was a terrible shock, hopelessly wrecking his love affair: "But Misha! you must not disclose what we have learned, you would injure yourself without gain, also, you would affront Edwin and possibly lose Jane's friendship--do not be that foolish! be patient, continue, as if what we know did not exist!" declared Sara.

"Sara, Win is a damn fool, allowing me make a simpleton out of myself by being in Jane's company so often--Jane is attractive, also, a beautiful young woman and any man whom is so brainless, unrealizing, as not to know that when a man is in friendly intercourse with a handsome young person of Jane's character and, for him not to have his passions aroused, well, he surely is dumb! Summerville is not so stupid as all that--it may be that his egotism has aroused in him the foolishness that is told in an antique-story about a fool who wished to test the sincerity of his young wife's love for him; had his comrade make love to his mate--he did, accordingly, he seduced her, also, ran off with her!...damn Win! I am going to do the very same thing--separate these two!"

Sara was as harmously perturbed as her brother and to feel that Misha's love affair was hopelessly shattered by this sudden turn of events caused her to feel precariously for her brother--she so wanted Jane for a sister-n-law--their intimacies in agreeable understanding made these two the jolliest of friends....she, not having knowledge of the Profound inner character of her brother, littel dreamed about what the future may bring to her in hopeless dispair,

"But Misha you will not expose this matter or yourself toward disgraceful conduct? you must be a man! of course you are indignant and have been soulfully injured; however, as you are aware of the present state of the circumstances, be dignified, a gentleman--your future and mine must not suffer because you have not the stability to laugh all this off as huge sportive misadventure!"

"Joke! Win has brought ruin on to himself and will not ever know just how it has come about; delusionment is a serious matter when carried up to the state he has perpetrated on his friends...!"

"Try to sustain Edein's deception, look upon your longing as a hopeless fancy...your pursuit of her as a caprice, because Jane has not so far encouraged your attentions toward her--as you are aware of their relationship, be less attentive! "

Misha could scarcely drink his coffee--something he enjoyed more than his food... coffee and his cigar, Seemingly he was quieting, that is, he appeared so to his sister....Misha was one who could visualize a situation and plan accordingly in much less time than the average person...many things came into his thoughts as if they were reflections coming off from a mirror--things sunk into his subconscious mind that now arise as bubbles from the bottom of a quiet pond--vividly clear.

...."Before I took my leave, I told Jane that you were bringing over Schubert's 'Erlkönig' for the violin and the piano!" encouragingly remarked Sara.

With a ghastly rasping laugh, Misha replied: "Surely, I will do some 'awful' fiddling...previously, all the while I had been thinking about the loveliness, the spiritual beauty that I would put into this piece was all a dream, because I had hoped that in this music I should awaken within Jane a more harmonious bond between us...." as he was meditating aloud to his sister; also, there were a stream of half-formed evil thought, backgrouned, by his disorganized thinking...he loved that woman, to possess her, he would use all and any means to gain his desires...

" Misha, Maybe, Schubert's piece may be the very thing in its beauty to cement an everlasting friendship between you and Jane--something far better than to do any evil thing in our acquaintance with the Summerville's!"

Misha did not make any reply to his sympathizing sister; however, in his thoughts; "Win will find that in secrecy I can equal him to the point, where, in furthering my object, the devil could not rival me--I am going to have Jane...!" flashed through his mind.

Misha sat at the dinnertable smoking for some minutes while his sister was removing the supper dishes, seemingly shut up with his inner reflections...hearing Sara rattling the dishes in the dishwater, caused his mind to become aware about a little duity that became a habit--he wiped and put away the supper-things, also gossiped with his sister....Misha could not remain quiet very long, because his thoughts were much too disturbed; "Sara," her brother spoke up in a manner, reflectively; "friends and friendare words that I have not comprehended in their meaning, fully; you know, I have in a sort of a way looked upon such a term as'a friend,' as one, close in its affection as you and I, however in all of my experience so far, the significence of the thing is, it is only an acquaintance, truly in its meaning....with my boyhood friends (acquaintances) I found that they would do selfish acts toward me--if I shared my candy with them they would inveribly overtake their proper amount--with marbles, cheat; also play pranks on me that should be only suitable on those outside of our small groupe as a prankish injury....nearing adulthood, it was a continuation; if we had, in the musichalls beer and heaping platters of shellfish to feast on, almost all of my companions would stuff themselves until their bellies became distended--at times I have thought:8 'my, do not these fellows get enough to eat at home!!' ....In the sporting houses they would double-cross one about the girls; a young beauty that I once had, told me in confidence that two of my 'so called chums' were in ever possible manner trying to knock me out of her affections, astounding me with their treacherous friendlines...one night during summer on a hot night about four in the morning --we had raised her bedroom window wide open, it was facing a narrow alley: we had not been asleep long; I felt the bed jar but did not fully awaken me at the moment; however I heard my girl give a scream just loud enough to awaken me; she jumped up and turned on the light; a brick had been thrown through the window and had strusk the matress and tumbled up against her pillow-- if it had been aimed three inches higher it should have hit her or myself with great injury--what a mess I should have been in, for being in a place of that sort; fortunately, we escaped--those were a sample of my common 'friends!'"

"But Misha, you must not look for with an apprehension of something good or evil, but accept the condition as they appear and act with an equipoise state, counterbalance at all times the things that displeases you!"

"Surely, Sister, no one but a simpleton expects loyality from their close acquaintances and I am the last one who would expect promise of plighted faithin a friend; however, one must not constantly be on their guard with their close associates--Warde and Win cannot find in me any lack of loyalty; nevertheless, what Summerville has done, has astounded me! it hurts my ego and, I am afraid that it would shock Hugh just as deeply as it has surprised myself; he not taking us two into his confidence, as it is, he is going to get thesurprise of his life

CHAPTER VIII

SCHUBERT'S ERLKÖNIG, in duet, was being performed beautifully, Sara thought; also, Mrs Brookfield and Aunt Ida listened with much delight to this artist-piece of creative inspiration, while these three sat in the sittingroom on a Sunday afternoon to Cousin Jane and Misha; intermitantly talking about their journey down to Florida...clothes were their principle subject--their winter things were as unsuitable as their last-summer dresses were--they must be fashionable when they arrive there; however, who could advise them in and about southern elegance: 'Worth's' Paris Branch in New York City, the elite-dressmakers must know just about what to wear; Sara had suggested-she was not a stylist, but she knew that these fashionable dressmakers could satisfy their needs.

If any person knew how to dissemble, since, this startling shock to him about Jane being in secret Edwin Summerville's wife, it was this talented character-actor...in their atmospher of musical-romance, in their goodfellowship of laughter and bon mots; Misha, in the company of this young fascinating woman whom enchanted him to the state that his caution must be exercised to control his desires, constrain all of his meaningful expressions which toward Jane who probably knew that this delightful friend was attached to her in a manner that gave her many hidden pleasures that she in all good taste did not bring these thoughts up into the daylight-reality.

"How I will miss these gratifying musical-studies with you when you are gone to Florida where the warm sunshine radiates a form of music like the summer sun that I have heard you say that you love so well; while lonely me! I will have to patiently await your home coming in order to again take up what has been about the happiest moments with music I ever had.."Misha found himself floundering in a lot of words that entangling thing, which he did not wish to reveal quite so obviously: however, he continued; "imagining you away, sends through me a feeling of melancholy that was disturbing the spiritual expression of my playing just now --have you not noticed my tones which have a whang, similar to a street-fiddler?"

Amiably laughing, Jane replied: "If a street-begger could play so fine, he would obstruct the traffic--be in the hands of the police...!"

"After you leave for Florida, I may obstruct the thoroughfares, aimlessly wandering about much as if I were a child seeking distraction! ....would it be impertiment in asking what may be too much of a favor in seeking your permission about writing to you?" hoping that his request may meet with Jane's partiality, Misha, continued, wishing to emphasise his request more clearly by adding: "I will give you all the gossip, in fact tell you in writing what I should not--things that would cause me to blush--being the village-scandlemonger!" Jane laughed with much amusement; really, what he had implied, for many reasons had both depth and meaning that attracted her much more than Moscovitz dreamed.

"Why, the idea, why should you not write as a friend...!I am so pleased that you asked me...."

"Misha, in his mind quickly resolved how Jane used the word 'friend! 'friend' did not ever sound so drab...a slight depression trembled throughout his nervous system--friend! loosing momentarily an inner irritation, the feeling that he was only a mere friend, caused him to rub his hands together--they were dry as files...."Damn that matinee-idol! he has caused me to make a fool of myself." he pondered.

Walking home with his sister, shortly after; Moscovitz had the sensibility of murder in his heart; Sara, was reticent--she had been studying Jane after they all assembled in the sittingroom prior to their leaving for home; she could see that her brother was disquieted; however, with a woman's immediate perception, she knew that Jane was fascinated

with her darling brother; Sara knew Jane in an intimate manner--usually in company she is by habit extremely staid; however, she was a woman with a passionate nature that was constrained by the conventions that were proper, moreso, for married women--how could this young person performe the spiritual-beauty so exquisitly on the piano if she had not those profound sentiments that are so warmly revealed when she plays! --she has talked with Jane; "Jane is not more chaste, virtue to her is an external circumstance of conclusive states--I know her!" remarked Sara.

"Don't be so glum Misha! Jane is not taking you in! if I am not mistaken, she is having, being a woman, a more disquieting experience than you are--you are free...she is not!" momentairily pausing, "she knows that you would have long before this asked her to go out walking with you, but, it being so darn cold; Jane knows the time will come, then it will be Aunt Ida or her mother that may be in need of a little fresh air...." Misha was so quick in grasping what his sister was saying that he had to burst with hearty laughter.

Cousin Jane, she was growing tired of this constrained form of life ....fairly bored with being just a'back-stage' wife; when is all of this cousin-deception going to end...at moments of inner brain-storms--strong feelings of indignation--rebellious as a harem-concubine; she was as unhappy as a woman at the washtub with a husband sleeping off a Saturday'S drunk.

Being the wife of a famous Broadway star under these circumstances caused her many thoughts; the wife of a lighthouse keeper would not be more miserable than her lot. Impetuosity was arising within her at moments when Edwin wished to allay her capricious fit of sullenness...these little frictions were gradually entering their diminishing-romance.

Pondering, when tired of her piano studies; "What is the use of being a woman? it is well for them whom wish to rear a pack of childern --not for me! my grandmother slaved for her's and, mother for me--pleasure, drudgery, a pleasure! men, have all the romantic freedoms....great actresses, writers and prima donnas have to give away their old beds to the junkman and buy from the furniture-stores new one'S in order to sleep in virtuous couches...yes, it is well while the romance is on, nevertheless, when it drifts the fanciful to drabness, then, it is an endless whirl, similar to old leaves up in the air for a moment in gaiety, then self-satisfied, slowly settle, as if on an island where there is no change; delightful subjects are talked flat...after, to listen to Win (Summerville) is an incessant talker) in mononotonous neverending monologues about science and philosophy...last night Win talked me to sleep about the polar regions--how the ice-caps are constantly built above summer losses, thus lowering the ocean shore lines...what do I care whether all the seas become ice--it is chilly enough...goodness if Win would stop talking so much about things that have no gratifying aspects; he causes me to remember our old college professor Dr Condon who walked up and down before our class haranguing about the geological formations of the fossiliferous stratas of the John Day country."

Under certain conditions of thinking, Jane's mental habits through strain, was growing so fixed that it became cyclical, recuring over and over her thoughts about the confinements under which she was living--"Why could not Win be as delightful as Misha was...(Misha could forget his cold and false heart, exteriorally, exspose the warmest nature imaginable when he chooses; as a person of artistic leanings, he was conscious of all the warmest passions, as if they were keys on an organ, select and press these at his will, spiritually, beautifully as he plays the violin);

...talk about artistic things,,biographies of artists their works, books, paintings and prima donnas; hold repartee with laughable bon mots...

charming as a young man should be--did not ever border with any nearness to the indiscreet...one could imagine that he has had conquests, however, his weaknesses did not ever disclose them, because of his good taste;"how Jane could ramble on with exciting thoughts about this attractive Misha--too much cream may pall; Jane'S insatiatable hunger so far was growing, and the thoughts that soon she would be away from his companionship and music.

Moscovitz had picked up the fragment of somebody's letter near the Summerville home as he came toward the gate; glancing at it he oberved the similarity in the hand-writing as if it were the script that Miss Ashton affected (back-hand, that was in vogue during the '80's); the last leaf of the note read: 'yes, I'll be there...don't forget!' signed, 'A.'

His creative mind, becamed aflamed with an idea;"This letter appears of the character as if it were written by Ashton; why not give it to Jane! probably, it may create a bit of jealousy!" Misha thought. "What a splendie joke, it may start a little discord between these two!" As Misha came through the gate, he thought: "Win may think he is deceiving or having a joke on his friends, so why not start an action that will recoil on the projector--he deserves it, damn him!"

When he met Jane in the musicroom where she was playing; after greeting her, he handed Jane the fragment of the letter, while remarking: "May this be a part of somebody's letter, a member of the family? I just picked it up near the gate!" Win had left an hour previously for the theatre: "Possibly, Win may have dropped it!" casually Misha suggested--in a tone not purposely what he really implied.

Jane read it, then put it on the piano; she did not disclose any mental concern; "No, surely it is not any letter of ours!"

"Its script is so similar to Miss Ashton's! I thought some member of the family had lost it."

CHAPTER IX

MR EDWIN SUMMERVILLE and the family had their dinner at six o'clock, because, Win had to be at the theatre early so that he could 'make-up' comfortably before curtain-time; of course, on Sunday's the family dined at the conventional hours.

His Aunt's and Cousin Jane were leaving this evening for Florida on the ten o'clock train; so after finishing their dinner, he hurriedly bid them goodbye in his exquisite manner--intheir bedroom he gave Jane a loving hug while begging her to be thoughtful, careful of herself, and sadly said; "It is too bad that I cannot see you folks off at the station!"

There was the usual bustle preparing for their departure; having completed these arrangements; Misha and Sara came in to bid them bon voyage. While their friends were busily engaged with many little things; Misha sat himself down at the piano and started playing light and cheerful snatches from the opera-bouffe's and after a few minutes began to sing, Hagaman's "Do Not Go, My Love" with very much beauty that excites the mental emotions, because, he was filled with pathos that reached out to those who heard his lovely singing; the atmosphere he was creating, penetrated the interior of Jane's soul--she knew that her friend was sad, also, by such means was radiating what he did not dare openly express to her, these not so well hidden sentiments flattered her inner being, for, all women delight secretely that they are objects of love...Jane came in on her way throught to the kitchen in order to prepare Win's midnight-lunch, and, remarked; "You sang that splendid, but, sad music at this time makes me Homesick long before it is the usual duration for one to be troubled with melancholy! I am going to fix up Win's little snack; would you not care to have a bite with some beer?" They, now, could hear Old Sam out front with the carriage and had come to carry out their hand-luggage.

Misha walked with Jane into the kitchen where she started fixing up the customary sandwich along with a bottle of beer; also, opened one for Misha and herself, accompaning this with big slices of ham and mustard with bread for the both of themselves; all the while hurriedly talking..."I will keep you well informed about nothing in particular!"Pleasurely friendly, "send you if I run across any new music...if I cannot find any gossip worth while, Well I will make up some that may read just as well...." having finished, Jane latched the windows and Locked the kitchendoor and took up the tray on which she had placed her husband's lunch; as they had got into the dining room, Jane asked Misha if he did not wish to take home Mr Summerville's violin? replying, "No, it is to precious! an accident of a sort, could not ever be explained away; the responsibility would be too great to be assumed--no, many thanks;"by this time they had passed into the musicroom; when Misha exclaimed: "That ham has made me frightfully thirsty! I will return to the kitchen for a glass of water...." THe water could be heard rushing into the sink noisely--he, hastily threw off the kitchen door-latch, then returned, joining the waiting travelers; walked with them to their carriage where all but himself got in--Sara had to go into the city about her 'news' work: they asked Misha to ride in with them, but, he had some pressing work at home, so declined with many thanks.

Old Sam flourished his whip while sayinh 'gitep' and the carriage slowly moved away--How proudly the old hostler appeared on the carriage-box; Misha walked along by the moving vehicle, giving and receiving salutations; he finaly halted, stood and watched the carriage until it faded indistinctly in the dimming rays of the arc-light. He turned and came back and when he reached the gate, turned, hastily looked round him, then walked through, took the garden walk that lead behin the house.

Misha remained out of sight for probably twenty minutes, then cane out through the gate and casually onward toward his home, whistling softly as if he were somewhat happier than he was just a few minutes ago.

Misha would have been considerably more so, if he really knew that Jane and Win were entering an apprehensive period where the insipid commences to stagnate progressively-backward--the delightful romance was to Jane more of a memory than a reality she once supposed was to be a joy neverending--could it be the difference in temperement? these two were artists and not working in the same field--discordant tastes in the fine arts had not brought about this flavorless milieu!...The one great fault between married people is,--their lack of wisdom...Nature tricked them into marriage--psychologically--she has a beautiful mole on her cheek and he has 'hot love!' similar to the birds, but not very, for the birds know how to build a nest--place it in the shade, fairly so, free from nest-robbers...however, the newly-married, do not possess this instinctive knowledge, nor do they seek the advice of those whom built, quarrelled and at varrience ruin their delightful love. Jane though, if shehad become Summerville's mistress would have been delightfully romantic, however she is constrained into the form of a harem-slave, which would be lovely indeed, but, for one thing; Win is an endless wind-bag--incessantly talks about everything that is not charmingly-entertaining ...he is acquainted with all the charming subjects but they are as boresome to him as his scientific philosophy is to Jane!--she enjoyed a cursory insight in the marvals of wisdom; however to be talked to sleep, in time, callouses the delicate sentiments....If Misha was aware of their secret marriage, also, he was just as unaware of the flavorless condition that was budding--had he known all this, his 'whistling softly' may havebeen louder than those whom "whistle in the dark' through sheer joy.

Summerville, Miss Ashton and Hugh Warde, had their most successful evening--Edwin, the hero; Miss Ashton as an artless girl and, Hugh Warde's cleverness in contriving, in 'With Gay Hearts;' delighted the house with his ingenuity. Edwin with Ashton had several curtain-calls, and at the close of the play the entire cast bowed to the enthusiasm of their audience...through the open doors of their dressing-rooms, while taking off their'make-up' they exchanged ideas about this jolly piece they produced with splendid artistry...their manager Mr John Morgan came backstage with a bottle of champagne from which they drank toasts to their biggest night....When Win was riding home he was in the happiest mood, thinking how pleased his family will feel when they get a letter that he will write as soon as he reaches home and post it before he turns in for the night.

How gloomy his home appeared--dark and forbidding--it was hazardous, keeping kerosene lamps burning while there were no body about...OMinously. he lighted a match and at the same moment something fell to the floor; this crash caused a tingling chill to run over him--it was an umbrella that had become unballanced, and fallen; lightening a candle in the hall, he soon had lamps blazing merrily.

Went to his room and removed his clothes, then put on his night things, also his dressing gown; how lonesome the still house seemed which depressed him very much--the emptiness of the rooms, as he walked about gave out a hollow unpleasing sound; when he got into the dining-room he lighted the lamp there, because, he was going to eat the little lunch that Jane customarily placed on the table for him. He turned toward the dining-table and there were the beer and sandwich that her tender hands so lovingly prepared for Win; coming closer to the table and what he saw, caused Win to step back and gasp with surprise--he with astonishment examined what lay before his eyes; on the sandwich-plate beside this little repast, laying apparently dead, was a mouse--"gosh! what may

this mean!" the sound of his own voice startled him as much as what appeared before his sight that disgusted and made him shudder...on examining closer, Win could see where the mouse had been eating the sandwich--then, dying after...strange....

Summerville's active mind suspicioned a hundred thoughts...the mouse being dead, he rapidly sensed: "Mice do not climb onto a table, eat, then die beside food...they scamper away when replete...that sandwich must contain poison....everything round the room seemingly appeared usual; he walked into the kitchen and it was in perfect order; came back into the dining-room where he resumed, pondering, concerning what all this strange affair resolves itself into--"fate has willed it, that the mouse became the means of saving me from this destructive manner of death..."excessive fear arose in Win's mind..."No wonder,it is clear; Jane has been acting unusually distant for some time, may it be that she has so wished for her freedom that she has taken these murderous means to get rid of me...horrors! My God! this is murder...!"

Reflecting in a pondering manner for some minutes with all the semblance of being mentally shattered--studying the reality of his life with Jane; her petulence,of disinterested and unloverlike ways, also developing into a very cool bedfellow--this frigidness so contrasted with their former blissful loveliness, all too well, now, so obvious, for, what now lays on the table, is as plain as day...."Jane has taken these horrific means to free herself with dastardly suddenness!...how little one may judge the psychological trend of another's mental attitude!...Well, if this is the begining of the end of my fondest dreams in having a wife that to me surpassed any woman that I may have desired, now is the moment for me to realize that my future with her is to be a melodrama greater than any that I have acted in on the stage." Win walked out and into his bedroom and sat down frightfully dejected for sometime...shruged his shoulders, got up, then went into the kitchen and made himself a sandwich, drank a bottle of beer with it; then got into bed and finally fell asleep...not long, horrorable dreams held him in a mesh more awful than what shocked his equipoise in the dining-room...his beautiful wife was pouring poison down his open mouth with a funnel--in his wiggling to free him from her fiendish machinations; with gurgling moans in a last strenuous blustering roar, he became fully awake..."Gosh! Hell! that is the real thing...that damnd onion and beer surely burned a hole through my guts!" Summerville got out of bed, went into the bathroom, put his finger down his throat and brought up stuff that makes dreams horrifying.

CHAPTER X

MR MOSCOVITZ HAD rung the Summerville door-bell round two p.m.,and Win came to the door; on seeing Misha, seemingly, he showed some nervousness; without revealing with words just why he was so...Moscovitz, did not show in his manner that he was aware of his friens discomfiture.

Casually, he exclaimed: "Hello! I was on my way over to the city; thought that you may be about ready to start for the play-house; was hoping to catch you to accompany you in!"

Edwin did not ask Misha in.

"No, I am not running into the city much sooner than two or three hours hence--I have to write a letter to my Mother and Father!"

"However, as you are busy, I will run along--see you at the show-house!" replied Moscovitz.

At the moment, a woman came up the garden walk and Win awaited her, while Misha was about leave.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with Mr Moscovitz, Mrs Adams; I am pleased that you have come!"

In the nicest manner she smiled to and bowed to the gentlemen, and Win Said, "Walk right in Mrs Adams and make yourself at home...it is unneccessesary for me to instruct you in houskeeping!" good humorly, she laughed, bowed to Moscovitz and walked into the house; as Win continued: "I am very pleased that Mrs Taylor permitted you to help straighten up our house since the folks have gone away!"

Turning to Moscovitz, after the woman had gone into the house; Misha said, "Why did you not ask me! I am a dandy housekeeper!" laughingly he exclaimed, while shaking his hand up in the air in the usual jolly fashion..."SO long!" while he was walking toward the gate.

Summerville remained home long enough for Mrs Adams to tidy up, and during this period he wrote letters to his parents, but, his mind was too disturbed by his remarkable occurence in discovering the faithlessness in the woman whom he loved--he yet can hardly believe all that was as obvious as it appeared last night--he was afraid to compose a line to Jane, for fear that he may disclose the half-shattered love he bore for her...Summerville, thought it would be best to reflect well about this horrible occurence..."If she is guilty of this dastardly thing, it may be well to allow her to wonder why her scheme miss-fired--she may think that I was not hungered sufficiently to partake of the repast that she prepared or had my luncheon in the city before coming home...."

At the theatre that evening, to Moscovitz, it became conspicuous that Summerville was very perturbed..."Win does not reveal why he is so dry--surely I have started something that may create friction between Jane and this smug-idol of the woman...will I be pusillanimous? two may practice deceit!" Misha was unusually jolly in Win's company, hence, did not in the least show that he was aware of Summerville's dire and unusual reserve.

How anxious were Misha about writing a letter to Miss Brookfield, however, what to write was easy, but, he wished to write ambiguities, that would suggest much although harmless apparently in their composition--he thought it may be better to make sketches first, similar, as he does when making a painting--to make a picture without preliminary studies, is to complicate one into a mess.

That night he confided his ideas with his sister Sara about his intentions in creating an estrangement between Jane and Win. Miss Moscovitz was shocked terribly with her brother's proposition: "Why Misha, what you suggest to me, is unpardonably contemptious...morals, is the subject and means of my 'column'--it is unthinkable with me even to believe that you would wrong that, that holds these young persons together!"

"See here dear Sister! do you remember that it was you who discovered the intimate relationship existing between Summerville and Jane. What if I had not have learned this previous unknowned affair; and had sought Jane as I have, would it be doing wrong in useing any and all methods in maintaining my advancements in gaining her affections?"

"No, however, under such conditions though you should be a gentleman; now, you are seeking methods that are immoral, by intervening, placing discord where there may not be such if your interventions were making or creating those obstacles!"

"Look here! Sara, again, you forget, it is all very well for you to write morals in your 'column' and, its another thing for me to suffer at the hands of this deceieving-cuss whom leaves himself open to both injuring his friends and also his wife by posing openly before the world as a single man...I became deeply attracted to Jane, then learn that she is the wife of her supposed, makebelieved cousin--that is of course too bad, so I am the one that is to pay for my folly? meekly submit; not to retaliate....well, it all very 'moral' for you to advise young girls how to suffer because of their misadventures, while you sit smuggly in a robe cloaking moral comfort--it is not your heart that is bursting...'tis whose ox that is being gored!"

"Misha, always try to be a man--agentleman; where a woman is concernd, as they say,'takes it on the chin!' do you not recall the scandalous case in an English court where a lady's reputation was being aired beautifully to the delight of the common and vulgar public--where the Prince of the Realm was called as a witness--in his evidence he openly lied--perjured himself in order to hold up the honor of a lady!"

"Yes, that is the very privilege of a Prince, however, a common person would be penalized with a jail term for such effrontery--'the king cannot do wrong!' well, I am within myself, going to be a law in such matters if I can get away with it--I know right from wrong when the right wrongs me!"

Sara was quiet for some miments; she wanted ever so much to have Jane as her sister; also, knew that her dear brother was being wronged by Summerville's perfidity and, realized that Misha was taking his love affair with Jane extremely serious--in ammaner too grave, probably for the wellfare of his future.

"It is all very fine for you Sara as you are going to be married soon to John Morgan, enjoy the bliss of marriage, and me, to be hopelessly in love with the only woman that I would care for so far as being worth a damn for my life partner and she now the wife of a deceitful friend...well I am going to have Jane; wait and see!"

The more Moscovitz talked,it inflamed his passions: "Win cannot'eat his cake and keep it; I am asking you to act with Jane more so than ever, contrive, with ever possible mean--stimulate her admiration for me, you know best how that may be acomplished--we know her secret; also Win's exposing his wife openly to any man's attention...I am going to create discord between them--jealousy, that is the simplest thing possible! you make plans to have on next Sunday the finest dinner ever; in the mean time I will invite Morgan, Miss Ashton and Win; we will have a musical blow-out--Ashton will be wild to come if Summerville is to be our guest; Win by then may be so bored with restaurant-food he will be a wolf for a satisfying-meal; of course he is not to know that Miss Ashton is to be a member of our dinner-party--she it to be the enchantress for she has been in love with Win for over a year....I want you to write Win an invitation for dinner and about the same time I also will ask him, so that I will be sure that he is coming, accordingly, I will see to it that Miss Ashton will be with us,"

CHAPTER XI

MR MISHA MOSCOVITZ being cool, suave in temperament, made it possible for him as an actor to be one of the finest stage-villains, also off, as superfluious in ease with facetious good fellowship; held his friends in the proper manner as far as they harmonously requited; however, his heart beat for himself only--its nerve-centres in timing, were as accurate as a swinging pendulum--the thing that directs this was as brainless as the muscles that pulsed so mechanically machine-like--this 'little kingdom' was at all times mastered by his acute discriminations--he could read character well, however, Summerville rather astounded him with his secretiveness; Misha was a friend who did not expect more than he himself gave, but, with his experiences so far in life, saw to it that he was not the one to first give cause in destroying what always was more valuable than the usual little gains....In his boyhood, a chum whom he loved, and naturally supposed reciprocated his affections in like manner: gave him a chill within his heart, that has since, really not ever thawn...this comrade, in their intimacies that were as sacred in keeping as secrets; with the lack of circumspect, his friend revealed, glibbly with the facileness of a town-gossip--since, Misha has not ever tried friendship, twice... trusting his friends without suspicious thoughts, because, his friends are companions--just acquaintances.

At the theatre, he got on famously with the stage-hands and on up to the stars...with Miss Ashton, he was one of her jolly acquaintances --she liked Moscovitz because his personality took in or included music that was a passion with the two of them. Misha's several talents gave her delight and his charming nature caused jolly fun between them: Moscovitz held this actress in high esteem, because, she had been a premiere in opera bouffe--he had many times, after and before performances, did the voice-scores with her of the many opers that she had been so popular in, however, what captured her admiration, was, Misha had painted a portrait of Miss Ashton on a wing on matinee afternoon while she was doing her part on th e stage-- it so excited her that she cut it out and had it framed, as a memento of their friendship...his greatest charm though, was, that he did not at any time ever make love to the actresses ...women hold men in much esteem that do not annoy or prey on them because they at times characterize on the stage, women of questionable character!

To Miss Ashton in a casual but jocund manner, Moscovitz asked of this jolly actress: "How is it that you while on the stage make such charming love to Win, and off, apparently, seemingly, do not so in real life?"

Delightfully, replying, "A woman must not be foreward in such delicate sentiments as love--doing so is wonten and, those who do, lack their ladyship...it is the privilege taken by some gentlemen whom show what a respectable person must not ever do--there are no double-standards where there is refinements!"

"Did you ever realize that Summerville has a 'crush' on you more sweet than you may suppose...?" Misha did not wish to imply this too definitely, because, he may by inference, suggest innuendos by deductions that she was not what she appeared....with a slight tinge of rose on her cheek, Miss Ashton laughingly replied: "'Crush!' Win delightfully makes love to me on the stage, but, the scenes demand that! however, I have off, not ever been able to command such charm with any warmth; why do you ask or suggest?"

With equivocal evasion Moscovitz wandered off by saying: "John Morgan and Summerville are coming to my house Sunday for dinner, and

Sara invites you through me and I do wish it that you come, because, conditions are especially favorable for you to meet Win in company away from the play-house...so you see, I am acting as your good 'angel' in bringing you both together; however, please do not allow Summerville to Know you are to be a guest, because, you are to delightfully surprise him and to enliven our party!" Ashton's face became radiant with pleasure; "so put on your loveliest dress and inspire us with your jolly companionship while enchanting Summerville!"

"Tell your sister that she has made extremely happy and, many thanks Misha--I will not rest until Sunday comes...!"

"Ashton do not forget to bring one of your Opera-scores, one that you like the best, also, parts for the piano and the violin--you must in the mean time do some vocal exercises because you will have an opera to sing through--this's going to be a gala musical entertainment for ourselves!"

Miss Ashton kept up her music as a distraction--professionally, she always maintained her voice in its excellence; at times on the stage in parlor scenes to create in the minds of their audience, a certain wonder about there versatility by introducing charming ballads as 'fillers' for the purpose of creating atmosphere--Win playing the piano and singing duets with her.

What a delightful Sunday afternoon and evening they passed; Morgan helped Sara in the Kitchen as a good lover enjoys doing, while Miss Ashton, Moscovitz with Win made merry with music--after their dinner they all pitched in straightening up the diningroom and dishes, then they all went into the parlor and the three artists rendered 'The Chimes of Normandy' with exquisite taste; Win at the piano, with Misha skillfully performing the violin parts; also Win and Misha sang in chorous, at moments rendered individual parts by humming as they plaid. Ashton sang, not ever before with lovelier voice--she was inspired with thoughts about charming Summerville--why should not a man be charmed with such a splendid actress!

....With beer and cigars betwwn acts; Sara laughingly said that, "Our parlor smells as if it were a German Beer Hall!" John Morgan rejoined: "What a splendid thing Sara, we do not have to go to beer-halls when we may have them at home; whem we are married, in our parlor we will have beer-tables and merry music--such joys makes one forget the strenuous hours of worry!"

"John, I may imagine you in such a milieu! however, I can form more easily a mental picture of you being in church where your soul may be very much elevated.... " as the hour had reached ten o'cloch and the music had just closed, Sara interjected, by asking: "Miss Ashton, will you please sing an agreeable finale to our delightful day! 'Be Still My Soul:'" Win, Misha and Ashton did....What thoughts emotionly stirred within the conscience of these soloists--imagine Moscovitz's and the perturbed essence within Summerville; also, the emotional enchantment that thrilled Miss Ashton in being in concert with Win?

Moscovitz's parlor was too small for such voluminous music; so Summerville suggested that they meet again next Sunday at his home where his musicroom is much more suitable for such genial entertainment.

The following morning, at their breakfast, Misha said to his sister: "You may see Sara, our party was a success! if Summerville had known that Ashton was to be one of our guests, likely, he may have not come, because, Ashton as a social companion was displeasing, but as an artist, under the circumstances she gave him gratifying pleasure in a musical sense!"

"Our company enjoyed themselves and John an I had a splendid visit."

Moscovitz did have something to writ Miss Jane Brookfield: "You should have heard our musicale'" he wrote, "and strangely odd that you had not ever met Miss Ashton who sings the equal of any prima donna: she at my home with Win and I had a grand musical-blow-out, dinner, also beer and more music; "my, how beautifully Ashton sings--thoroughly educated in the musical arts and histronics--realy she is enchanting...how in the world that Win can resist her...well I suppose he has so much pleasure making love to her on the stage that while off he seemingly poses indifferantly toward her....' Misha, of course, did not know that it was the love-making scene she saw these two in while the Jenks Troupe were in Portland; unveiled within her her budding love for Summerville and, since then has hated this woman--Ashton's artistry only inflamed Jane the more...."the acoustics are so poor in my Parlor, that Win invited us for next Sunday over to your Musicroom, where it will be more pleasurable playing.... " Moscovitz's letter contained many ambiguities; surely Jane may have her unending jealousy aroused anew to the point where no semblance of love will remain in her heart.

Since the discovery of the dead mouse, Edwin Summerville has not been completely himself--his apparent gaiety on the stage and at the home of Moscovitz was sheer self-reliance, inspiring confidence of himself that he imagined more than his judgment justified; that the finding of the mouse beside the sandwich was merely an incidence that happened coincident to the time his folks had left for the south; nevertheless, seriousness, which he was passing through caused a strange morbidness to uproot his general restfulness--he was unhappy! why did he not preserve the sandwich and mouse and have it analyzed by a bio-chemist--know for sure to satisfy his now unknown confidence in his wife's love for himself....His letters to Jane were the nicest kind, but they were very similar to school-boy compositions in letter writing--their warmth were a sort of strained vapidity of affectionate words without the inspiration a lover so beautifully composes...what if there were poison in the sandwich? from now on he must live in a state of apprehension; awaite with hope that all this is some seemingly strange misadventure.

Jane had written her admiration for Mary Summerville's fiance; that she found in him a splendid cultured gentleman; also they were delightfully in love and that Mary was the happiest person she had ever seen; also, after their wedding the Vivian Bell's were to honeymoon in Cuba for a time and from there were going to Vivian's dear Paris; how long before they will return to New York City is an indefinite matter.

Several Sunday's had passed with delightful musicals at Summerville's home and the present one would give Summerville a continual bit of distraction; with Jane and his people away, this loneliness enhanced his morbidness: he similar to many trusting-husbands whom unsuspecting, have become frightfully shocked when they discover that their wives wish to be free because of their various reasons. Summerville's apprehension, now has become a continual mental pain; he became aware with much surprise about the idea that one cannot judge persons by their appearance; because that very morning he read in the paper, also, saw the photograph of a mother who had the sweetest face of an angelic nature--she had allured a young woman into her home and brutally beat the girl to death, then hid the corpse within a lime-filled trunk down in her basement--years passed; a flood came; men cleaning up the cellar, opened the trunk and found the remaines...this distraught mother confessed, revealed her reason why she murdered the girl--she feared that this young woman was trying to take her son-in-law away from her daughter...such strange cases revealed anew to Win, the uncertainties of another's psychological make-up..."Jane, was not the Jane of their initial romance!" Edwin pondered.

The enjoyable Sunday musical was in full swing; Sara had come over and was in the kitchen with John Morgan and Hugh Warde preparing the four o'clock-dinner; John and Hugh were peeling the potatos while having jolly fun--Sara said in an amusing manner: "If my mother saw such extravagance, the wastefulness in such thick peelings, she would not only scold you two, but, show you how a potato should be peeled!

"Well we are showing your mother's daughter just how we peel potatoes and we thank you for your mother's ideas about economy--you are as much to blame as we; why did you not ask us if we knew how to remove the outer surface in an ecomomical way?" exclaimed Hugh, and, "farther I am not going to peel any more ppuds for a fault-finder!"

"For being godd and helpful boys, also forgive me for criticizing such wastefulnes, I will give you both a Kiss!"

"Well at that price, if we had peeled them correctly we would have been out our kisses--so you see, your mother's exemplification means that her daughter'S extravagance will be appealing-kisses!" such chatter went on jollily in the kitchen, while delightful strains of music reached them from the musicroom where Miss Ashton, Summerville and Misha were rendering one* of Strausses waltzes while vocally Ashton was displaying exquisitly her talent with vocal trills and echoing complicating runs, beautiful as a canary-bird in its complexity; having finished this piece that has charmed audiences ever since its creation because of its joyous inexplainable quality, the musicians, again went into another work; rarely, music-lovers do not ever tire in playing.

They were in the midst of Carrie Jacobs Bond's patheticly beautiful 'Love's Sweet Song' in all of its spiritual senses, that makes it hold one's attention....Aunt Ida had unlocked the front door, letting in Mrs Brookfield and Jane, whom become spellbound with the loveliness of this entrancing music that Miss Ashton was interpreting with the hight of musical-artistry; not ever before had Jane heard this work so exquisitely sung: their home coming was to be a surprise to Win, was now, unexpectedly, astonishment to themselves in finding their arrival within the setting of an artistic-concert...this love song inspired profound emotions within Jane's soul.

Summerville's home folks had reached the open door of the musicroom and gazed in unobserved, because their entertainers were facing the opposite wall of the room...lovely Miss Ashton was singing at her best; she by mere chance in turning her body while gesturing her emotions, in graceful movement of her hands in expressing her feelings;suddenly became startled--she asw in the large doorway strangers appearing there whom apparantly were deeply impressed with what they were hearing; this had sb disturbed the singer into a state of hesitation; Summerville and Moscovitz also turned with extreme surorise on their countenances; Win, hastily jumped up from off of the piano-bench and rushed foreward, took Jane's hand kissed her, then Aunt Ida also Mrs Brookfield while expressing much pleasure in having them home again and, Moscovitz exclaimed his delight, while shaking Miss Brookfield's hand and in a moment drew her toward Miss Ashton and introduced these two momen...this commotion of delight had been heard in the kitchen, bringing Sara, Morgan and Hugh.

The pleasant exchange of questions, their unexpected home coming so soon, without notifying Summerville just when made all the more pleasurable--especially to Misha, because, it brought them all into a scene that made it obvious to Jane that Ashton and Win were more social off the stage than her husband ever wish it to appear, because he had revealed to his wife that this actress was also both a frump and a bore; however from all appearances, this scene was contrary to fact!

Having made these two acquainted; hastily, Summerville made Miss Ashton known to Mrs Brookfield, also to his Aunt Ida.

Miss Ashton as well as Jane, seemingly, felt a radiating atmosphere of tensness--to the actress, she could not quite know the noticable purpose of Miss Brookfield's unconcernedness--her air of casual indifference, nevertheless, she noticed that this handsome cousin of Mr Summerville surely was one who could see through one's guts without any show of concern...."This is Miss Ashton Cousin Jane whom you have seen playing opposite me at the theatre!"exclaimed Win as he came up to these two; he had noticed the rather restrained manner of unfriendliness Jane was purposely showing his guest; "you will enjoy Miss Ashton when you are better acquainted and especially if you talk about music, because, she is professionally well trained; having studied under the directions of the finest teachers...."

Aunt Ida was a darling, having just come up to this somewhat awkward group, extending her hand and warmly shook the actresses...Miss Ashton, thought: "Here is one aristocrat whom does not radiate her superior social plane as Win's cousin indifferently does...."For some long while I have wished to meet you Miss Ashton; I have so enjoyed wour splendid acting!" warmly declared Win's aunt: "I have often thought it was selfish in Edwin to have not made us acquainted with you women in his company of players as he has with Misha and Hugh, as he has, I do so wish it that you will come and visit with us when your time permits!"

"What a darling aunt you must be to Win!" warmly flustered in astonishment with having this gentlewoman welcome her; Ashton put her arm about Aunt Ida's shoulder and gave her a very ..."I have heard so much about all of your family with delightful approbative expressions from Misha that I became rather envious of him in his having the acquaintance of you people--now I know why he delighted in speaking so well of the Summerville's...."

CHAPTER XII

A FEW DAYS AFTER the home coming of Summerville's; while having their dinner, Misha appeared as one seemingly well pleased with the world: he told his sister about how fine things were going at the theatre: "Miss Ashton, unknowingly, is revealing, by her stage work an ardent spirit superior to her former acting. We who work on the stage can tell whether an artist in their characterization, is performing in the highest degree--last night Ashton was superlative--her love making was so real that she received a curtain-call with Win and when she took her bow the house went unreasonably enthusiastic, holding her quite a few moments after Summerville bowed himsef off the footlights: her 'crush' on Win is intensifying since I told her that Summerville thought more of her than she little dreamed--what way he really regardes her if she knew, that she is the finest actress that he has ever played opposite with and if she knew that Win, if they were thrown together on a desolate island he would not make love to her: however, fortunately, it was my good-luck that the folks came when they did--Jane had to meet Summerville's stage-lady and above all, here her beautiful singing; making Ashton both a rival in Win's affections and one so in the musical art...if Jane does not freeze Miss Ashton entirely when she comes the next time to our musicals she certainly will eventually.

Sara replied to her brother: "It is a pitiful thing to lead Miss Ashton astray by by such dubious expressions, when she seems such a very good hearted person!"

"Well, she has always been soft on Summerville, so a bit of encouragement will not shatter her more than our discovery that shocked me! she is not so stupid as one may think? who knows, these ttwo may be having an 'affair' without anybody's knowledge--the fact of the matter, I have not ever bothered myself about Win's private business--it is not his wont to speak about his conquests where women are concerned; however, this will be Jane's worry--if she tolerates Ashton's society one may understand that she may feel utterly indifferent about what we are dwelling on!"

In reply, Sara rejoined: "I heard Mrs Brookfield casually remark that she and Jane may go out to Portland about some busines; but, she would not make this long journey unless Jane accompanies her...it seems that an 'empire-builder' is inducing the Portland public about building a bid hotel, and the block her home is on is the likely cite these enterprising citizens has selected on which to build the Portland hotel." -"I know well where this block is situated; we useed to ride horseback past this residentual districtand, this was quith a subject while we were playing in that city...." replied Misha.

"If Jane accompanies her mother, Ashton may have ample opportunity in finding out how much Win cares for her!" exclaimed his sister.

"As I think about when we were in Portland trouping there; Win was stopping in the Brookfield home and all this while Hugh nor I had ever been at his room; of course, now, I understand just why, it was because of his handsome 'cousin!'...Strangely, one may get away with a hidden affair, however, the laws of probability prohibits deceptions from remaining secrets forever. If I can bring Miss Ashton and Jane into a closer familiar situation, something is bound to happen favorably to me--you understand, Ashton does not know the true relationship between Jane and Win as we do, so, when in our musical party she will surely disclose her strong affections toward Summerville...."

Sunday afternoon found the musical-seance a delightful bit of distraction to this new member; Miss Ashton was extremely animated--her eyes flashed with the appearance of a young girl at her first housa-party; joyously she sang. Misha asked her to sing one of her operatic-arias;

what she selected and felt like singing, she had not the piano-score, so she sat at the instrument and accompanied herself in singing a beautiful aria from 'La Boheme.' As Jane listened to the loveliness of her artistry in rendering this thought-wandering music, she begun to realize her own amateurism; conscious of what made this woman 'somebody;' --a Broadway-star, also a prima donna whom is known to the world; while herself, no place in the world, society or the little circle she is in, and in this group, not known as the wife of Summerville.;,,as she listened, her feelings of admiration were veiled with thoughts of her former jealousy...may it be that Win has been deceitful about this actress-"How could a man resist havong an 'affair' with a woman so talented as Miss Ashton? in my plight, Ashton not being aware of my position has ever privilegeof paying court to my husband and, me, constrained!"

Summerville as a music lover became enthusiastic in applause when Ashton finished, while Misha turned to Jane and said: "Was not that splendidly done!--do you not remember me explaining some of the factual ideas about how to express the spiritual loveliness in masterpieces!"

Jane thought how dear Misha was, how serious as a friend he at all moments in delicate ways revealed himself with interest toward herself; in her state of affairs, seemingly, Misha became closer to her in this predicament that engulfed her.

Hugh Warde and Morgan engaged Jane's attention, while Moscovitz occupied himself with Miss Ashton, commending her for her splendid singing, also exclaimed: "You should hear Miss Brookfield play! she may surprise you, her technique is of the masterly sort--I have been criticizing her for some time; also Miss Brookfield is very impressed with my philosophy about what music should express--what you just rendered makes it evident that music is not something that is executed with skill,but, something spiritually expressed profoundly with feeling...let us go go to her and see if we may persuade her to play?"

Jane felt very much interested, by Miss Ashton's request:"Misha has been very laudatory about your playing and I am anxious to be as favorably impressed as he is--you should feel flattered by having so agreeable a one as Misha being interested in your piano-art!"

Delighted with Miss Ashton's friendly manner, Jane remarked while walking with her rival to the piano: "Misha is a dear, what delicate ways he has in encouraging the best in one, when one is in need of inspiration!"

Having finished one of Chopin's spirited works, much better than Moscovitz had ever heard Jane play it before; Ashton was as delighted as Misha was surprised--they both gave Jane a pleasurable inner feeling she had not for sometime enjoyed; because, a student at some period comes onward slowly into to a place where their studentship slips by, back with the past; now, with the sense of solidity in her technique, she could, as a meadowlark swells with song, herself bring forth what is in her heart....Jane's heart though was too constrained to play with that abandon, surrender to the happiness her warm nature formerly felt and yet, when playing she could wander with some relief in forgetfulness. Since returning from Florida; between Win an herself there was a tenseness, the ignition of which may bring about those ruinous things, withering the loveliest of all things...Summerville had not as yet revealed what had shattered his former complacency, but, if he ever'blows,' what may follow will surely be 'the commencing!'"

Moscovitz had spoken to Ashton one evening at the theatre about his having impressed Jane with the idea of giving a concert, also that he would play a solo as an interlude and asked her what she thought about it after hearing her play. "Why, that is a brilliant idea--she could make a name and, being so handsome would make up for what she may lack!"

"No one knows the trials of an amateur better than you do Miss Ashton," Misha enthusiastically exclaimed; "if we fully decide, will you not join us, sing an aria from your favorite opera's! you know this would occur on some Sunday afternoon and you are disengaged at the theatre!"

"I certainly will! since you suggested that you were going to perform with Miss Brookfield, the thought also came to me...I would have eventually offered to do so, because it has been a long time since I have appeared in a concert!"

"My, but I am delighted and, Miss Brookfield will become elated upon hearing that you approve, also to her, she knows that you must have a favorable opinion of her work; However, by all means do not disclose anything about this to a soul--not even to Summerville....Why, your name on the announcement assures our concert a successful adventure!"

With much elevation of fancy, Moscovitz was telling his sister about what was going on; that Miss Ashton was going to take part in Jane's concert, and when Win learns that his wife has intentions of a professional career, then things will begin to cause friction; because the average artist rarely lives harmoniously with another especially when she is a wife...Sara and her brother had finished ther dinner; Misha was helping her with the dishes and while in the kitchen Miss Moscovitz casually remarked, "Jane's not entirely her former self; in appearances and manners she is obviously becoming rather dull--listlessly she may play the piano for a bit; then will come in where her people are, without entering into what we are talking about; sit near the window and gazes out as if her mind was preoccupied; moves round for a bit then returns into the musicroon, resumes her studies much as if it were an effort to work...formerly she was rather cheerful...Misha, she is unhappy!"

If Moscovitz and Sara knew the truth, they would be very much surprised about the touchy nature of Miss Brookfield--she began to fear about being supplanted with her odious rival in the affections of Misha. How easily Miss Ashton with warmth would put her arm round Moscovitz's waist with friendly animation, give him a squeeze as if it were the customary way to be in his good graces--something that she would love to do but would not dare, unless, she were a-lone and went all the way!

Summerville had been very much constrained while they were in private--what haunted his mind was ever before him; all the restrained elemental thoughts, forces, as if they were bent springs, ready to fly for no purpose into states unknowable were his fear in being free in the open manner of all lovers-"lovers" he thought, in his reveries, when his fancy was free, seemingly, was withering like picked flowers. To Win it was conspicuous the gradual change in Jane, she did not show him the usual affections and of course his own former free and jolly manner that he acted so well on the stage was not to be done as easily with her, because superficialities are easy in make-believe, nevertheless in real life it becomes a disparate matter.

Jane had on manny occasions shown her displeasure, similar to a caged bird or a cloudlet that once gaily floated while its beauty gradually disolve into space...they had been discussing about his mother-in-law's journey out West and that Mrs B rookfield did not wish to travel alone, formerly Jane seemed sort of indifferent about accompaning her mother, now, she shocked Summerville by saying: "I am going with mother, she would be much too lonely without my companionship!" This so surprised Win, he instantly rejoined, "But, how about me, my loneliness--my companionship!"

"You have your art, we see so little of each other also, most of it is before others in such a shallow, obvious, superficial way...you

have Aunt Ida, Misha and Miss Ashton!" instantly, as if it were a lightning-flash, Miss Ashton's name sounded to win; "Miss Ashton! what do you mean? " pausing for a moment greatly surprised while waiting what Jane may continue with,...Summerville remembered that Jane once had giving him her hearty-displeasure about this actress--not fully disclosing that it was her envious thoughts about Ashton being so close on the stage that revealed her awakening love for him--this she had not ever told Win; now he knew fully that she did not like this artist; does Jane imply that this woman is entering her life--he began to sense what may be unveiling the reason of her habitual constrained manner...he thought, "Does Jane have thoughts about me having an 'affair' with this woman which I would not if she had crawled into my bed--there is something about Ashton that would freeze any form of passion that a man usually feels...! the once unexpressable luxury--that mysterious bliss so fragrant in Jane's love; now so lacking in fulfilment! no wonder, she has gradually grown strangely indifferent to her former lovely manner of companionship; Me! be faithless to Jane!..." Summerville's mind sensed, "no wonder she had occasion to do 'away' with me the night that his people left for Florida?!"

The silence between these unhappy two closed when Summerville said with much spirit, because his loved one seemed unconcerned about replying: "Miss Ashton, is to me a friendly acquaintance also a professional associate; farther, she is to me outside of her acting, no more than the theatre flower-girl...goodness Jane you shock my ego--my soul revolts at the merest reflection you may imply, by mentioning her name in association with our's!"

Summerville was at his best in honesty of statement...in reality, so accomplished with his years of study in the art of histronics; his graceful manner of presenting his thoughts.

Jane could see the actor--she has seen him on the stage--he was always an actor....Women when once hurt, stay bruised much, very much deeper than men....it is possible that a man being more tough may, use reason in the phases of his jealousy; how ever to a woman things must be understandably crystal-clear to bring back what was being shattered and to have an actor-husband who talks off the stage as he does while on, lacks the power under such circumstances so different from those graceful words once delightfully exquisite--he was a charming love-maker. Jane was tired of being a married-mistress....She had been to the theatre but three times and his lovemaking to Ashton was apparantly so real it gave her no pleasure--she hated the woman for being in her husbands arms..."If you are not intstered in Miss Ashton, why is it that you and Misha have been holding musicals with her--do you not see enough of Miss Ashton at the theatre?"

"As it is I have been seeing too much of her! Moscovits is the person that has introduced her into our concert-playing; I cannot order him out! it would cause Misha to wonder why--there are times when one is not a master in such situations.!.taking Jane in his arms: "put all such thoughts from your mind dear...I care for this woman no more than you do! we must have no differences about 'other women!'" kissing Jane, whom with reserve, was not to be so quickly appeased as a crying child is when handed a toy....

However, Jane was going to accompany her mother out West...there was something in her heart that has blighted the joyousness of their delightful marriage...may a woman be happy as the wife of an actor?

That evening Sara and Misha came in, bringing their usual spirited atmosphere of joyous friendliness. Jane was observably placid in her manner and it became with much effort on Moscovitz's part to awaken Miss Brookfield's esprit in their customary comradery--perceiving her

her dullness without showing any recognition of it, Misha, nicely proposed that they have some music; Jane obliged, however her playing was rather listless...to enliven her thoughts, he remarked: "Do you enjoy the Finnish composer Jean Sibelius?" Misha asked; her analytical senses were aroused about this master....that when anything came up that required thought, in the forms of her personal tastes, Jane became mentally interesting--now, throwing off those troublesome worries that were apparant to him: "Yes, and no; Sibelius, in his music in their various parts reveals more of his own nature than what he is trying to portray--by his nature this creative-genius is a cold and disagreeable dictator--these various inner dispositions I observe in musical works when I perform them: when Sibelius is warm it does not arise into a joyful glow--one cannot imagine him composing a Strauss waltz nor creating the exquisite, heavenly, glorious strains of a Wagner; however, he can give one the feeling of being in the frigid polar region where sparkles the glowing Northern-lights--that of course is beauty, but, of the coldness of a Greek statue that stares in vacuous nothingness...I want a warmer charm of reality,,,all is real...even the metaphysical wanderings in the supposed-unknown realm...there all sorts of tastes within the arts...to me, lyrical warmth, summer warmth or kitchen warmth ...!" Jane and Misha both burst out laughing at so much 'Heat!' t

Laughing while trying to talk, Misha at last uttered, "You mean, one must wear 'woolens' when attending a repertory of those composers who write there music in a land where they have to pry up the sun with a crowbar, and, chop the ice out of their wash-basins, also, breakfast on frozen-fish--gosh, I hate fish and cabbage!"

"Onions!" giggled Jane.

"There is 'warmth' in their tear-making vapors, nevertheless, I like them! exclaimed Moscovitz.

"Let us go into the kitchen and make an onion-sandwich!"

In the kitchen Misha buttered slices of bread while Jane shaved great sheets of onions and then opened two bottles of beer..."Oh, wait!" she got from the pantry some left-over sausage and placed this within their sandwiches..."How in the world are we going to get our mouths open wide enough?" remarked Misha.

"Well, just open yours like a basso-profunda and bite if you can!"

Jane noticed that when she was with Misha she experienced feelings of elation--her comradery with him stirred within her much affection.

"We are going sometime to 'Delmonico's' if you will permit me to take you Miss Brookfield and find out if they can make refreshments so fine as these treats that you have generously given me....." "Please do not call me Miss; it would sound much nicer and more friendly if you called me Jane!" in a soft, and to Moscovitz, the loveliest words she had ever spoken to him--can it be that he was in the favor of thee-gods? beaming in childish delight at Jane he exclaimed: "Oh may I....! this means so very much to me being in your good-graces! thank you...."

Jane enjoyed Misha's manner--his nice simplicity, the artlessness in his surprise caused her to show a warmth that she had not ever before shown him..."We will go sometime to that famous place--we will make it a party!" Misha thought, "make it a 'party!'" Misha knew what that would mean--Auntie and her mother.

They wandered back into the musicroom and Moscovitz sat at the piano and started playing Brahms waltz in A-flat for a few bars and stopped, while turning to Jane he begged: "You finish this! I am too nervous, it is terrible, my drumming!"

Desultoriness came on them..."Do you know, Jane,(how strange the word Jane came from his lips), I have often thought, why you should be an actress--your aptitudes in the arts; with your fine figure and well formed head, your intellectual capacity...my, what an actress! Hugh Warde

and I were talking about this very matter a few days ago...I often have intended speaking about interesting you with the idea, it is very strange that your cousin Win has not impressed you with the thought!"

Misha could obeserve when he mentioned Summerville as one to encourage this inspiring idea, Jane's face appeared slightly doleful for an instant, then gaily laughed as if contrasting the triteness of Win with her two friends Hugh and Misha who have created such a romantic suggestion. "Win! interesting me about being an actress! why, he would think that I had lost my reason-- he even thinks it foolish for me to work so hard with my music. 'What for is the sense of you learning to play better when you have no occasion for it--you do not have to appear in public as a pianist!' that is the manner he assumes about my aptitudes...."

Misha saw by Jane's reply that between Win and she; made it evident that he was not the worshiping-lover whom would inspire her to greater things.

"Me be an actress--why I thought one must grow up in the atmosphere of the stage and its trappings--why I have even not the the common knowledge of a spectator--seldom have attended the theatre...out west, plays are so poorly produced and, those, were the productions of ham-artists."

Laughing at Jane's naive manner, Moscovitz, noticed how unsophistocated, so lacking in egoism--"What a delightful creature Jane is !"he thought. "You probably did not give it serious thought, however, have you not while watching the esquestrienne in the circus, her tumbling on the horse so gaily, this white beauty galloping so carefully for his pretty artist who with the ease of a floating feather turns air-springs and jumps through hoops to the merry-music and happy crowd who applause with summer-delight...do you mean to say that you did not want to be an actress--'you could do as well as that if you only had the chance!..you tell me that you never wished to be an actress?"

"Oh, Misha, those thoughts you mention we all have--those were only 'make-believe-thoughts!'"

"Jane, previously, I told you this, that I had not ever dreamed of being an actor--'it is circumstances that so shapes our lives!' You have artistic ability and could become a charming actress!"

Jane, as Misha talked, thought what a dear fellow he is; sincerely warm to her, however, she knew that he was in love with her, but, strangely he did not act to her in any forward manner or take up any play on words that may mean those intimate things of advantage in advancing his object...what a charming lover! one must not have to be on one's guard with; "His method is to win one's love for himself, then take one in his arms without the risk of being repulsed... no wonder he is Broadway's premier stage villain--he understands the art of advancing, but, notever retreating, how delightful of Misha.

"OH Misha! if you had your way you would make me a Jenny Lind!"

"Yes, and I would make you the happiest woman in the world! your talent in music is equal to Miss Ashton's, also I assure you, your intellect is superior--you can'talk,' have an opinion--Ashton has the knowledge of a formative schoolgirl...pardom me the reflection, because, I am refering to the quality, wholly of the mental state!"

The mention of Miss Ashton fired anew the everlasting jealousy that smouldered with rivalry. "You are the only friend that I ever had that aspired me or sought within me the encouragement to a more fuller life--one knows that by philosophical reasoning that in one's after years one will regret not taking time by the forelock."

Misha rejoined, "Six years ago, if anybody had told me that I could become an actor, when I was but a Milkhand for my father, it may have caused me inner amusement, however outwardly enlarge my egoism--to unlearn being a clodhopper and shun uncouthness, consequently, I sought out the expression of my soul in an art school--to be a painter, ones life

is almost sordid as a cowhand...to paint fine pictures, an artist must sell them; well, the 'Picture-dealer' is the one that makes the larger profit from the slaving painter...hence I went into the theatre as a scene-painter; being of an observing disposition, watching the actors performing, with my aptitude, with much amusement, unsuspectingly, played 'super' parts; Hugh Warde, became interested in me--I was taking the part of a policeman. Warde told me, "When you are on the stage try to feel that you are the real character that you are characterizing; watch out for law-breakers!"...well, I surely broke every 'law' of the actor's art...Summerville and Hugh, became so very much interested in me that they taught me the fundamentals of acting...through mere chance! one night Hugh became ill--Win coached me; I bloomed into a full fledged actor in a weeks time and luckily, failed to ruin the show...from then on I became the dark-gentleman with the 'waxed-mustache' whom decived maids and sold gold-bricks--I found my realforte--this character delights me, because, I do not have to paint scenes, I direct the scene shifter in the art of scene-painting...."

"Yes, Misha, it is well with your talent to judge another by your own and then believe that another person may achieve likewise--you paint, play the violin, sing,also act; While I can only play one instrument, however, versitility within one is entirely dissimilar with another; surely I could be what may be called an actress--a manikin--a parlor-filler!"jocosely, remarked Jane.

"The main thing many persons fail to do is to try--of course, if one is lacking in ambition, have no belief in themselves, all the study in the world would not ever perfect them--it requires but little effort to be a good work-horse or the steady run of being a fine workman; it is the'grand chance!' to develope what is finest within one when the opportunity appeares...how happy you would be if you could walk out on the stage and execute what Miss Ashton achieves in! you so excell her in aspect--what a success to come into! If your cousin would not help teaching, Hugh Warde would deam it a great pleasure showing you the fundamentals of acting--he is a marvelous actor...please study this matter!"

"Thank you for your encouraging ideas; I will give it much thought!"

"I hope that you do! however, what I have suggested, please keep it from your Cousin Win--he would be profoundly displeased with me; so far Win and I have in our companionship, got along most amicably...."

CHAPTER XIII

MISS JANE AND MISHA were having a splendid evening in the Musicroom playing duets and Jane proposed that they go into the kitchen and have some refreshments;while enjoying their sandwiches and beer, the while, kept up an incessant flow of provocative jollity ...."You know, Jane, since we have known each other, we have had a lot of fun along with our serious, but pleasurable music...." Jane reflectivly replied: "Music, of any depth is always earnest...when one is just talking, it should be of a volatile nature...philosophy is similar to music and that should be garnished at times with seasoning, tinctured with a bit of pepper!" she laughed. While saying this,Jane thought how nice Moscovitz was--she did not ever have to be on her guard in his company--he did not ever at any time tell stories that had the slightest meanings bordering near the impropper.

They were about to leve the kitchen, when Jane remembered, "As I am here, I may just as well fix up Cousin Win's little night 'snack'...!"

"This is the stuff that dreams are made on !--I think Shakespeare said something similar, however, Win must have a castiron-stomach if he can sleep immediately after eating an onion sandwich--does he shout for help in his sleep?--if I should retire soon after eating your delicious sandwich; instead of being an actor who plays the villain, it would be me that may be chased about the stage and then pushed over 'the milldam' as I played it the other night! think of the horror of the farmer's daughter was passing through(poor Miss Ashton!) Jane thought, that she would not care much if it was the real mill pond; nevertheless, she laughed heartily as she pictured this conventional theatrical-scene, while carrying the tray on which Win's sandwich and beer lay.

Summerville that night had something worse than nightmare; he had been in bed not very long, shortly, his head commenced to become dizzy, he sat up, in the half-lightened room, seemingly everything was turning around while the bed took on the motions of a tossing ship...he was getting frightfully sick: "Damn it I am poisoned!" he staggered out into the bath-room--the noise he made had awakened Jane whom rushed in with much alarm; Win seeing her, (it was very seldom that he showed his inner thoughts of temper;)exclaimed, "If you wish to be rid of me, this is too painful a manner--use a shotgun!"

Astonished at his strange and unpleasing remark; "Why, win, what do you mean?" Jane's eyes were round with fright; "You were eating precisely the same kind of food that Misha and me were eating hours ago --it surely could not have become tainted in so short a while?"

Summerville's dizziness, caused his mind to bring up hazily formative suspicions...he thought, "Women whom have poisoned their husbands, while in their 'widdow-weeds' appear as if their grief were the extremes of a broken heart--angels, with the spirit of evil with in their natures; without, to others, seemingly crushed, utterly cast down..." to Jane he managed to exclaim: "Is Misha the queen's food taster?" he was cross, petulant in his distress.

Jane became reticent--she had the good sense to know that when one argues, words may grow into many, that are not ever to be recalled; finaly she said; "I shall call a physisian!" while leaving the bathroom for the telephone.

"Damn it! Don't call one! I will live through this!" he shouted.

She came back into the room, for she by now was seriously concerned about her husband's state of mind--he was pale as an ill person may be; Jane realized that there was something that she did not comprehend--his strange words implying things that she did not understand and they directed to her: sympathetically, she asked, "May I do something for you that will relieve you from so much misery?"

"Yes!...damn it, go to bed!"

Jane got back into her bed and lay there, she became too nervous to sleep...she could hear Summerville gag with nasuea several times and mutter words that had no meaning, because of his grunting. She thought,"This is becoming insufferable; if I talk with Win about ordinary things in a light amusing manner he will dry up or make some comparison--make an illustration by analyzing with a longwinded subject that could interest no one but a dull professor of philosophy, talk, talk one dizzy: when beginning our love affair he was so romantic and shortly he grew into a dry as a bone conversationalist...it seems that all the love he has he wares it out with Miss Ashton on the stage or off for all I know or care!" yet Jane did care, it galled her to think that another woman could have continual romance and her own only a memory-"Well, I am going home with mother, if those hotel builders intend buying our property...I am sick of being a 'back-stage-wife' whom is not even known to the stagehands...I wish that Misha had met me in Portland; he is the sort one may have fun with, also a great musical companion...if I get out West, it will take a lot to ever bring me back to New York--I just as well be out on Mount Hood...My! how refreshing it would be to have a view from our front windows--see that beautiful snow covered mountain that is so majestic...I could play the piano then without any worry...."

XIV

CHAPTER XIV

FINE WEATHER HAD brought in a few days temperate as spring permitted at this beginning season--one could see a robin or two whom had the temerity to brave the yet coolness; probably, trusting that a good rain may bring up the drowsy worms that have been passing the winter in a totper: what in the world do robins live on so early in such harsh weather--there are no bugs and the ground too hard and dry--only a robin knows....Old Sam loves birds--he knows that their lives are tough, that is why one will see out by the barn some dishes with bread and water in them...strangely if it were not for man, some birds and this family of robins would not appear so early in the season at the Summerville grounds.

Miss Sara Moscovitz and Mr John Morgan had been married for a week and are making their home in New York City at the theatrical-manager's apartment: Mr Morgan did not want to make his home in Green Point at the home of the Moscovitz's; it made too long of a journey commutating, also, his business was much different from the actors that he employed. Sara was about the happiest of brides, because, John had promised her before they were married that she she could keep up her newspaper work; she and Misha had come over to the Summerville's; Sara had been to her old home for a few little newspaper articles she were in need of; however, to show herself off to her dearest of friends, she joined her brother in his customary visit at the Summervilles.

It was a delightful aftermoon and the bride made her friends acquainted with how charming her new life was, also that John was too exquisite to be real; asking, Mrs Brookfield if it were possible for a husband to be so attentave forever? laughing heartily they all chorused with Mrs Brookfield; "That depends entirely with the Bride--you write for 'young girls,' why do you not write to yourself?"

Finaly, Jane and Misha got into the musicroom and to their beloved music, however, Sara's chatter about her delightful experiences, had so disorganized Misha and Jane that their playing became lacking in esprit...they started talking in a random manner.."How pleasurable it must be to be the creator of a piece of music; to see it in print; hear it performed by an orchestra, also, be in a room where the players are rendering it and not aware that the author is present; what a thrill this must be, or see on the billboards one's name in big letters like your cousin Win!" remarked Moscovitz.

"Cousin Win is not ever much excited--he is not so selfimportant as you and I probably may be...I suppose one's egotism is very much like a toothache in such a circumstance--one can stand about so much!" Jane laughed..."thrills, if they remaind constant may become just as painful!"

Joyous with merriment, Misha rejoined:"One's nerves were not made to stand continuously in exquisite sensations, if one did, a high temperature would result and one would be only so much rost-meat...." "Oh, Misha! you are too silly for one to laugh at!"

"Sensations! To have a lovely wife, must be the greates of heavenly joys! and you said such thrills and sorts may become painful as a toothache--I surely would enjoy such a risk; while we are talking about sensations; I heard a doctor say that any boy can stad a toothache all through a baseball game, but no boy ever lived that could sit and watch such a game if he had an earache...."

Jane turned with jolly laughter while on the piano-bench and said: "I believe that I could listen to this with even a stomach-ache,"as she played one of Johannes Brahms' inspiring works..., During this exquisite performing, Aunt Ida had been called to the front door and a dashing young woman enquired of Auntie: "Does Mrs Brookfield and Miss Jane live

here?" Aunt Ida replied, "Yes!"
As Auntie was inviting this charming young woman to enter, the Girl turned to her cabby and dismissed him.

"Why that is Jane at the piano--I could tell it is Jane by her touch!" the young woman did not need to be shown just where to find her; she walked sprightly toward the open doorway of the musicroom and entered with Aunt Ida following.

Deeply centred on what they were playing; Moscovitz, when playing at times, will sway about, carried away with his musical inspiration, while bowing his violin, turned, and his eyes rested on Auntie, also on the animated stranger whom was coming up to them...a few more notes came from his instrument and he stopped; Jane looked up at Misha as he slightly made a motion with his head that indicated, there is company present; she turned on her musicbench and saw Miss Nan Knox, buoyantly smiling; her pretty face showed on it how wild she was to see her old friend.

These two rushed together, Jane exclaimed, "Why Nan what brings you to New York?" during their excitment, momentairly, Jane forgot all about Moscovitz...."

After giving each other the friendlies of kisses and warm embraces, Miss Nan Knox replied: "I am now associated with Lois Steers, whom at this time is not able to travel--she is not very well; cosequently, she sent me; I arrived yesterday and have been very busy all that day with the Metropolitan Opera people, arranging appointments with Prima donna's and, I have secured Mary Garden for a concert in Portland, also in Seattle--we are having much success in our concert venture--these artists are elated about singing out in the wooly-west!" Nan gasped for breath and continued, "I was half wild to get over to Green Point and find you folks...I should have telephoned, however, the cabby told me that it would take all day to get connected to a place so far out of the city...." Jane saw that Auntie was being overlooked, also, Misha.

"This is Aunt Ida Summerville, and this is my dear friend Mr Misha Moscovitz...at the moment Mrs Brookfield, hearing the commotion, entered and warmely embraced Miss Knox.

Excitedly, Miss Nan turned to Moscovitz and exclaimed, "I heve seen you before--many times have I seen you on the street near the old Haymarket theatre in company with your fellow artists, last summer, how strange this occures, after traveling three thousand miles I come across you in the presence of my good friends in Green Point."

Amiably, Misha replied, "I cannot just place you because out in Portland there are very manny handsom young women, that to distinguish one from another it would be very much as if one were trying to judge one of your Portland roses without knowing their names--so you see it is names, only, that designate the special characteristics, the loveliness of Portland's young women!"

Jane broke in, "Nan! you should feel flattered, we have not ever heard before such extravagant expressions from Misha--it must be your vivacious,magnetic radiation that has short circuited his fund of compliments...he always spoke words lavishly about our roses, but, not ever wastefully about our Portland girls!"

"Well Miss Knox," Misha rejoined. "Surely I have seen you and, now to meet you, recalls some of my Portland experiences; I found that all roses out there had thorns...." Jane interupted, "Misha, you are not on the stage...." in merriment, they all laughed heartily as Jane continued, "to hear and see Misha on the stage, forcing his attentions on the farmer's daughter-- his compliments runs the extremes of an agent selling lightning-rods."

"Yes, but you forget Miss Jane, Miss Knox is so Jolly, may I not be just as exciting in friendly fun?"

"Y es, however, Nan may feel that you are in earnest!"

In the sittingroom, Mrs Sara Morgan heard the laughter since the arrival of somebody and that the people have deserted her for newer attraction; "I shall go in and find out what is going on?" as she arose. In the musicroom she met Miss Knox whom was lively and pretty --it was difficult to judge what it was that made this young woman beautiful-- much like a light illumenating a room...brightening those round her. Her beaming bright flashing eyes delightfully resting on Sara while saying: "I am am pleased in meeting you...Jane is an old schoolmate of mine and I am filled with Joy meeting her again--of course you know what that means!"

"I surely know, Jane is one person whom unknowingly charms all whom are fortunate in being her friend!...After a few minutes, Sara and Misha began bidding them good afternoon until tommorrow. They knew that Miss Knox and Jane had an ocean of interesting things to talk over.

Miss Nan, after saluting the Moscovitz's, put Misha in mind while saying goodbye, that this girl reminded him of a young mare that is passing a horse on the road--radiating that prancing animation, meaning that in all spheres of life, that the male is half of their's! her eyeflash was as cheering as a lighthouse, that is coming into view to a mariner!, making Misha feel as if he were a sailor on shore leave.

CHAPTER XV

JANE DID NOT have to beg Miss Nan Knox to be her guest while in New York City on business--engaging prima donna's for Portland concerts; she just moved in as a fresh flurry of pleasing excitement that was a delight to all of them.

The liveliness of Miss Nan, created in the minds of the Summerville Sunday afternoon groupe a spirit of amusing repartee that was as delightful as their music.

Summerville was remarkably good natured--why he was so esprit, his guests did not know; however, it was not that he and Jane had fallen back into their former blissful rapture of love--far from it; Jane was only happiest when others were round her....Unknown only to Misha and Hugh Warde were it known that Win had received from the old Victoria Theatre in London, a letter that made Summerville an offer larger by a half in salery than he was at present getting if he would sign up with this London company--his manager Mr John Morgan, did not know anything about this piracy; the permission to take Broadway's star actor--making him an offer that may induce this artist to break his contract: this, so enhanced Win's ego, to realize that his fame had reached the English theatrica people.

Miss Ashton, when she met Miss Knox became very much excited when she learned that she was booking Metropolitan prima donna's; also, asked her about all of the enterprising-men, especially Mr George L Baker, whom she had been acting for but absconded, when her dearest Win sent for her to join him on Broadway--when a man is contented with his professional success, his marital displeasures do not concern him quite so much. Miss Knox when introduced to Summerville that luncheon hour (which is Edwin's breakfast) she became extemely vivacious; to think she was in the presence of this handsome actor whom she had seen many times in his plays out in Oregon last summer...My, if she had known that this gentleman was her intimate-friend, Jane's husband, she surely would have not been so gushing in her manner--how may a woman resist being attracted by such an Adonis?...between Miss Ashton and Nan, Jane's feelings were straned more than she cared to admit to herself.

The music became joyous; ever one but Jane performed exquisitly, and Ashton was a delight even to one who may feel one's critical knowlege is suburb...Misha played with that feeling that the world of things were what the astrological conjuncting signs are read by those whom know everybody's fortune but their own--Jane felt that in all this group he was the closest one in the senses sincere in fellowship.

John Morhan with his beloved Sara were just like all newly-wed's whom are more attentive than probably they may ever be again. Mr Morgan as a theatrical man and a manager of this groupe of artists, took much pleasure in a social way being in their company; also, many persons whom have cultural leanings, acordingly enjoy being in the atmosphere of show-people...Miss Knox was one who felt as if she were in the seventh-heaven, in the midst of so many talented persons; actors, excite the minds of young people in an uncommon manner; seemingly, they think that artists live in a world quite apart from the common run of business-men; however, it is a caprice of their own phantasy--professional workers in their various fields, the verisimilitude, is what deceives the one unacustomed to stage-people, because, they commonly see them across the footlights and fancy they are superior, because they take on airs of the exalted characters they portray...the psychology of our childhood is, some of it is carried on up into our adulthood...the circus's bands and delightful performers--the glamor, the facinating noises and gala cheer; all dressed-up and no work--utter relaxation...no wonder we think that actors are different from other people.

When Mr Hugh Warde came to the Summerville home to join in the pleasure of this musical-soiree later in the afternoon; adding another artist to this happy groupe, it was really too much for Miss Nan...with Misha and Hugh she became engaged in a conversation about how sorry she is at the present, as to the thought, that these two young gentlemen were in Portland, and her only acquaintance with them were across the footlights: "What a pleasure it would have been to meet you two eastern gentlemen, because it is seldom I have that gratifying experience!"

Eastern!" delightfully cut in Warde, "Moscovitz and I are Oregonians! we both came from Astoria...we know that Portland is the metropolis of Oregon; however, to have origined in a fishing-town may have lessened us in the eyes of you Portlanders...."

"Astoria!" gasped Miss Knox, "The idea, is it possible! we have so little talent with any fame attached and, now to realize that you two gentlemen were our very own--westerners; how shameful! our townsmen would have acclaimed you with a merry-go-round of good-cheer--Portland prides herself about entertaining strangers and, artists! our peoled would have gone wild about it...."

"Oh, we had a fine time. rejoined Moscovitz, we knew half of the young women there...." Nan cut in, "You did not know the society-girls or I should have met the two of you!" "Why, the swells only knew us as barnstormers, but, these pretty girls had a lot of fun with us, riding out the country roads to the Whitehouse race track, also, to Gresham; Shucks, you society-girls would not have known us because we were supposed to just ham-actors to the beau monde; however, we did well to have the girls north of Burnside come into our shows...!"

Summerville came over to this groupe whom were spiritedly talking; he rather enjoyed Miss Knox for the reason of her vivaciousnees, also, he recognized, that she must have unusual qualifications, being here engaging singers for western concerts. As Win came up to them; it became obvious that Hugh Warde appeared as if he were forming an attachment to Miss Nan; as he did not wish to interup what seemingly was forming into a tete a tete; so he asked Misha if he were too tired to playsome more. They could hear Hugh offering Miss Knox a Box for the following evening. Warde was saying to Nan, "If you wil come, I will be delighted in visiting you when my 'acts' will spare me a few moments from the stage; however, you may not enjoy having an old man--the father of the wronged herione, seated with you because of my smelly grease-paint and whiskers; of course, the audience may suppose that you in my company are a fellow-artist enjoying the show from a critical point of view or one of my daughters whom I am inducing to return to the farm where butter and eggs are free from that unusual storage flavor!"

Nan giggled enjoyably at Hugh's frienly nonsenge. "Oh, I will not mind what thoughts the audience may have while I am in the theatre-box; just as long as you take me back me back to the farm, where butter and eggs are customarily free from the storage-flavor!"

"Instead of returning to the farm, why not remain here in New York, because, Moscovitz and I could make a splendid comedienne out of you!" remarked Warde in a serious manner; Jane had come up to them and she heard what Hugh was saying to Nan and joined in by remarking: "Nan, has had a lot of stage experience, she has taken many parts in amateur-theatricals-her favorite character being, 'Maggie the Housemaid!'"

"An actress! my, we are in need of a partime-performer, also, will accept you as a full-fledged-artist!" Hugh ejaculated in humorours good-fellowship. Summerville had returned to this groupe just as Miss Knox were saying, "Why have you not made an actress out of Mr Summerville's cousin Jane?" Edwin laughed heartily while Jane grimaced.

Jane did not like the manner in which Win laughed--it implied so much as if Jane were lacking in the artistic-aptitudes...Hugh Warde had previously discussed this matter with Jane about studying the art of acting and it interested her more seriously than when Misha proposed the idea; however, having Win show her off with his hateful implicit laugh sunk deeply into her mind--can it be from now on that he is taking the common failing that many assume, that their wives are to be judged with those aspects, being too dumb for anything other than those best fitted for, just, a domesticated houskeeper!

CHAPTER XVI

THAT NIGHT IN their adjoining bedroom's, Jane and Win were dressing for bed; the open door between carried their voices very distinctly; they were talking about nothin in particular, however, when these two were in such a pass--just talking, Jane knew that there were a tension between them very similar to the trigger of a trap--the slightest jar may spring it...they had got into their beds and the rooms were slightly illuminated by the full moon...Jane, feeling rather conscious about this mental strain, became slightly communicative; to be interesting she began telling her husband about Miss Knox while they attended college; the talent her chum paraded in college-theatricals--she was a clever amateur actress....listening to Jane's commendation about her friend, became the strain that unloosed this tension between them.

In the dark, Win's voice was the actors voice--he did not speak natural like the average person talks; it was more of that tiresomeness of an elocutionist and if anything bored Jane it was one who spoke noticably too perfest; because while listening, the cadence became so harmonious that her attenion was held by this rhythmical flow; therefore, she hardly knew what he was speaking about; his colloquy at this time Jane fully comprehended , because, he was unloading his mind.

"Jane, you must forget the nonsense that Hugh and Misha are filling you about being an actress. Young women whom are destined to become actresses, commonly are those whoes parents, professionly, were stage people and their daughter growsup in the atmospere of the play-house: again, a girl whom has the inclination for such a life, hangs around the theatre after she has had some experience in amateur theatricals, her ambitions are the compelling force that urges her along into such drudgery--if she posses real aptitude, naturally she achives in this art and becomes a star--they all seek such eminance but usually are failures and wind up just 'filler-actresses' who live a hand to mouth life without hope and do well if they keep employed...imagine the unhappiness, their dreams shattered; such women are unfit for housework or apple-picking...."

Win cleared his throat while fussing about in his bed trying to become more comfortable for a real discourse on this subject, purposely to discourage his wife from ever thinking about it again. "You know how laborous it is to be a pianist; just imagin the devotion appled by a Paderewski or a Paganini to their particular instruments; again, what miserable artists they may have become if these two men had spent part of their time studying the art of acting...take Hugh and Misha; Hugh studied the art under a fine actor while in college; his aptitude and training has made him one of the finest character-actors in America. The versatility of Moscovitz, makes him an unusual personality; if he had devoted his entire life to the violin he would have acheived into the rank of a virtuoso, as it is he is a clever all around artist--acting, I have not ever heard of a person picking up the art of acting so easy as he; Hugh and I have criticized him, but, we did not give him the talent that he already possessed; when we told him to 'feel' the character he is to take, he with his great imagination, fills the part...that is what talent does for one...the human-mind is made up with thousands of faculties or talents; that is, one woman can cook better than another--if the talent is negative, there is not anything to take its place...with all the training in the world such a person could not learn how to boil an egg without burning it....Why, several times I have been too ill to perform my part; well, Misha steps in and plays it almost as fine as I do! of course he with greater ease acts the part of a villain so real that at times he must be one himself or fancies that he is...." while Win were speaking his thoughts aloud about Moscovitz, inwardly he believed that Misha was patronizing Jane too intimately with his music; the fact of

the matter was, he knew that his beautiful wife could charm any man and that one would not be much of a one that could resist such a delightful woman...I am not going to be the husband of an adulteress; damn this clever Moscovitz--he has cuckold me in plays so many times on the stage as the vilain, this rascal may try to do it outside of the playhouse, because of habit...."Do not allow these two actors, to impress you because you are handsome, as one of the main qualifications to stage-art; it is an estimable thing to have, however, a beautiful woman on the stage whom has not histrionic-talent, is a laughable fright! ...you know the old saw--home is the place for women!"

By this time Jane was growing restless, she flopped over noisely in her bed, hoping that Win would cease lecturing; nevertheless, he had just warmed into his subject.

"What hurts me about all this matter the most is that you have not confided your desires about being an actress to me--this depresses me more than I can well express--you, my wife and not being wholly free with your desires, those aspirations you may feel that would complete your happiness; hence, to realize that you may not consider my judgment worth bothering about...you forget that I have made my life work a study in the art of acting, also my opinion should be of more value to you than our friends...one of the meanest things that enters family-life, is, the logic from outsiders...to not be in your estimation worthy of your consideration, grieves me--it chills my ego...."

Seemingly, this is endless reflected Jane;"What a simpleton I have been in mentioning about that rattlebrain of a Nan's amateurism...one must not do this or that...dishwater! Win could discourage one who looks on the worst side of everthing...." thought Jane.

"Why dear if you had the qualifications that would make you an actress, obviously, long ago you may have sought the means of perfecting your talent... shucks! I hate actresses in the thoughts of being lover's; why, I would not have married you if you were a stage-woman--who wishes to be married to an arguement--they are all frumps as wives; artists do not agree in logic or taste...to venture into fields of art, you are entering a labyrinth as entangling as nightmare...."

By now Jane was ready to scream; to retaliate in any manner would mean a row and all that she could do was to hunch up her shoulders and roll over with a flop so hard that the springs under her matress squeeked like an uncoiled wheelbarrow; this racket silenced Win while he cleared his throat, softly caughed, fussed under his covers, then became silent...each could hear the other for some time without sleep ...."This is what it is to live witha a'know-it-all'--a kill-joy!...what an amiable person Misha is--he encourages one to be 'somebody!' I wish I could have met Misha first, then I should have married a person whom considers my cultural advancement as well as his own; also, he is so much more gentle, seemingly Misha is always genial in spirit...well, the first chance I have from now on is....when mother has to go out home I am going with her....damn this secret wife-business...!"

Win, also , was doing some thinking: "I may be a matinee-idol to women, however, I doubt very much that I am one to my wife!...since the night that he became so dreadfully ill after eating that sandwich, and previous, the mental picture that so vividly arises--the dead mouse lying beside the sandwich on the plate and, the lack of that joyous closeness, seemingly, that has faded as if it were fog veiling the loveliest experience Summerville ever had; "how may I bring Jane back into the former state that lay so delightfully between us?" he thought.

Jane did not rest very much during the night, and felt extremely dull up until near luncheon hour, but, she inwardly brightened very considerably when her mother read a telegram to her, from their lawyer out in Portland which stated that the syndicate had not decided to take the block upon which "our old home lay," accordingly, they have resolved to buy "our block, just east, between Morrison and Yamhill and Seventh Avenue. Come soon and sign the deeds! My how quick, Jane brightened; however, here was the chance for her to accompany her mother out home; at the table she did not dare tell Win about this news, because, she did not wish to inform Miss Nan who was in hearing.

When she later told her husband that mother was going soon to sell her property, Summerville was delighted that it was not the block that their old home was on: "Jane, I am so glad that they took the other block, because, the old place is too precious, and, in any case, we have enough money; who knows, I may wish to make my home in Portland; as it is, I can play the winter-season away from there and we can enjoy the summers out west--how delightful that would be, will it not?" Jane's reply was rather enigmatical.

Miss Knox had closed up her business affairs with the prima donna's and had mentioned that she was returning west by the way of Niagara Falls, because she had a great desire to see this magnificent scenic cite. The family were all in the Musicroom, Misha had called in; they, after hearing Nan speaking about her journey by the way of the falls, spoke about its grandeur; Nan exclaimed, "As Edwin and Misha are the only one's who have been there, why not us make up a party and you accompany me there, we will remain a few days sight seeing and then I will continue on my way home!

This sounded so favorable as a delightful change, and Aunt Ida, became so elated with the suggestion, that she remarked, "Why not! I have lived all of my life in New York and I have not ever seen any part of the western end of our state; also, I have an old schoolmate that I have corresponded with off and on for a life-time and she lives in Niagara Falls...your idea strikes me so favorably, why not Anna and you Jane, make this a special occasion and go! how enjoyable it will be for me to surprise my dear friend Mrs Hopewell!"

Misha became restless; Jane could see his nervous happiness, but, she was not aware what inner spirit was stirring within him as he moved toward the piano and seated himself on the bench and started singing softly--'Some Day My Prince Will Come.'

Mrs Brookfield and Aunt Ida, concluded it would be a splendid thing, accompaning Miss Knox, and as yet Mrs Brookfield had not fully decided whether she would go out home at this time without knowing Jane's intentions--Jane had not confided any of her unhappy thoughts or about the growing friction that she were experiencing between Win and herself; infact, Jane, truthfully hated to reveal that her marriage was far from being the real romance of her dreams, because, it would shock her mother, also, in her mother she may find her very much unsympathetic--remonstrative, use strong reconciliatory measures... Jane's heart was to be her judge; psycologically, if she could assume herself into a perfect case of amnesia, all of her heartaches would disappear and find her in the rapturous beginning state, seeming, not everending. When she got the oppertunity, she told her mother that under all circumstances, she was accompanying her out home, but, she did not tell her anything about the reasons that were making her marriage impossible to live on with ...she was adamant, not anything could bring her back to New York again, but, the thoughts that she was leaving her dearest friend, Misha, a lamentable feeling came over her similar to an undefinable dream. She knew that Misha was deeply attached to her and his manner of friendliness at times gave rise in her thoughts: "Why is he so careful in his attentions towards me? is he afraid to make love to me? is he awaiting

the warmth that I dare not show him because I am a married woman and and I have even not this defence if he were ungraceful--could it be that he knows our secret? in my posing as one not married, revealed that I am, and that if he paid me court it would embarrass my hidden pretentions, also, cause him to feel that he is hopelessly repulsed! and possibly scandalize us in the eyes of my family...what a delightful lover he is, because he forces me to admire the sacredness of his affections...." his comradery and their intimacy with music made him a delightful companion whom she will feel the absence of when way out in Portland. If Jane knew that she were destined to play the role in a love affair, that on the stage it is mere fiction that an actress assumes in drama's; but, in real life she is dramatizing a part that no prognosticator could foresee--if fortune-tellers could read one's future, how delightful one's life may be shaped; Nature made the likelihood in the occurrence of chance in good or adverse fortune intirely problematical.

After Misha finished singing, Mrs Brookfield and Aunt Ida went out into the sitting-room. Miss Knox came over to the piano where Jane and Misha were preparing to play a duet; Misha began playing on the violin that exciting aria, the 'Shadow Song,' from Myerbier's opera Dinorah; the virtosity of Moscovitz's performing enraptured Nan; also, the great improvement Jane had made in her piano technique; her two weeks visit at the Summerville home so contrasted with the dullness she experienced in her home-town; she thought: "My, what pleasure Jane must have with men round her that can do something different from selling lumber, butter and eggs...!" if Miss Knox had expressed her thought aloud, she would have been very much surprised in having Mr Moscovitz explain to her that at one time he worked in his father's dairy and that lumber builds houses, also, butter and eggs sustains those whom labour--on whom we all live; whereas, the distracting-arts while cultural, but, man's immediate needs in the lower cultures are far more important than those of the higher...art is a thing that completes his spiritual inner needs.

Jane just had to tell her husband that she was accompanying her mother home because her parent would be frightfully lonely and the thoughts she had about this matter gave her depression; "I am going so do not try to restrain me!" Win saw that his wife was emphatic in her declarative expression; he could mildly protest without any forceful plea, because, between them there was an inexplicable tension that he did not wish further to strain--he felt it best to again bring back the loveliness they formerly shared was to allow Jane in all of her wishes, be the one to renew this harmony....if the supposititious angel populrly believed to keep evil away from these two unhappy persons and, could do so, it would disrupt forever all the laws of probability; so Jane commenced preperations for her journey home with her mother. Edwin, had much hope that his wife would find dull Portland unbearable after a bit and aoon return a newer more delightful Jane.

CHAPTER XVII

MRS SARA MORGAN joined this gay party at the Grand Central, a few minutes before Old Sam drove up at its entrance; in jolly fashion the delighted group asked Sara how it was she could so soon abandon her husband; "Have you tired poor John or is he worn out with making love to you?" Sara shreaked with good humor: "No, one cannot eat their cake and keep it! when I return we will get married all over again!"

Moscovitz had helped Jane down from the carriage and went with Jane for the tickets while Sam helped the other's; then he carried in their hand-luggage--the travelers were to meet Jane with Misha at the train-platform.

Sara understood her brother's object in being seperated from their party--she knew that Misha had much to talk over with'this woman that he was to have,'by ever mean that would further his object--Sara surely was a helpful sister in her brother's schemes; however, she like all, who help, in furthering a romance, commonly, are much more innocent than wise.

In the great Central Station, seemingly, there always is a vast number of people milling about, and Misha saw to it thet he would be alone with this lovely woman whom held the passion of his soul with the intensity beyond all resistance...In the crowd, before they could join their group, Moscovitz stopped Jane and told her; "I hate to see you go, and, I am so afraid that you are not ever coming back! (Misha, had prognosticated truly, as if he were a mind-reader); while he was saying all this, at the moment, he took Jane's hand, drew her to him, while written on his face was the expression of passionate-love; he kissed her on the cheek; her face flamed into a burning blush, as she stepped back with a lovely smile:"What will I do! lonesome, hopelessly awaiting your return that will seem an age--what will become of me, what may I do?" happily, Jane replyed: "Well, you can, part of your time, spend some of it writing me about what is going on; however, you may find some interesting music! something you may send to me; prbably, also some gossip...."

At last, Moscovitz bid his friends goodbye after he had seen them comfortably seated in their pullman. He kiss Sara, then Mrs Brookfield, shook a parting hand with Miss Knox and Jane, his hand trembled responsively to her warm clasp--finishing with quick little pressures that means more than words; while shaking Aunt Ida's hand, whom with the sweetest smile, humorously exclaimed; "Are you not going to pass me up without a kiss?" delightedly, Mishe, threw his arm round Auntie and gave her a charming embrace while smacking her with an affectionate kiss.

On the outside he stood by the carriage windows, awaiting, lonesomely the last sight of his friends as the car slowly moved away--he could see Jane's eyes with a well meaning look, fluttering the inner thoughts that showed she was stirred, feeling the significance of their parting. Through the open carriage-window he heard Auntie remark to Mrs Brookfield that Misha and Warde were two of the finest young men she had ever known and, at moments she has felt that she herself would like to be young again!

It was some minutes after ten o'clock when he got into a cab, that he directed the driver bring him to his theatre on Broadway. He sat out-front with the audience and watched the last act of the evening performance; at its end, he went back-stage where he awaited Summerville's removal of his make-up; after these two took their streetcar for home. While, during their journey to Green Point they were not very communicative as they usually were, because each had thoughts they did not care to talk about; however Moscovitz did speak about their people getting off safely and, also, it caused him to feel rather lonely for he would miss

playing duets with Jane: "It is seldom one meets a person that has all of the qualification that your cousin has with music--you mark my words, she will be a popular pianist some day--I wanted her very much to give a concert!" Summerville, heard his friend; however he just smiled, with out sugnifying one way or another whether conceding to Misha's complimentary expressions or not: "I have had more pleasure playing duets with Miss Jane than with any other person I have ever played with, Probably, because I could boss her, that is, I could tell her how an accompanist should accompany and not overwhelm the soloist; truly, she understands musical expression!" after a moment, Edwin, made no reply; "Gee, in spite of it all I am going to miss her--how soon... have you any idea when Aunt Anna and Jane are returning?"

"Auntie has some property matters to settle...I suppose they will come back in six weeks or so!"

Moscovitz in his amiability found it was dificult in stimulating Summerville into his usual spirit of good fellowship--he of course knew that there were a tension of discord between his wife and himself, because, when of late, it was noticable to his keen attention that these two were not so tender as they formerly were while in the presence of others. "Why, not come over and stop at my house while my people are away; my place is going to be as quiet as an empty church!" suggesed Win.

"Thank you very much Win, you see, my house is the same since Sara got married; however, I should accept your invitation, but, to leave my home vacant, it may invit house-breakers in! a residence in the next block to ours was entered sometime last week--I am not afraid of theives carrying off much, however, I would hate to have these mischevious persons set fire to my place...."

"By jove that is a bright idea, I am going to look into the fire matter; find out if father's insurance has relapsed--I am away so very much...well, I will impress Old Sam to keep his weather eye peeled!"

When they had left the streetcar and had reached Edwin's gate, Moscovitz proffered; "Come over tomorrow afternoon and we will have some music, also, I will give you a cracking good dinner with beer to top it off with!"

"Well, if I am not there by three O'clock, why come over here!"

"If you do not come, you will miss having a bang-up meal...."

"What are going to have for dinner?"

"A gridiron stake about a foot thick...I am a better cook than you should ever believe, my cuisine excells my stage villainy...."

"I will be there!" So, Summerville told Misha as they parted for the night. Then, after Win passed through his gate, he called out to Moscovitz; "For heavens sake do not have Ashton there! I am fed up with her after being on the stage with her all week!"

Sunday afternoon, Edwin and Misha played some delightful music for about an hour: then, they went into the kitchen where Moscovitz started to prepare their dinner...he opened a bottle of beer and they drank while Moscovitz asked Edwin to peel some potatos for a French fry; they gayly chattered while Misha out on the back porch got the charcoal fire going in an old broiler that his father had made years ago--the smoke from it clouded the heavens: "That is why we have it out on the porch; it would ruin the Kitchen!" shortly, the coals were glowing and then the great stakes were put onto the gridiron; the delightful odoriferous senses aroused and the hissing was enough to bring hunger again to a full stomach--causing Edwin's mouth to water.

When they were eating this delectable meal that Moscovitz had prepared; Summerville's admiration went beyond all reason of selfcontrol.

"How in the world did you ever learn to cook so exquisite...and where do you get such rigs that you have broiled these steaks on?"

"Father made this for mother and it is my favorite 'antique!'" laughed Misha--"you may find better one's in any hardware store!"

"Nevertheless, how did you learn to cook so well?"

"Win, any artist could learn to cook in a week's time...mother, you know was an old-country woman and they are taught practical things, she taught Sara and I everything that she could force on us, but, after she passed away, you would scarcely believe it, I taught my sister how to cook--Sara is the finest sister in the world; however, what she was not interested in, a club cold not scare her into being dutiful in attention...one summer's day mother was showing me how to make jelly; Sara passed through the kitchen and mother called out; 'Sara, why do you not learn like Misha, he can make fine jelly!' my sister, just shruged her shoulders and went out into the back garden to dry her hair that she had washed...mother became indignant, she yelled out; 'see here, young lady, you can beat any person that I ever knew getting out from learning things that you aught to know and, some day you will learn the hard way!'"

"Did Sara ever learn to make jelly?"

"Yes, a kind more tough than a carpenter would use for glue!"

"Well, we are going to have a broiler over at my place! will you show me how to broil?"

"Come over next Sunday, also, bring along a ton of meat to practice on--it is no trick at all!" exclaimed Moscovitz.

the following Sunday, Summerville, about three o'clock in the afternoon came, lugging in enough meat to feed a circus-menagerie, and after he had acquired the skill of broiling, there was enough left-over burned-meat to feed allthe cats, rats and dogs in the neighbourhood; however, the delight Win had eating his own cooking, put him in great spirit...washing up the dishes in a merry manner, they returned to the parlor, lighted their cigars and took up their music to satiate the inner needs of their soul-hunger.

Summerville had a forceful touch on the piano that was of a very charming professional air, intuitively of his deep artistic nature--those whom ever heard Win play, became listeners through sheer delight--he played alone for some time; Moscovitz, seemingly was bussy about something, probably for an hour; however he came back into the room carrying a tray of beer; jokingly they drank this, lighted up fresh cigars; Edwin, questioned Misha what they would take up.

"I am frightfully interested in Rossini's 'La Cererentola,' with its brilliant display of voice effect, that I played with Jane...you remember this aria;" Misha, searched, and found it in his huge stack of musical scores. Edwin was a wonderful sight reader;placing it on the piano rack; Misha rosined his bow, mopped his sweaty hands and, started playing this breath-taking blend of calculated artistry; my, his virtuosity was a delightful piece of musicianship...Summerville became as carried away as Misha was....they talked excitedly about the piece's merit in inspirational beauty; the time of evening was nearing nine o'clock and Win said that he must get home to bed by ten, notwithstanding the hour, the music, his enthusiasm of spirit;" Let us play this piece again...bring in another glass of beer and we will smoke up and we will finish up a very pleasurable day...."

CHAPTER XVIII

EVERY WEEK DAY evening, Mr Misha Moscovitz, observant for the success of the plays, was on hand to step in and take character-part if any of the actors were ill or met with accident--he was so versatile that he became the grand prop of all the artists...actors great bane is the common ailment, stomach disturbances and, indigestion, surely cramps their style at times.

Monday evening, as usual, found Misha at the Broadway theatre entrance, just as Mr Hugh Warde, and his brother-in-law John Morgan had come up; as he jocularly saluted them: "See..." reaching into his pocket and drawing a number of post cards out that displayed in pretty colours the Niagara Falls which he got in his morning mail; "see! our friends do not forget us!..." "Just look at mine!" exclaimed, Morgan, "Sara thinks of me Misha!" and cutting in Hugh Warde showed as many cards as his friends and, one more; it was a portrait alone on a card of Miss Nan Knox, she was smiling delightfully with much meaning to Warde.

There was one card they all received on which were their entire party, grouped, in front of the great falls as it plunges over into the chasm. Aunt Ida, as big as life, with her arm passed through Mrs Brookfield's, while Sara, Jane and Nan were linked together like the 'three little maids from school' that had become popular along with 'Dear Little Buttercup,' from Gilber & Sullivan's 'Micado' that many were whistling round the town

Back stage, these gentlemen continued to exchange delightful expressions about the senders of their cards on which were pictured the scenic grandeur of these breath-taking falls--especially, the ice-scenes.

"Nearing seven o'clock!" remarked Hugh Warde, "What in the world is keeping Summerville, he is unusually late! commonly he is the first one to start 'making-up' for the show;" chimed in John Morgan. "Possibly, his streetcar has ran into a carter's dump-cart or a drunk, such things occur--that is why I always take a car extremely early; " reflectively, exclaimed Moscovitz.

Morgan looked at his watch while on his face appeared an expression of alarm: "Misha, we must not take any chances--Win may not come...you had better make-yourself-up for his part...." Miss Ashton had heard the men talking; her dressingroom door was slightly ajar...she stuck out her head and asked: "Is Summerville not here--what has happened--goodness, I do so hope that he is not ill!"

Misha boisterously exclaimed: "Win should be! he ate enough steak to stuff a longshoreman: he was over at my house yesterday afternoon and, I was teaching him how to broil meat! we had a delightful day and evening--plenty of food and beer also music...about ten 0'clock he left for home; maybe he is sick: however, he surely could not be so bad off that he could not telephone...gee! it is a quarter to eight! curtain goes up eight fifteen--John, I judge it is best that I dress for his part.

Miss Ashton was very much disturbed--they were opening the week's performance with 'Lady Windermere's Fan' and, she so enjoyed playing it with Summerville--this popular star was now drawing packed-houses, and this Oscar Wild's play was new to the American public...she feared that Moscovitz may do Win's character off colour; however, Misha, triumphed; with Ashton, they drew thunderous applause--he knew the play as he knew his old violin.

When the final curtain went down, Moscovitz's brother-in-law came back-stage and slapped Misha on the back while exclaiming: "Edwin had better look to his laurels--Win could not have done the part with more merit--Misha, you are made! if Summerville really is sick the show goes on!"...pausing, "tomorrow, I will be out to your house and we will find out just why Summerville failed to show up!"

Mr John Morgan left the city and got out to his brother-in-law's home about three o'clock in the afternoon; he found Misha just finishing up his dirty dishes--he had been sleeping late, because, he was in a very relaxed state, inasmuch, as he had great success in 'Lady Windermere's Fan' the night before. John was as wild as one may be about his brother-in-law performing Summerville's part equally as well.

"How is Sara, John? when is she coming home?"

"She has been enjoying herself very much; however, she is stopping over another day to please Aunt Ida, whom is looking up her old schoolmate, Mrs Hopewell; then she is coming, will reach home by Friday, the latest...she said in her letter, that Miss Knox, with the Brookfield's left Niagara for the west, Yesterday."

Morgan and Misha soon got on their way toward the Summerville mansion; reaching the door, they rang the bell: they observed that the mail-box was full of letters. Receiving no reply to their ring; after a minute they went around behind the house to call on Old Sam whom they found engaged in polishing harness--the old fellow had seen them coming toward him; so, he cheerily sang out; "Hello! what are you chaps up to?"

"We are looking for Summerville! have you seen him today? asked Misha. "He did not come to the theatre yesterday evening and we are enquiring why; is he sick?" interrogated, Morgan.

Old Sam appeared in a great degree, very much surprised: "Come to think of it, I have not seen Win since Sunday afternoon; it was about three O'clock, he was carrying a large package on his arm and, he was walking toward, I should judge in the direction of your home, Misha!" "Yes Sam, Win was at my house until the o'clock Sunday night, then left for his home--did you hear or see him come in or notice the lights on in the house ?"

"No." reflected, the old fellow.

"This is all very strange!" pondered John; "probably, he may be sick in bed! too ill for him to answer the door!" Misha, at the moment had gone over to the kitchen-door and pounded on it--there came no answer to his banging. He called over to the old hostler: "Sam, have you a key to the house?"

John with Sam came up to Moscovitz who was on the back-porch; the old fellow from his pocket pulled out a key-ring and showed him the one that would unlatch the door.

Morgan exclaimed: "Sam we are alarmed about Summerville, also, I will be responsible to Win for we three entering his home; you understand! there is something gravely contrary to my good sense about this matter." They found the house in perfect order, all but, the kitchen-sink had some breakfast-dishes in it and on the stove were some egg-shells and a coffeepot; his bed was unmade--not any signs that he had come home after leaving Moscovitz's place.

"Well, that beats all! exclaimed the hostler, "what may be the matter with Win?"

They walked out through the front-door and, John said to Sam: "Take in these letters and if any more arrives, care for them--you look out for the place--housebreakers are looking for vacent homes to plunder!"

In a very perturbed manner, Misha and his brother-in-law walked to the front-gate, where they met Miss Ashton in company with Hugh Warde whom had at the moment came in hopes that nothing unusual had occured to their friend.

They were made acquainted with the circumstances. Hugh and Moscovitz became seperated from Ashton and Morgan and Warde quietly suggested; "Misha, this may be some form of a publicity-stunt or who knows? you remember, not long ago those London theatrical-people wanted Edwin to come over there...could it be possible that he has taken passage for England? a fool-trick, him disappearing would make head-line news, also place him in the 'lime-light!"

"By jove, that is an excellent idea, Hugh! let us go to the steamship companies and look up the sailings out of New York City for Europe and inspect the passenger lists."

At the end of the week there were not any information gleened concening Summerville's incomprehensible vanishing; his non appearance on the stage had become noticable, also, it became almost impossible to keep from the public this startling fact that no one knows what has become of him--if he had been kidnapped, it surely has been time* enough for his unlawful detainers in seeking money they are after.

Win's theatrical manager, John Morgan became so greatly worried by this time in not finding any reason that made sense why this Broadway star should diaappear; he thought it best to call in the Pinkerton Detective Agency, before giving out any news to the metropolitan papers.

Back-stage it had become a calamitous worry to the company, all sorts of conjecturing were offered; the probable inference suggested by Miss Ashton was that Summerville may be an amnesia case and he being a musician, it may be possible that he is playing a piano in some out of the way dancehall--the strangest things can occur to one whom has lost one's identity; the newspapers should be made cognizable of this serious matter-"The public should be alerted, he may be quickly discovered...." conjectured Miss Ashton.

"By all means do not give out any news about this matter, I demand this from all of my company, because, it will injure our box-office receipts--our playhouse must not loose its drawing power! I am going to call in the Pinkerton's; they will advise us about this matter...."

The Pinkerton man, Mr Davis, went over the entire case with those whom had any knowledge bordering upon Summerville's vanishing--Mr Davis went over the important things with MM Moscovitz, because he was the last known person to have seen the actor--he visited Misha's home and surveyed the surroundings, also, the direction in which Summerville would have to travel in order to reach his home.

During the coming two weeks, the mystery connected with this celebrated, handsome artist, became 'headline' news in the papers; all the police in New York City, Brooklyn and Jearsey City were looking for a person that was dressed((Win's tailor's GAVE a complete discription of Summerville's wearing apparel).

On the Bowery, a policeman spotted a drunken bum, clothed, far too elegant--he had on an old shouch-hat that did not fashion well with his costly appearing suit and expensive shoes...the cloth of Summerville's clothes were medium dark and had a narrow stripe that that was just discernible, perceptible upon close examination--an unusual and costly piece of goods, that his tailors gave out; there was not another in the city, because, these goods were a sample that had come with his London shipment; fortunately, anybody wearing such a suit should be easily discovered--policeman Burnside, atlast got his name on the'front' page.

Pinkerton's best known detective Mr Davis, interviewed this common character whom disclosed how he became so well dressed. This Moocher, told detective Davis that he had a shack, along shore at Green Point, and two days before his arrest, he with his little dog had gone out hunting for rabbits--snaring them in the bushes of a meadow not far from his shanty: while he was going through a thicket, his dog began to bark, which drew his attention because his cur persisted in calling his master's attention to what he had found; the beachcomber, spying a bundle of clothes; consequently, he unwrapped it and found a pair of new shoes; this suit and the foot wear, he found were a bit small for him, however, the man thought: "Whoever discarded these things should have thrown in a hat and shirt!"

The detective, with his keen questioning; also, long experience

in criminology, knew that this moocher was telling the truth; however he had the bum escorted to Green Point and studied the grounds where Summerville's clothes were discovered; also, searched the man's cabin for signs that may implicate him in this strange mystery. In studying the Summerville case thus far, became, more incomprehensible ...could it be that these clothes has been placed there as a blind, in order to confuse the searcher who may be investigating this matter? if the actor has been robbed, bandits do not strip the plundered person and, if his mind has become blank, one in a state of amnesia, surely would not disrobe himself and bother about hiding his clothes unless he had some purpose strangely prankish!...Kidnappers, so far seems to be the nearest explanation; demonstrating, this misleading decoy to further their future object in seeking a ransom. Many days passed and all clews have become cold--"This may be 'the perfect crime!'" pondered the Pinkerton man.

Mr Davis told Mr John Morgan that he now believed that Summerville has been unlawfully detained; because, what makes it seemingly probable is that his family is wealthy-"At any time now we can expect a revelation!" --as the days move on this startling and deplorable mystery faded from interest to the common public.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BROOKFIELD'S WITH Miss Nan Knoz, reached Portland, Oregon after an uneventful journey across the continent and, as yet had had no word from their people in New York and it is twelve days since they left their eastern-home.

Traveling in company with Miss Nan, made it utterly impossible for these two to converse in any comfortable manner about their private affairs; however, as their train raced farther toward the west, Jane's cheerfulness quickened, noticably to her mother and her friend, who remarked: "You were rather dull while we were in Niagara, could it be that the great falls, with their awing, strange thundering that has lowered your jolly spirit or was it that you disliked being away from you new home, also your delightful musical companions?"

"No, I do not care for New York City with all of its cultural advantages; of course I do miss my artistic friends very much, however, to again be back with my old home-town friends and take up anew, where I had left off those inexplicable lovely feelings...one cannot realize what home is until one finds oneself far away...it is not possible to accustom oneself with new surroundings, recompense the inner love of one's origin for a newer, how manifold the new place may be--we cannot love two places with like equality...I was held by the great metropolis while it was novel to me, however, its mass, similar to the great falls, but, these two become commonplace because the magnitude is not anything but a larger volume--grandiose, is not what the spiritual-loveliness is built on; why, my old home in Portland is more lovely than any house in all the world; and, the Oregon City falls in aspect are just as ponderable to the senses--bigness, does not enhance one's spiritualization!"

Mrs Brookfield and her daughter had been home a week and she had with Jane signed the deeds, thus disposing of their block on which the Portland hotel was to be built...in their own right, since Mr Brookfield had been dead, had these two woman experienced anything but straiten circumstances with money; of course, since Jane's marriage they have lived in all the comforts; however, independence, means having one's own little fortune, and now, what a breath of freedom! nevertheless, this breath of freedom was almost taken away from Mrs Brookfield when Jane shocked with much surprise her parent; she had been waiting for the opportunity of what was uppermost in her mind for the passed two months, about disclosing her feelings about Summerville and herself. Back east, living as they had with so many round them, Jane had lost much of the comradery that formerly she was so intimate with her dear mother, whom was more like a girl-chum--then, she hated to reveal what was gnawing her heart-strings. Their business all settled; gently, she gradually lead delicately about Win and herself--indirectly disclosed that her love affair with him became as worn as a shoe-heal! then came the devastating climax...her mother had told her that she would like to remain in Portland until winter sets in, and that Jane could return at any time, also, that it was not well for newly married persons to be seperated, even for a short period.

Nervously, Jane was thinking, I just as well blast mother now as at another time, she exclaimed: "I am glad that you are not thinking about going back, also, as far as myself I am not ever going back to New York, ever! I hate the damnd place and do not want ever to see it again!"

Mrs Brookfield, could scarcely understand what her daughter was saying.

"Why, Jane! what in the world are you talking about?"

With much emotion she lucidly replied: "I have grown so damnably sick of being the wife of a Broadway-star, that I have lost all of my love for him, also, he bores me to death with his everlasting dissertations--factual philosophy is all very well, a bit now at times; however, to live with an intellectual is exasperating--I am surfeited with philosophical boredom...Win is a poor companion but for this one failing--he crushes all the charm he once possessed...I am not going back--he can get a divorce because of my desertion or I can get one through the cause of incompatibility and again because of our dissimilarity of temperament."

Mrs Brookfield, as if she were shattered, fell back in her comfortable chair and gasped in utter astonishment.

Continuing on, "When a man gets a woman, then his real nature reveales itself--he is a delightful loving fool or a boring windbag...!"

Recovering somewhat, in her surprise, her parent said: "You have not at any time made me acquainted about your affairs, that you were growing disinterested with your marriage; of course, I knew that you did not like the idea of being a back-stage wife; however, his fortune was locked in that and his success, also, his large salery meant as much to you as it did to Edwin...I did not know but what you were happy!"

"For the past three months I have experienced nothing but unhappiness!"

"I did not ever question you, nevertheless, I at moments observed that you appeared somewhat dull, but supposed it may be because you had no share in the social-life that the 'dowagers' had bestowed on him."

"Yes it is quite true, with all of our social-position, we do not meet those whom would give me very much pleasure and those we did meet, many of them are the kind of persons, that, at home, we got rid of. If it had not been for Misha's company, his delightful merrymaking manner, his descriptive wisdom in music and gentlemanly deportment, truly, if it had not been for him, long ago, I should have lost my health or my mind--my good times with him, since we are home, I shall miss more than all of New York put together; he is the only person, while we were there that was worth knowing...of course, I love Aunt Ida, Sara and The Summerville's, however, to return and live again in such a milieu, it would only be using superfluous-words to dwell on this matter....How I wish that I had married Misha or a gentleman of his particular character...."

"Why Jane! you are not in love with Mr Moscovitz--goodness, you must not develope such looseness?" her mother exclaimed with utter astonishment; "a woman must be dignified--immorality, licetiousness, is all very well for those who escape degradation-- but few live happily through such a plight!"

Cheerfully Jane laughed at her mother's agitation; however, it gave her much inner trouble to calm the suspicions that had aroused what she should not have been implicitly suggesting.

"Well it makes not a bit of difference what it is, I am finished with the whole damndable mess...the only good thing about it all is that our friends here do not know anything about our private affairs, so, we have not the worry, the embarressments we would have in trying to smooth out a too unpleasing explanation--run-away matches creates more laughter than commiseration...how grateful, providence has been, its freeing us from the gossips!"

.....

It was a mild morning in June and, Mrs Brookfield and Jane had been home in Portland for three days; their property business affairs had been completely settled and, they were really relaxing also from their continental journey--the sale of the hotel-property certainly enhanced their buoyancy, because, these two women had risen and breakfasted early

so that they could admire the fine care their old gardener had taken with the gorgeous blooms the rosebushes were loaded with...the softness of the air, the buzzing insects and chirping birds, as if they too were part of the gladness round them.

Examining their garden gave them enjoyment while they walked about inspecting everything, delightfully talking: the fruittrees were in foliage and the glorious big cherrytree was loaded with bunches of green cherries that soon would be a feast for the robins and neighbouring childern; round the tree's great trunk the circular-bench so inviting in the shade cast by this huge mass of new leafage, caused them to restfully sit down and contemplate about the loveliness of the aspect appearing not ever so joyous after being in surrounding not their own .... "There is no place like home, after all!?" exclaimed Mrs Brookfield.

They heard the frontgate latch give of a click, and in through the gate entered their old friend the mailman--he spied the returned friends that he was so glad to see again--while handing the Brookfield's their mail, they exchanged friendly words--how was his health...when the man ambled away, they excitedly examined their letters: "Here is a letter from Aunt Ida for you, mother! it is from Niagara and one from Sara post marked the Falls--she must be stopping over with Auntie; also, one from Win, it is readdressed from the Falls--the post mark shows that we had left for home one day before it arrived in Niagara; Why, the letter is two weeks old!" the other letter for Jane, after glancing at it, she laid it face down in her lap--Jane recognized Misha's well known handwriting--herheart accelerated somewhat, with pleasent expectation.

Win, in his letter wrote that he was very lonesome in an empty house that she had graced so delightfully...how he missed her...his undying love for the woman of his heart and, hoped that her Mother and herself would come back sooner than he believed they possibly could. ...Win was affectionately thoughtful in writing all the nice things that he could command, even, if his inner thoughts were in a tension not so joyous as he outwardly expressed...however, passionate affection between himself and Jane, constrained as it was, Summerville in his letter was revealing every semblance of trying to ease what, could not ever return--those delectable thrills to lover's that comes only once....

Sadly, she looked afar, over the wall of rose-bushes at the opposite side of the garden, with thoughts, without concerted meaning and without any intention in resembling her shattered affections--strangely, she could scarcely realize that, what was so joyous between them has disappeared like a mist which has vanished into the blue heavens: with hidden lament, she sighed unobservedly, while handing Win's letter to her mother whom had finished reading Aunt Ida's extremely jolly letter about the fun she was renewing with her old schoolmate, Mrs Hopewell.

With supressed delight, outwardly she took up Moscovitz's letter and hastily tore it open, while her mind was racing through rememberances, a delightful potpourri--how she will miss, their playing duets! being separated from these accustomed pleasures with Moscovitz, these thoughts, stirred within her feelings, very pleasing when ever her mind had occasion in dwelling about Misha: from the envelope she removed his letter and read:

'Dear Jane,

You cannot imagine how nervous I am: how I wished it were possible to write a letter that would contain all the delightful thoughts I should love to write! however, you will understand why, at this time I am unable to do so.

'Sara, in her letter that I received Monday(yesterday morning), said that you people left for home on Saturday(the day she wrote me). Well, as youprobably know, every evening I am at the theatre whether I have a part to play or not, because, it may be possible that some member

of our company at the playhouse may not feel fit to go on and, of course, I at those times act as substitute actor for the troupe; Monday evening found me at the playhouse with Hugh and my Brother-in-law; we were back-stage and having jolly fun showing one another our very interesting Niagara post cards that you people sent each of us--your thoughtfulness gave us all exquisite pleasure and, I think your photograph, the one in the groupe backgrouned by the falls, is admirably lovely--I am going to have it enlarged and then I shall send a similar one to you....

'As I was telling about Monday evening at the theatre, where we were enjoying your Niagara cards: I was in Warde's dressing-room and Morgan came in having a somewhat surprised expression on his face; he was holding his watch in his hand while remarking: "Where in the world is Summerville! usually, he is the first actor to be in his dressing-room making-up...the curtain goes up at 8:15." worried, he continued, "he may have had some sort of an accident on his way over and, he will be too late for the play...Moscovitz, you had better 'make-up' for his part!" Well, I did.

'Miss Ashton was greatly worried about Win; disturbed me to the point....I should like to have pulled her hair! fearing that I may make an amateurish mess of Summerville's characterization that he so exquisitely does; however, I attended the rehearsals of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and knew this play and Win's part suitably...to be brief--I performed the part so well, that I received curtain-calls! my Brother-in-law, congratulated me, because the performance turned out a splendid success, so far as the audience were concerned.

'After the show, Morgan said that he would call over to my place the next day and we would go over to Summerville's and find out what had kept him away from the theatre. We did, he was not at home. Strangely, he had not left nor sent any word to Morgan about his affairs--absenting himself.

'So, that afternoon, John sent out calls to all of the hospitals, even, over to Jearsey City, enquiring for him, feeling that some sort of sickness or accident had so incapacitated him that he may be unable to make know his distress...as it is, he is missing and possibly, some think that Win may be an amnesia case....it is painful for me to write you all this, but, please, try not to allow this to distress you unnecessarily--we are sure, everything will come out all right...it may be prankish--a prima donna bit of stuff! who knows?

'My, but things are dull; how I miss playing duets with you....

'Ever, your friend.

Misha.

Mrs Brookfield was so deeply interested in reading Summerville's letter Jane handed her; she was trying to penetrate the psychology of Win's fine expressions, that to her, seemingly, were written in the style, very much as, in the 'artof letter writing'...as if by habit--automatically, without the soulful reflections of a lover; her attention was so held, she had not noticed the emotions of her daughter--her hands were trembling slightly, also her face was blanching by the time she had finished reading Misha's letter; then, Jane exclaimed; "Mother, Win is missing, they do not know what has become of him--vanished!" with these lamenting words she sank back against the tree-trunk and, slid off the bench onto the grass in a fainting condition.

Alarmed, Mrs Brookfield cried out; "Jane!" seeing her face was pallid; she straightened her daughter out flat on the ground, then rushed to the house for smelling-salts and some water.

Shortly, Jane gradually came too. blubbering, crying, incoherently saying,"Win has disappeared!"

This shocking news caused Jane to realize that she was not heartless.

CHAPTER XX

MRS SARA MORGAN, when she got home from Niagara Falls and learned the exciting great fear about Summerville's disappearance; then she wrote immediately to Aunt Ida, who, yet was visiting with her friend of long acquaintanceship, Mrs Hopewell; that is, as soon as her husband thought it a proper thing to do, because, by now there had been no news that lessened their fear--he wanted to be sure that Summerville truly was a missing person.

Sara's letter was couched in the most delicate manner possible, in order not to horrify Auntie's sensibilities; also, she wrote a similar letter to Summerville's parents whom were wintering in Tampa, Florida; since, it would be a shameful thing in not doing so, because, surely they in time may read in their New York newspapers this horrifying story and, such a blow to them without more intimate information from their closest friends may mean grevious misfortion to these old people.

After getting Mrs Morgan's letter, the Summerville's hurriedly left Florida for their home; however, like all misfortions, seemingly, this severe shock to the ageing old gentleman; Mr Summerville's poor state of health, while on their way home home became ill with a cold and, on reaching his residence grew worse--contracting pneumonia, shortly he died....this terrible state of affairs so lowered the health of Mrs Summerville that she became bedridden, too weak with her grief, the shock was too much, soon after, she too passed away.

Aunt Ida, was a brave soul all through this calamity, with fortitude she intrepidly withstood all this, the greatest misfortune--it had wiped out, almost the entire Summerville family, but for Mary.

Poor Mary (Mrs Vivian Bell), whom loved her brother profoundly; she, in company with her husband, did not reach America in time to attend the funeral's of her parents--by the time the Bell's had received the awful happening's at home that had to be traced after them, because they had left Paris for Rome, and this caused a great delay; however, this shocking news made them hurry back up through France to Cherbourg, where, they were too late to book passage; with this and storms at sea, also a slow ship, finaly got home to find Aunt Ida greviously worn from what she had been going through.

Mary, upon finding her home so desolate, the miserable situation round her, she became almost unconsolable--their family cut down to only Auntie and herself. Jane not being there, even made it ever so blank in such a large house...."Why has not Jane come? and why does she remain away?" she questioned her Aunt; the unhappy dear thing got Jane's letter's and also Mrs Brookfield's for Mrs Bell to read.

Jane, in her's and her mother's letters, both had to do very much, writing, that was unpleasing--to act so, to those that they loved extremely well; letters, filled with excuses--half fabrications, inventing fiction that was troublesome for them to remember, so that in all following one's they may not reveal such down-right fibbing. Jane caused it to appear that her mother was not very strong after her journey home; their doctor suspects that Mrs Brookfield has a slight touch of malaria; it could be possible that while crossing the Mississippi valley she may have contracted this disease and also, they both were so shattered with sorrow, that if they were with dear Auntie and Mary it would not lessen the grief that they were all going through.

Jane, of course, had no more intention about going back to New York than of her going to Alaska--she was completely finished with being the secret-wife that was so romantic, now, flat as old beer, evanesced, yet golden without the tang of love that was so delightful for a short few months...no one knew these painful experiences but her mother and a revelation to the Summerville's about them, may destroy the fine feeling now existing between them.

Janes's greatest sorrow was the sorrow itself; she could not very well resist contemplating about her romantic-marriage and its strange ending, caused her to feel that Fortuna is as indifferent to one's happiness as time and space--how impossible for one to control those desirous delectable pleasures of her first thrills; her prince, the charming matinee idol that excited young women, was, while at home, only a handsome gentleman who talked as if he were an explaining philosopher about things that had beauty but not the poetry that her aesthetic soul so wandered in..."Damn the physics, what do I care how cheese is made!" as she listened to how some cheese-maker had by mistake killed the bacteria that gave his produce such zest...if Win would talk about 'art' and beautiful things (which he did, delightfully, however, any subject was as charming to him as another), consider my tastes like Misha does, would not all between us have been as it once were?...one's fate is beyond one's own control....how exquisite Misha is when discussing music's inexplicable loneliness; his ideas about the strangeness of an aria, what it is, this inexplainable something that so enthralls one's sensous inner vision; the delight painting and poetry or a fine drama gives...Misha's thoughtfullness about what pleases a woman--keenly appreciative in delicate agreeableness--surely he would know just how to make love!" such thoughts were not dreams, but were memories, a medley of inner feelings she saw with wide open eyes while staring at nothing....

There is no reason why Jane should wish to return where now all is sorrow-- Mary's home coming; to renew her little acquaintance with Win's sister whom ahe was agreeably impressed with; it would be much too gloomy and for no purpose--she was finished with New York...home, round her there was the spiritual beauty of summer's commencing, her old friends and her music; things about, that should recede the unpleasing thoughts of the past....

Jane found out that after living with Summerville, in this entirely new milieu, with his everlasting cold analytical talking; within her, it stirred up something that she did not ever dream she possessed...she noticed when alone, dressing her hair, bathing or washing the dishes; while, her mother may be engageed in the garden watering the flowers or elsewhere busy; she discovered that she too, when not dwelling on art and its moods, also observed, she was philosophing, especially, when doing mechanical duties automatically...how her mind raced onward within states without conscious, apparent guidance during the delightful sunny mornings: "The peculiarity of the world that we live in--not the world that we are taught in church or school, but the state of our lives that we have so little power in directing...the laws we meet with that have been handed down through the ages and, these, at all moments are purposely opposing the environment we create: Nature made it all and yet, seemingly has nothing but complexities of resistance...some have the craziest sociological ideas; radicals, wish to free the stupid from so much hard work, and, while doing so, not work thamselves, but, be saleried well for their impractical-sociology...other's believe we should live the 'simple' life; fabricating one's shoes--imagine a man making a pair of buckskin pants or a fiddle out of a gourd...if such brilliant-minds could take observance of the indians living along the Cascade Falls with theis sore eyes; without collective thinking, the lacking of creative-thought, well, there is the complexities of Nature that is gasping, as did the last dinosaur, food for the jackal--the misguided...in our personalities, that fate...." "Jane! what in the world are you muttering...you are talking to yourself...!" exclaimed Mrs Brookfield. Her irregular train of thoughts caused Jane to reply, replied; "Oh, I was commiting, memorising a song that Misha sent me some time ago."

"Well, here is a thick package of music or books from Misha, also a letter from him; one from Aunt Ida and Mary!"

Auntie's letter was addressed to Mrs Brookfield; however, the encloseure was to both of them and, from the letter shipped out on to the floor a checque for five thousand dollars, made payable to Mrs Edwin Summerville. Reading this checque and the astonishing fortune written on its face for Jane, caused these two women very much wonder. "My, what may this mean?" they, open eyed, gazed at it, then at each other.

Auntie's letter explained to them that the money was her half-year's share of the profits from 'The Silurian Seas Salt Company.'

This property belonged to Mr Summerville, likewise, a quarter interest was owned by Aunt Ida; whom, was making it obvious, that the Summerville heirs were Edwin and Mary; also, Jane being Edwin's wife, accordingly, should have his share of the earnings; however another matter came up about Win'S salary at the Broadway theatre;"John Morgan told me that there was due Win the sum of six thousand dollars and that he did not know whom to pay this to, so I told him that there had not been any one appointed to care for Edwin's estate,because, at that time he did not have any, other than he was am heir to his parents property; previously, having no estate and since, of course, Mary had become her Brother's heir--naturally, no one is aware of his marriage and Mary under no circumstances will accept any of the money that rightfully belongs to Jane; however, just as soon as we get these funds, I will forward them to you."

As so often occure in families, the unwholesomeness, selfishness; and, Aunt Ida loved Jane devotedly; she knew that Edwin's wife was unacquainted with the Summerville fortune; in addition, was not making Jane feel that she was a member of the Summerville's; also, her interest were as sacred as such matter should be....Auntie was one of those sorts of fine Christians whom, places love, beyond fine words or money.

"We do not know," continued AuntIda, "any more about what has occured to Win than, from the very first; but, we yet feel that he may have become afflicted with amnesia; this ray of hope, we yet hang on to and believe if he is, that he eventually will be found...."

"That delightful Misha comes in when ever he can spare the time from the theatre; commonly, he is in for dinner on Sunday's and during the afternoon plays duets with Vivian (Mary's husband); they enjoy themselves hughly--Vivian plays splendid accompaniments to Misha's violin solo's--my Nephew, thinks that Misha is about the finest fellow ever!...they talk art, also Vivian, agreeably dwells much about his beloved Paris and, Misha, joking, always replies that when he gets married, then he is going to honeymoon in the Queen City; but, to go alone he may not returne; having a wife would save him from expatriation! Moscovitz, learning that Vivian had studied for the stage, asked him if he would take part in the following week's play, he did, Mary and I attended--Vivian was a pretty amateur! my, but you should see Misha as the hero! during matinee's, the theatre is packed with young girls; He has an air--that something that makes him just as handsome on the stage as he is off; Morgan, said that Misha is keeping the house just as popular almost as Win had...I just think the world of Misha for he is such splemdid fun! always in good humor...."

Buoyant, cheerfully Jane exclaimed:"Mother! is not Aunt Ida the dearest woman! just think, if she were like many persons, she would not have sent this money; as she said, probably, I was not acquainted with father Summerville's wealth, also, to get any part of Win's rights as a dower-right, very likely I would have employ a lawer who may take half of it as his fees...."

In no way was Jane missing the high praise that Auntie was heaping on this charming Misha whom warmed Jane's fancy....Nature, thirsts more for love than it does for misfortune apparently--seemingly, it bustles in strange ways--stirring happiness or disaster...Jane was bearing up with an urge, invoking her inner vivacity--how she longed to have him near, to have him play as they used to delightful duets.

After finishing Misha's letter, she did not give it to her mother to read; however, she read fragments of what he had written...many lines in his warm letter had much meaning that pleased her sensuous nature ....she could write the first line her poetic soul sang, however, to compose the second, it could not match the first...nevertheless, it was somewhere in space, fluttering, without rest.

The months were flying by, and the Pinkerton agent, Mr Davis, had no solution whatever what had become of Mr Summerville--with all of his years in detective work, he knew that the unqualified amateur were as capable of solving this case as himself, because, there were no factual evidence to lead one in a chain to the proper ending; nevertheless, the dectective as all great one's, do not ever forget--the perfect crime is impossible...the unsolvable, happen through mere chance.

CHAPTER XXI

ANOTHER SPRING HAD come and it too was fading quietly in spite of the lagging cool nights, gayly, toward lovely summer that Miss Brookfield indulges her thoughts about--it warms her soul, animates her music with more spirit...."I cannot play nor study well when the chilly weather engulfs one!" she softly exclaimed to herself, as she gazed out through the window at gaudy rosebuds nodding in the cheerful sunshine, while seated on her piano-bench; pondering, whether to go out for a walk..."oh, well, there is not a thing to see down town but the same old shopwindows and the rushing townsmen--some of these are annoying-one's, who exasperates us women whom are good enough appearing for amorous, inviting, ogling-men...I think it will be much more amusing to write to Sara--I can talk understandingly with her...it seems that Nature moulded Sara and Misha out of the same molds--if Sara were a man, I would want to have her for a lover or a husband--they just know how to be charming!" seeing the old mailman coming through the garden-gate, she went out to meet him...."It would be fun carrying mail around here if the other people round, got one quater as many letter's as you folks do!--I have to walk a half mile in order to deliver the last letter I have!" simpered the wearry old man while humpping his shoulders AS HE handed Jane a number of letters.

"One from Moscovitz!" Jane walked across the grass to the cherry-tree bench and sat down; her mother was over to one of their neighbours; while she started reading....

'Dear Jane,

'We have had a very successful season and my haberdasher will have to fit me with larger hats!--I forgot to tell you, long ago, that the big gaslight sign on the theatre, now spells withits big letters, 'Moscovitz!'also, you scarcely would believe it, that seeing it so often, I do not feel the same, strangely, one becomes accustomed to one's own egotism...we become accustomed to manny things, however, I do not get used to you being so far away--do you realize that I am very weary, for a whole year...I would give all of my Broadway success to 'Old Sam,' if it would bring you back to New York! do you ever think about me like that?'

'We close the show on the fifteenth of this month and, this will surprise you; I have had a terrible longing to see the place of my early boyhood--the place where the world first uhfolded to me, the Joy of being!"

'I am coming out to see my first home in old Astoria and, when I reach Portland you and your dear Mother are going to be my guests on a wonderful Journey down the glorious Columbia river to the 'salmon-canning Town' if I possibly can prevail on you people joining me in this delightful excursion--do you think you could get Miss Knox to go?--she would be fine company for your Mother!....in our jaunt to Astoria we will stay at the famous old Occidental Hotel; run by Meglar& Charlie Wright--their cuisine, equals--style and cooking...I heard someone say that Delmonico's does not excel! just think, your Portland has no such eating-place...will not such a trip be joyous?'

'I judge that you have passed through Astoria during your summering at the seaside....Say, by the way! we will run down to the town of Seaside and stay at the old Ben Holliday Hotel, while at the beach, do some wading amd screaming; also, from the hotel we will have a good view of Tillamook Rock....I did not ever tell you that if it had not been for me the Steamship Little California would have been lost, by hitting this mariner's great lighthouse, because, for the "momentous-occasion" of my being born just the day we reached this Tillamook Rock--so the Captain of the steamer remarked, after missing this place in a howling-storm--you know, the gods pull off great events when fellows like me coma into this

world and, I am sure that the Angels came down, singing songs of joy--carols to your own event with glory!'

'Have you on your piano a fine fiddle like the one in the musicroon of the Sunmmerville's? if you have not, I will bring mine! what fun we will have....Did the last music I mailed to you, please?'

'Well, you are much more excellent than all the duets in the World.. ..'

'Ever your's,

Misha.

Jane became choked with enrapturous thoughts....she placed this delightful letter in the busom of her waist; then read her sister-in-law's letter, Mary, was affectionate, however there was a note of sadness running through it; further, she had the finest things to say about her dear Vivian....the other letters were for her mother,

Mrs Brookfield was almost as much a chum to her daughter as a mother; however, Jane had not as yet confided how much she was in love with Misha, but, nodoubt Mrs Brookfield's perspieacious senses, understandingly, kept her in harmony with her daughter's desires; nevertheless, they talked a great deal about how interesting it will be to see Moscovitz after their period of long seperation.

One morning there came a telegram from Spokane, informing Jane that her friend Misha would arrive that morning, on the ten o'clock train.

Jane got dressed hurriedly, rushed to the Union Station, while her mother made preperations to welcome Moscovitz with a luncheon.

Overwhelmed with surprise, pleased beyond measure in finding Jane awaiting him at the platform-gate--her face beaming with happy expectation Misha enfolded his beloved and kissed her warmly, as if all their lives they had been lovers--she blushed, because, several persons round whom knew her; became acquainted with the fact that this young gentleman must be closer than a relative--'The Sunday Telegram'(the scandlous peep-hole paper of that time), surely will make the 'town' aware that Miss Brookfield has a dashing and handsome beau.

Getting his luggage together, he directed his effects by the buss-driver to the St charles Hotel; also, asked this man to reserve for him a suite of rooms on the first floor, if possible.

As they walked up Third Street, Misha remarked:"The old town has not changed much in two years...Why! look at the arches of electric lights--metropolitan indeed! and bigger street cars!"

"Oh yes, our city has improved considerably!" exclained, Jane with some provincial pride, as she sprightly walked along pointing out the new places of business and, to be interesting, she showed him the George L Baker Theatre on Yamhill street and from there up Morrison to where they were finishing the Marquam Grand playhouse.

"Is not that magnificent! why, that is finer than our Broadway theatre!" ejaculated Moscovitz.

Consenting with much pleasure, the Brookfield's with Miss Knox accepted delightedly, Moscovitz's invitation for a ride down the Columbia river to his old home-town, Astoria. Sunday morning, with his companions they boarded 'The Harvest Queen' for their journey down the majestic river of the west. Moscovitz, was as elated about being in the vicinity of his youth that he deported himself much as if he were a 'Bishop Scott's Military Academy student on his way home--vacationing...the vast expance of the placid water that mirrored the azure and the green banks...the rushing, throbbing steamer swiftly passed fishing-villages and bigger towns that appeared to Moscovitz as if ten years had not aged them, but himself--seemingly, it was but yesterday when he saw them last. "Ten years is a long time, these places do not age;" he remarked to his companions as they watched the shores swing past; "but, it is me that has changed,

aged!" gayly theyall laughed. Mrs Brookfield merrily replied: "During all this long while, you should have grown whiskers of agreat length to keep in harmony with the old bearded fishermen along shore!" gleefully they snickered, and Miss Nan, quick to calculate Moscovitz's age; "You left Astoria at the age of fifteen, so, you are about twenty-five ...no wonder that you hide your graying beard by shaving!"

"Why should I appear goat-whiskered, when in company whith such charming 'Nanny's!' Nan....?"

"Look, there comes the old original Steamer Telephone! (she, shortly after this, took fire while rounding 'Tongue Point' and was run ashore, before beingconsumed--a later, larger model was constructed from her lengthened hull) she is the swiftest stern-wheeler on the river; Captain Scott was a great builder of river crafts; my, is not she a beauty?"

Passing round Tongue Point, Astoria came into view--the town is stretched along the waterfront and, in places the city is very narrow; causing this oldest Oregon town its extreme length--five miles, because of the abrupt hilliness of the place.

After putting up at the 'Occidental Hotel;' Misha, went over to Henry Sherman's livery stables and got a carriage. He drove his friends up to Alderbrook. His old home was in a very ramshackled state; visably, affected; emotionably he exclaimed: "What do you think of my old home?" this sacred word 'home,' and its meaning, covers both mansion and shack --is it possible to love one more than the other? one would be truly superficial in discriminating..it is the thing that builds, "Honor Thy Father and Mother...." exclaimed Mrs brookfield.

"Yes, Warde so hates his home that he does not ever wishes to see it again and, he loves his mother--he keeps her in silks and a servant! ...we will drive back to the west end where he was born."

[illegible] along the shore, Misha pointed; "See the golden salmon weather-vane on Ben Young's home! I used to go to school with his children, Johnnie and Clara--Clara was a pretty girl and, her brother became a lawyer--dying with lung trouble when he commenced practicing; of course this occured after I had left for New York. His father made a fortune in the salmon business.

When they came into the larger part of the city, they turned down Main street to Astor, where they again slowly moved westward through this street that is called 'Swilltown' or the red-light district; "There is the old dive that Hugh was born in, and his home during his high-school period...." Out front seated on a beerkeg a loafer, busily rolling a cigarette; two pretty girls came out through the swinging-doors from the saloon; they were all dressed up in their 'fancy' clothes. With surprise on their rouged faces; seeing Misha's carriage with the very refined appearing women in it, caused these two to smile--'they hnew that these people were strangera whom did not know the atmosphere that they were in;' these pretty rascals were on their way 'up' town, shopping; likewise, give the town-boys something to stare at.

"Well I cannot blame Warde!" exclaimed Mrs Brookfield.

"And, if I had been reared there, I would have been the gayest --famous as 'non compos mentis Nan!' the darling of rue Astor--I always wanted to be a sport...."

"Nan! what are you talking about, you were always the first one in Sunday School! remarked Jane.

"Yes, but that was purposely, just to see the young preacher, we girls were crazy about...dull, these gals have fun until their health gives out and ours it is hell with plenty of health!" "Nan, if I suspected you were so moronic, I would not ever allowed Jane in your company!"

"Why, It was Jane, we both of us were wild about being 'Vaudeville girls' whom sit in the Boxes and drink beer--with percentage on the bottle's...butter would'nt melt...."

"You named her Jane did you not? who ever heard of a Jane that was not a Jane?"

"This is enough to make the horses runaway laughing!" shrieked Misha and Jane screeching in company with Nan. Mrs Brookfield was shocked:--"I am ashamed of both of you! what may Misha think?"

"Well, you were a 'covered wagon gal! we are gal's modern!"

At the moment, 'Texas Kate' must have heard the gayty in the street; she came from the bar and looked at the stragers, took from her mouth a cigar butt, then spit tobacco guice on the sidewalk, turned, walked back into the saloon. This horror of a mispent life...."There is your life of charm Nan!"

"Well, if one has the stomach for so much tobacco, this gal surely has health! Misha, have you a chew?"

"Shame on you, Nan! Misha is blushing at your conduct!" severely expressing, her discomfiture; remarked Mrs Brookfield.

"Get-ep! you nags! out of this hell-hole that has such immoral influences on Miss Knox;--where one is born, does not make us what we are...a toad is born in the water, but, its habits are terrestrial.... similarly, I suppose, Nan has some object in being so dry--she is thirsty! let us go up up town to Hofler's for ice-cream and soda; then we will drive down 'lovers lane' to Smith's Point."

Their joyful week at the seaside, refreshing, cool, for, they had read in 'The Oregonian' that it had been insufferably hot in Portland.

Home again from there delightful trip; Jane, not ever before realized that Moscovitz could be so fine mannered and companionable. His advancing of himself in his delicate way, thrilled her in a crescendo of swelling melody, so harmonious to her senses in the realm only lover's create....and to think, she reasoned: ""He is a man that I would hate to know!'" came up in her thoughts--"how we misjudge persons at times, and now, he is the dearest person to me, My! if I could have met him while the 'Genks Troupe' played here two years ago?"

Enjoyably these two satiated themselves with music, duets as romantic as their hearts; resting, searching through stacks of music, seeking works that may please, in a disconneted manner, remarking about the merits of this work or that...."Jane dear, if you do not promise to marry me, I am going to stay in Portland until you consent; notwithstanding, I am thinking of giving up my Broadway-contract and get an engagement with George L Baker for the coming season."

Jane smiled in an elusive manner, without committing herself to the reply that Misha so longed for...."I am going to make some lemonade for us and we will drink it, out in the garden." hesitantly, she slowly walked from the room. Moscovitz, placed his violin on the piano and then seated himself at the instrument, struck some introductory chords softly, then started singing, beautifully: 'I Hear You Calling Me.'

The appeal in his rendering, voicing the profound spiritual sympathy he sought from the woman he love beyond, for ever and ever...this mood of his so pure, would cause the corrupting infuences in this world to melt and, Jane, preparing the lemonade while hearing his passionate calling, also was melting with feeling, tender with love.

How strange the emotions are when stirred within an atmosphere of the loveliest feeling the human-heart possesses....Jane came in carrying a tray on which were the refreshment they were to share in the garden.

what a charming picture these two made. Jane sat down on the circular-bench round the huge cherrytree-trunk while Misha, sat at her feet on the grass. The delightful afternoon and this scene with these lovers were as holding to the eye as the senses are held by the entraneing --'Cavalleria Intermezzo.'

Dreams, hopefulness, love, are the moving forces more beautiful than all of Natures grandest of endowments that lovers live in--Jane was as fascinated as a young woman may be...."What a delightful companion this talented artist is...." she thought, looking at Misha, while they sipped their drink....Misha soon started again renewing his supplicating...if one could penetrate the heart--read the soul...Misha knew that Jane was wavering toward the favorable reply that would thrill him more than his craving-dreams...he was about to rise, sit near her and clasp the being he loved, for he knew now that that heavenly 'yes'.... At the moment they both heard the front-garden gate click and then again give off this sound while being closed.

Misha turned his head to see what Miss Brookfield was looking at; they saw a man, somwhat large; who passed along the walk toward the porch where Mrs Brookfield sat hidden from view by the climbing-roses, whom was, when meditaing, crocheting.

This stranger in appearance, wore a cutaway coat and, on his head a brown derby hat--he was not at all a bit fashionable, because his muscularity gave his make-up a too tight a fit. The man walked with a certain determined air. In aspect one could hardly decide his profession, for, he resembled one engaged in the circus-business, horse-racing or possibly a very respectable saloon-keeper: however, he had a manner.

Reaching Mrs Brookfield, the stranger had enquired if Mr Moscovitz were in; she of course replied that he was here; she rose up and walked to the porche's edge and pointed over toward where her daughter and Misha sat, making a very beautiful setting for the stage in a scene, only too well understood...the man politely thanked her while tipping his hat; "How charming these lover's appeared!" he thought, while he approached Jane and Misha; Moscovitz, saw on his loved one's dear face an expression that somebody was near.

As the man approached them, courteously, he tipped his hat to Jane; Misha, hearing behind him, his coming, arose and turned; the stranger just nodded to Misha while saying, "You are Mr Moscovitz?" a half-smile waved over Moscovitz's face as he acquiesced. Continuing, the man took from his pocket a paper that he handed to Misha, who accepted it.

"This is a warrant for your arrest, for the murder of Edwin Summerville...." rising up in a terrified state of alarm, round-eyed, and not completely comprehending the awfulness of this scene, but, seeing the officer snap a pair of handcuffs on Misha's wrists, instantly: Jane, horrified, heard Misha exclaim; "There must be some mistake...!" "Moscovitz, there is no error, but your own great mistake...!"

Jane, now with great apprehension, around her, all was ruin: in dejection she blanched, shrieked, then wilted down on the grass in a fainting state.

Mrs Brookfield, hearing her daughter cry-out, came running with much wonder on her face--seeing Moscovitz manacled and, Jane prone on the ground; she sank down to give comfort to her moaning daughter. The calamitous, and awkward situation Moscovitz found himself in....his lovely Jane witnessing him being exposed in such a fearful manner--his life wrecked, utter desolation flashed through his mind--" all is lost!"

Hastily rising, Mrs Brookfield ran back into the house for water and smelling salts.

Misha in disconsolation, stooped down beside Jane in farewell, he kissed her a long last kiss....

Detective Grimshaw, accustomed to tragedy, seeing such refined women before him so unhappy--arroused within his tough nature, half-tender sentiments; but, being a man of duty he gravely went about his unpleasing affairs; he tapped his prisoner on the shoulder while commanding him; "Come aith me...."

Misha's stage characterizations of a villain, did not ever equal in quality what was being pictured in this calamitous scene; as he walked away with the detective, he turned and gazed at Jane while scarcely comprehending it was for the last time...sad, the profoundest misery was chilling his soul....strange is fate.

In a carriage, unobserved, Moscovitz was taken to the city jail, from there in company with an engaged officer; unshackled; the three of them went to the ST Charles Hotel where his effects were collected and, on the eight o'clock train they journied east.

This disasterous affair to the Brookfield's, placed poor Jane under the care of a physician...the horror of it all caused, these two women in a degree, to suffer the equal of what took from them their murdered loved one--father and husband.

Strangely, on this very day so shocking, in the morning mail came a letter from Aunt Ida, whom asked in it; 'Dear Jane, as you may know, Mary and you are my only heir's and, I have talked over this matter I am writing you about with Mary, fully, and she has heartily acorded with my dearest wishes.'

'As you know how doting I have been about Misha--because, he has given me so much pleasure and, my fondness for hime has caused me to deside about something that will surpriae you!...I am going to will to Misha my share in The Silurian Seas Salt Company, if you will promise not to oppose this wish of mine--rightfully, you and Mary could in the law, break such a will, because, you could prove to the court that I was of unsound mind--there is no question about that, as, both of you know how mush I love the rascal....'

'However, your income and Mary's is sufficent for anyone's needs; will you please sign the enclosed paper that will waive all your claims on my estate and mail it to me? because, it wil give me great pleasure knowing, all the while before I die, and, after, Misha will enjoy the pleasure this has given me!....I have heard that dear Misha say a number of times, remark, "Darn an actors life--it is slavery!"'

Mrs Brookfield and Jane thought that Auntie surely was the best judge of her own wishes; also, heartily concurring with her magnanimous proposal.

CHAPTER XXII

DETECTIVE GRIMSHAW'S long experience with criminals had taught him that the only way to crack the spirit of law breakers--cause them to confess,,,see to it that they are alone, so they may hold vigil with themselves about their own wrong doing...from the time Moscovitz had been held in charge of detective Grimshaw, he had not been adressed in any manner; and, if Moscovitz spoke, he became unable to gleen any knowledge of any sort--if he questioned, he was curtly given a yes or no.

On their journey east, Grimshaw had had an officer engaged to help him guard his prisoner, because it would be utterly impossible for the detective to have proper rest. His guard took care of Moscovitz during the night; for two days it was dull monotony--especially for their prisoner whom for the first time in his life, became aware that he was not free from external control...all these horrible hours the train was speeding along, sepperating him from the most joyous experience not ever to be his lot again...now, locked up within the consumate horror that confounds the faculties. To one with such exquisite aesthetic senses, his misery was multifarious--why the goddess Fortuna shaped his fate as she had, is as strage as the mystery of life...make him so splendid, then, crush him into formless clay as a dissatisfied sculptor with his plastic model that had failed to please--why had Nature made one, and then, cause such unhappines by transgressing the moral-laws--if one had the refuge in abnegation of self, to not care as the clay that may be shaped aesthetically beautiful or just mud...as this catastrophe has shatter him, Moscovitz, knew that 'IT WAS NOT THE STARS!' but, ignominious ego...it was becoming intolerable.

After five days of being locked up within his own infamy; the following day after luncheon hour, the detective and Moscovitz in their compartment sat smoking, whiling away the tedium; finally; Mr Grimshaw said: "Moscovitz, we have enough evidence in your case to hang you! my advice to you, do not go before a jury, if you do you will surely swing --go before the court and confess....you do not know what evidence we hold, also, we are not going to inform you! so at this moment you are in a complete state of dilemma; however, to be somewhat in a manner, considerate of your feelings, I will relieve you somewhat, so that you may get some of your misery off of your chest...."

The officer handed Moscovitz a fresh cigar and, lighted up one himself; then sat back in a very restful position, startling his prisoner with what astonished him.

"Mr Johnsons' house next to yours took fire and burned to ashes; while doing so, sparkes from this conflagration set fire to your roof; it was extinguished without doing any great damage to your property."

"The fire-inspector and detective Davis (detective Davis, since, has resigned to become fire adjuster and inspector for the Insurance company your home is insured with), whom, having a splendid memory, recalled, that it was from your place where he started in his investigation in search for the missing Mr Edwin Summerville of two years ago; of course all this renewed itself after seeing what he saw in your attic."

"At the end of this room where the fire had not scorched it, was a pair of your trousers and shoes very much soiled with lime, also, a big trunk smeared with this same material--lifting the trunk-lid, it was found filled with slacke-lime..."What could this all mean?" thought Mr Davis; "There was not any thing plastered in the attic!" recalling his last acquaintance, being there at your home to start his enquiry about the missing Broadway star, and, now, this strange set up in your loft, that revealed no sense or purpose, for there was no apparent signs."

"After seeing on the floor a lot of newspapers spread out to protect the floor from from being messed--these, were dated back, just two years

and a day to when it became known that Edwin Summerville had disappeared.... "This was the perfect crime!" thought Detective Davis."

"He had all the stuff taken to his head quarters, because, the Summerville case was not fully closed with Davis....what he found in the trunk could not have been any conclusive evidence but for one thing; Summerville's dentist would recognize his patient's 'gold bridge' if it were one in a million sets! so, you know the story, probably, completely!"

Moscovitz's face paled and his eyes rounded when Grimshaw closed the denouement of the Summerville case.

Detective Grimshaw reached into his inside coat pocket and dreaw forth a beautiful silver flask, unscrewing the stopper, he handed the flask over to his prisoner and, said; "Please take a nip, you appear somewhat in need of a stimulant!" Moscovitz, did; the fiery stuff somewhat refreshed him in a moments time...taking back his beautiful flask, he held it up, then said, "Here is to two great actors, yourself and the original owner of this!" took a swollow, capped it and, continued, "this pretty thing, once was the property of Edwin Thomas Booth, whom gave it to my fater, because, he heard my parent say that he did not believe that Booth killed Lincoln for any other purpose than, but, to free this country from one whom would have excelled Caesar as a dictator!"

"Thank you! let me have that in my hand again, please; examining it, "My, one wish has been to play Shakespearian roles, however, chance has seen fit that I was to play the part in my own desolation...have you at any time, ever, having seen me play the part of a villain?"

"Yes, a number of times, but, 'chance,' seemingly has seen fit to cast you in a part where you are playing your last act!"

Wryly, Moscovitz had to sense the chilling-humor;"Well, you seem to be a pretty fair sort of gentleman....however, do not this, my acquaintance with you, allow it to exalt you ego, for Fortuna, may touch you with her wand--cunjuring calamity, without a care in the scheme of things...."

"Moscovitz, if you had been acquainted with me and have heard all that my experiences has obviously revealed as a psychology pertaining to walking any other path than the narrow one, most likely, you at your present moment would be far from being the suffering man that you are! neverthe less, you do what I have requested of you--confess--go before the court! however, tell me your story!" momentarily pausing, drew out his watch, remarked, "within an hour we will reach our destination and, I will part with you at headquarters."

A sudden state of qualm came upon Moscovitz, quiescing some minutes, while Grimshaw took from his cigarcase, cigars and, handed one to this infelicitous man in his cutody; "Relax, reveal yourself!"

"What all that you have said, implies, I am doomed....well, I will tell you the whole story, because, you are an understanding person, also, an experienced one!"

"You, Mr Grimshaw, your acceptability of my philosopy may not accord, however, my views you may weigh and have ideas that will give you a differedt aspect from your present preconceived impression about my personality....personality, means everything! one's health as well as all other endowments,,,."

"All my life I have lived in a world of fantasy--joyous, because those little obstacles we all experience did not at all effect me with the usual moroseness so common to many; as I proceed, it may be possible that you will judge me one afflicted with psycopathy....become open-minded, because, you are going to be the only person that will ever hear my life-experiences...Nature does not endow us with wrong or right--it is our experiences...."

"To me the sacredness of friendship is the ultimate of human love. Where the bond of friendship exists; to break this secretely is, the

lowest form of desecration!"

If an acquaintance injures me-- such a person is nonexisting to me and, concerns me with no thought, but, if the former violates, perfidiously disconnects this sacred relation; to me to crush such a person as I would a viper is to my way of thinking is not a crime ...Nature has been trying to evolutionize out of man his fox-like disposition--ambiguities, are man's real failings...."

"Unknowingly, I found myself in a situation where I became in love with a woman whom I had no moral right to seek--inasmuch, she was not a free woman--I was unaware of this fact and happily, I happened to use proper manners during all this period to not show my deep affetions in my attachment for this woman that I loved: what prevented me from making open love to her as lovers cutomarily do, was, that I wished to impress her favorably as a gentleman should--if she was to be my woman destiny would take care of that; otherwise, disconsolate as I may be, I would have to bear my unfortunate circumstance if she did not requite me with her love....all this while my love for her was my joyous pleasure, as if I were living, listening to a glorious aris--what is it that causes within our minds, thoughts that we cannot put into words, impossible of description...this grand passion, I have not experienced ever, for any other person!"

"I had two friends that I loved almost as much as I did my sister whom from since our childhood grew up as pals--rarely, brother and sister ever form so deep an attachment; so, you may imagine how deep my affections were for these two gentlemen, Mr Hugh Warde, and Summerville to me, they were beyond price in the sense of sacred friendship."

"In the Summerville home, my sister and myself were as free as if we were their relatives--ran in at all hours...you, probably have experienced a similar friendship!"

"Two years ago the Summerville's had their aunt Mrs Brookfield and her daughter Jane, come and live with them(these were the women that you saw in Portland); when my sister and I met the Brookfield's we both became in love with Summerville's cousin Jane; from the very first hour I was hopelessly in love with this lovely girl whom was approaching the age of twenty. She was a splendid musician and, this brought us close, because I am also a lover of music. When my sister and I discussed our new acquaintances I found that my sister was almost as attached to Miss Brookfield as I was--I revealed to my sister my deep affection for our new friend--my sister set out to win this young woman for her sister-in-law, but, in a manner, fortunately that would in anyway disclose my growing attachment....all throughout this period, I did not in any manner advance myself by any form, make open love to her."

"Our tastes were similar and, we became great comrades--in our delightful friendship, from the first, my manners, made it obviously comfortable for her, because she at no time had to be on her guard about indiscretions from me...I loved her and my object was to gain her favor by attaining her admiration and then pursue delicately, because she was to be my woman if my genius could make it so; however all this while she was as cold as a Grecian marble in any manner of showing for me signs of tender passion. I knew that that she was not wanting in warmth of soul, because, of her music--her playing on the piano had a spirit only profound passion augments...this to me was a mystery! not that I was trying to solve it...it just was!--if you have ever experienced love for a woman, you may have experienced similar feelings!"

"My growing admiration for her had been going on for several months and I was as happy as a lover may be with hopeful expectations--infact, I was sure of myself; however, one evening I had come home for my dinner and my sister appeared unusually gloomy; what was on her mind, she did not reveal until we had finished our meal.

"What my sister disclosed was catrastrophic as the final event in a drama--shocked, I was completely outraged. Sister had been over to the Summerville's and, just how this surprising information came about is of no matter, but, unknowing to cousin Jane and Edwin Summerville, my sister overheard him tell his supposed-cousin, something that a husband would speak about only with his wife--the secret was out! she was Edwin's wife, also Mrs Brookfield was his mother-in-law and not his aunt....I became insane almost--in a state where reason was out of the question....this blow froze my heart! to realize that my friend whom I loved so sincerely had not taken me into his confidence and made me cognizant of this secret--this Broadway star was not to have been known as a married man because, purposely, for theatrical reasons; however, he had transgressed the sacredness of our intimate-friendship by allowing me the comradery of his wife, thus placing me an awkward situation--that is, I was mad with passion for her love; of course, he knew that I was a gentleman, but, one in the company with a beautiful and exceptionally brilliant young woman would commonly be disposed toward making love; fortunately, in no manner had I wronged her or himself; nevertheless, he had wrecked my soul--revenge came over me; instigation, to wreck their marriage, any and everything damaging to his happiness became a passion with me--damn him I hated him for this terrible wrong to me; however, to cry out about his injustice toward me, left me no privilege or favor, inasmuch, that would reveal that I must have some reason, cosequently I did not want him to know that I was inlove with his wife--what a mess I found myself in! However, thinking reflectively, the pleasure I was enjoying playing music with her and, possibly, impressing her favorably with an attachment for me equal to my own; so, after this revelation, I conducted myself as if this disclosure of what was before unknown, entirely in a negative manner....In this life we demand happiness--infact, we are constantly seeking it! now, finding myself in this bottomless abyss, my ascent up on a plane where I may consumat, win this woman, also, cause my atrocious friend to pay for his perfidity...."

"Summerville's Sister Mary was to be married, she was with her parents in Florida where they were sojouring; all the family but Edwin were about to leave for this ceremony; I was over to the Summervilles the evening they were starting....his cousin (wife) every night fixes up a snack for him to eat, after he comes from the theatre; unknowing to his wife, before the family left for the train, I had thrown off the kitchendoor latch...I saw them off, out on the street, then, I went back and entered the house, purposely to play a practical joke on my supposed friend. In my pocket in a can, I had a pet mouse; on the diningtable was Summerville's night snack; opening the can to place my mouse on the table where it would remain as long as there were food for it to eat; I intended, to surprise him with this joke; well, my mouse had sufficated, so my mischievousness had failed, but, a happy thought came; I placed the dead mouse on the plate by the sandwich and then cut out a nibbling piece which would make it appear that the mouse had eaten and then died--possibly poisoned; of course at the time I had not arrived at this thought; however, what followed, ended in this supposition--there is no doubt but Summerville had suspicioned, that his wife intended doing away with him, because, while I happened to be in their presence, there, between them, was a very noticable coldness....in some manner, after, there were a perceivable estrangement."

"I saw that there was discord between them and to create more was my object, because, what I was going to do to my perfidious-friend would not cause her very much grief...."

"The family went to Niagara Falls sight seeing and, from there, the Brookfields journeed on out to Portland where they had some property business tending...in all these two years they had not returned to New York."

Detective Grimshaw, while listening to Mr Moscovitz, thought, what an unusual strange and handsome young man to become so involved with a woman that he would wreck his life for love; also have such a peculiar idea about the sacredness of friendship that was eventually to injure the happiness of a number so dear to him.

"As I was saying; his people were away; he was free from the theatre during Sunday, so I invited Summerville over to my home for a bachelor's dinner and a musical treat--we both of us are musicians. After we dined, we started playing duets and, at different intervals refreshed ourselves with beer. Near the hour of ten o'clock, Summerville had to go home, because, he had to have rest, in order to be fresh for his theatrical work the following Monday night's performance. I suggested that we would have another drink, also, finish another piece of music; he acquiesced. I went out into the kitchen for another round of beer; while there, I put into his glass a shot of chloral hydrate.

"We played for about ten minutes and he commenced to show signs of sleepiness, within a few moments he was completely out."

"I carried him up into the attic; then completely undressed him; by this time he was stark dead; then I placed him in that big trunk, then covered him completely with lime, and then poured over this a bucket of water in order to slack the lime; pulled down the lid; bundled up his clothes and then carried these out to the waterfront where they were discovered."

"Since, I have devoted myself to my stage work and writing letter's to Miss Brookrield whom, with her mother were in Portland."

"Miss Brookfield, in time, responded to my love, and then you came!"

Mr Grimshaw, having been near so many tragedies; hardened as he was, yet, had the sentiments within him to inwardly shudder, while he gazed at this talented young man and thought; "What a strange character--no wonder that he could play the delightful villain that he appeared to be in his drama's!",,,momentarily, Grimshaw paused while reflecting as these two gazed at each other; seemingly, Moscovitz acted as if he were relieved somewhat consciously; the detective exclaimed: "Moscovitz, you are insane!"

"No I am not! If I were, I would have not known just what I was doing --I had it in for that fellow! fate makes our lives beyond our control --this world is made up with events....if at the time that I did away with this perfidious man, I would have burned my house down; unfortunately, the damnd thing was insured; otherwise, there would have not been an investigation--the fire's origine...I just forgot all the proper elements that makes 'the perfect crime!'"

From the car window Grimshaw could see that they were entering the suburbs of Jersey City, where they would ferry over to New York. Moscovitz got up and the detective accompanied him to the lavatory--he was private for a moment; then they returned to their seats, as Misha passed the drinking-fountain, he paused, refreshed himself with a big drink of water, then sat down nervously, reclining himself while leaning in the corner against the windowsill.

Within a few moments, while the train was rushing, clanging along into the yards of this great station; Grimshaw noticed that Moscovitz was growing deathly white, also, that his eyes were partly closed as he limply lounged in his corner--it was time for them to collect their luggage; keenly observing his prisoner, he became alarmed; "Moscovitz!" seemingly, he did not stir; surprised with fear, Grimshaw spoke while shaking Misha's shoulder, "Wake up! we are here, wake up!" shaking him further; as he thought; "he has poisened himself! Wake up!" Grimshaw shouted.

Misha's head lolled forward in a stupor; the officer pushed it up; Misha's eyes opened while his lips were muttering, "Jane, beyond all, for ever and ever I love but...." his feeble lips failed to utter the last word.

THE END.

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